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MEMOIRS

OF

CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS."

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTION.

History is the legitimate repository of the records of the civil, religious and moral condition of nations, at various periods of their existence. It is the written world, human nature in relief, evoked from its ashes, resuming soul, life, motion and speech, before us and before posterity, and affording for our instruction a lesson and example for the future, in the eternal drama of humanity, represented in this vast arena, girt with tombs, of which the dust is the ashes of what once was man. History is the picture of human destiny, which memory presents, to excite, sometimes admiration and applause, at other times horror and aversion, according as virtue or crime, barbarism or civilization, are placed before us,—but always with advantage to ourselves. In a word, history is to a nation what the faculty of memory is to individuals, the link of unity and continuity between our existence of yesterday, and our existence of to-day; the basis of all our experience, and by means of experience the source of all improvement. Without history, then, there would be no social advancement, no progressive civilization, in a nation. With history, we

scarcely need any other lesson. History knows all things, contains all things, teaches all things; not in winged words which strike the ear without impressing the mind, but in great and striking actions. It renders us impassioned and enthusiastic sharers in the scenes of the past, filling our eyes with tears, and making our hearts palpitate with emotion. It fills us with enthusiasm or pity by our sympathy with its impersonation of a hero, a sage, or a martyr, with whom we completely identify ourselves; and in so far as our distance from the events makes us more impartial, and impartiality induces justice, we derive much more moral benefit from the contemplation of the past, than even from the observation of the present. As regards the men of other days, there is nothing to warp our consciences;—no personal interest to corrupt us, no popularity to fascinate, no acknowledged hatred to repel: we consider, revolve, and decide with the impartiality and unerring judgment of innate and unbiassed rectitude. The ultimate result of all our impressions, is an aversion to evil, and a love for good. Virtue increases and becomes more deeply rooted in nations which have grown old with these historical associations and reminiscences, and we may say, without risk of error, that the country which has the most history is consequently that which has the greatest display of virtues. A series of historical biographies, therefore, may with propriety be designated, a Journal of Civilization.

We are of opinion that history is of all human studies that which contains the greatest amount of instruction, of principles, and of ideas, in the facts that it relates; because narration is the most popular and most attractive form of persuasion; because humanity, viewed as a whole, is the most interesting subject for man, and

because the spirit of the world itself is but a great and un-ending tale repeated from age to age, the poem of God, the source of human inspiration!

Is not every man in his transit through the world, continually asking himself these questions, *Whence come I? Whither am I going?* Philosophy and religion answer them, with reference to things supernatural, but without these two obstinate questions ceasing to persist in presenting themselves, century after century, to every man coming into this world.

With reference, also, to the purely human question of civilization, a man asks himself these two questions: *Whence come I? Whither am I going?* The generality have not even leisure to listen to the answer, but pass on without knowing anything of this mystery of their origin, their progress, and their end:—sons of a family whose heritage is immortality, but who know not their titles or their ancestry.

To those who, like ourselves, have not their bread to earn, and who have time to listen to the answer, History alone can reply. We wish that she should now reply to all men. We desire that no man shall come into this world, and leave it without making himself acquainted with the place he occupies in the order of time, the origin and history of his race, the starting point and progress of ideas and things which form what is called its civilization, the successive stages of advancement, interrupted, resumed, increasing or decreasing of this civilization, age by age, nation by nation, and, so to speak, man by man. We desire, moreover, that this complete picture of humanity, painted with broad strokes for the eyes of the people, in place of being a lifeless analytical table like a *chronology*, or uninteresting, as all *abridgements* are, shall be living, like men, and vivid like

a drama. Interest is the true key to memory. The heart of man only remembers what moves and impassions it. Now, what is it in history that moves or excites the masses? Is it things, or is it men? It is men—men only. You cannot excite yourself over a chart, or be moved by a chronology. These abridged and analytic processes are the algebra of history, freezing while they instruct. This algebra of memory must be left to the learned, who, amidst their dusty books, after reading all their lives, and crowding their repertories with millions of facts, names, and dates, desire to make a synoptical table of their science, in order to be able at any moment to lay their finger on the date of a year, or the name of a dynasty.

Popular reading is not like this: it is not erudite, but impassioned. It attaches no value to these *maps* of ages, to these confused ramifications of the genealogical tree of the human race, which uselessly darken the sphere of history with as many intersecting lines as the geographer's compass traces and intertraces on the surface of his globe. No: the mass goes straight forward to a small number of dominant facts which overtop history as lofty mountain chains divide and overlook continents: it fixes these facts in its memory by a small number of names of superior and truly historical men who have associated their existence, their lives, or their death, with these facts; and if the historian have the art or the gift of penetrating in thought into the spirit, the heart, the ideas, the passions, the public or even the private lives of these great men, the common run of readers agrees in neglecting all secondary events and characters, and identifies itself with him in thought, in admiration, in emotion, and even in tears, with the thoughts, actions, vicissitudes, virtues, greatness, fall,

triumph, and catastrophe of these grand actors of the drama of humanity; it enters into their destiny, identifies its heart with their hearts, is agitated by the same feelings, bleeds with the same wounds, has the same zeal for the public good, burns with the same indignation at fortunate crime, avenges the same injustice, the same ingratitude, and the same persecutions of the day, by similar appeals to posterity. Then also the country, the nation; the era at which these ancestors of the human race lived, thought, wrote, or acted on, and the events which they shared, assume a shape, a soul, a countenance, a name, and an individuality in the reader's mind. The enthusiastic and impassioned sentiment has identified itself with memory; the knowledge has passed into the inmost recesses of the heart; the historic type is stamped burning hot within us. History was dead because it had become a book, but returns to life because it has again become a living man.

There were two modes of following out the plan we have conceived. One was to write the lives of great civilizers according to their chronological arrangement, passing from the first in order of date to the second, then to the third, and fourth, and so on, descending step by step from the most remote days to our own.

The other mode was to choose, as it were by chance,—sometimes in one century and sometimes in another—in India to-day, in Egypt to-morrow, in Athens, Rome, Constantinople, London, or Paris,—superior men from these different ages and different races, to write their histories for the public.

The former of these methods appears incontestably the most natural and the most instructive, and we should undoubtedly have adopted it if we had been writing a course of lectures instead of a book.

A book requires, as the first condition of its success, that it should be interesting. Without this—no readers; without a mass of readers, no propagation of knowledge, no moral effect produced upon the generation. Every one fears ennui, but especially he who has no time for it. Now, to prevent tediousness, and to excite interest, it is indispensable that we should avoid monotony. To this end we must have a certain degree of variety and abruptness; a continual exitement of curiosity, which can only be raised by a frequent change of style in the narratives, the facts, and the expressions. This pleasure, this attraction, this curiosity must be awakened in the minds of readers by frequently shifting the scene: we must transport them, to prevent their getting sleepy, from one century to another, from one country to another, from a sage to a conqueror, from a warrior to a legislator, from a poet to a philosopher, from a king to an artist, from the founder of a religion to the inventor of a trade. Thus it was with Plutarch, that great portrait-painter of all types, the Vandyck of antiquity. Herein lies the charm, but also the imperfection of his volumes. He produced portraits, not pictures: there is nothing to connect his figures with each other. Everything is grand, but isolated. He teaches man, but not history. This is the evil we shall endeavour to avoid. We intend our figures, scattered in the first instance, and presented one by one, without any order of date, to the public view, to group themselves naturally at the end of the work, so as to form, not only portraits, but pictures.

By this plan, the reader whose time is interrupted, will be enabled to learn all that he needs to know of the most important events of past ages:—the great men and great actions, the deep shadows and great lights, the great perversities and high moral perfections of his race.

The general aspect will be sufficiently discerned amongst the thoughts and acts of these principal and critical individualizations which will be passed in review before him. In this living and breathing chart of the human race, he will dimly perceive the work and plan of God in humanity, as we faintly trace the scheme of the world in the inanimate map of the geographer. He will not be discouraged by his weariness and falls, considering the immensity of his road, the progress he has already made, and the infinite reward at the end. He will know that the race, of which he is one, eternally advances before him, with him, and after him, towards the destiny fixed by Providence, which it is in his power to accelerate by his virtues, or to delay by his vices. Everything good or great that has been imagined in the world will be stored in his mind. His prejudices will depart gradually with his ignorance. He will no longer live for himself alone, or for the narrow circle of country, time, profession, space, and ideas, amongst which nature has placed him for a few short days. He will live, of the life of ages, a small portion, doubtless, but a portion which comprehends and contains the whole. This is the effect of history, skilfully personified, on the minds of men: it changes and purifies them: it is the religion of memory, as poetry is the religion of imagination, as logic is the religion of reasoning: for each of our faculties must have its religious element, as all of them must rise to God, to bring back man to him—man, that masterpiece, sketched out by the Creator, and whom, as a supreme honour, he has charged with the duty of completing himself by liberty, labour, and virtue.

Now, to give the general reader this exhibition of the human race in action, it is not necessary, as it might be supposed, to evoke a multitude of historic names and

personages, from the catacombs of libraries. No: the human race is vast, but not infinite. A hundred principal actors, at most, are sufficient to represent, under the pen of the historian, the drama, sometimes varied, but oftener uniform, of human vicissitudes. Everything depends on a judicious choice of characters.

There are also two ways of choosing them. They may be selected in respect of the greatness or importance of their conventional rank in the world, the nobility of their race, the brilliancy of their reign, the immensity of their empire, the magnificence of their title, the multitude of their subjects, or the prowess of their armies. On the other hand, they may be chosen in regard of their natural ability, the extent of their ideas, the influence which their appearance exercised upon human intellect, the greatness of the personal part they acted, the holiness of their mission upon earth, their labours, their persecutions, and sometimes their death; for such is often their only reward for the truths they brought into the world. They must especially be selected for the epic or dramatic interest of their lives. In this point of view the more one of these great actors of the drama of existence has been maligned, the more unhappy he is, the more he is persecuted, the more there is of toil, vicissitude, tears, and blood in his history,—the more there is also of interest, love, passion, and devotion, in the feeling of posterity towards him, and the more strongly he impresses himself on the imagination. From this point of view in the human heart, which is that of the masses, Socrates is more historical than Alexander, Christopher Columbus than Charles the Fifth, Torquato Tasso than the Medici, or than Francis the First.

These are the characters we have sought out for our biographies. We do not lose sight of the immense

ascendancy given by rank, royalty, military power, or hereditary dynastic authority, to the leaders of nations and shepherds of the people in modern times. An exalted destiny is the foundation of a high influence. The same natural abilities, which, when placed by fortune at the bottom of the scale, only shine for a narrow circle in the mediocrity of common life, illumine the whole human race, when Providence places them on high. A great idea dies unborn in an obscure man without power, while it produces great results in one who sits upon a throne. We must be blind or envious to deny this truth. A man's social position is one of the conditions of his action on his fellows. Rank is an initiation to glory. When we have met with personal valour in sovereigns or in royal legislators, we have given them the first place in history; but, when we have seen in other, obscure ranks of life, men, superior in themselves, but usually neglected or placed in the lowest ranks by distributors of fame,—as, for instance, prophets, philosophers, poets, orators, historians, artists, artisans, martyrs to a faith useful in the world,—we have restored to these naturally great men the position which of right belongs to them, amongst the masters and models of our race. History, in our opinion, is like Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, in which people appear before God not in their own costume but in that of nature.

We repeat it then, a small number of well-selected characters are sufficient to bring all known time in review under the eyes and imagination of the living races of men. Suppose that you have the power of calling from their tombs and examining for a moment in their own tongues, the variety and confusion of historical characters whom we are about to name by chance, and then to class each of them by their epoch and rank in the

different centuries, to make up link by link the long chain of dates and facts :—

Moses.
Homer.
Herodotus.
Christopher Columbus.
Alexander.
Socrates.
Plato.
Cicero.
Charlemagne.
Zoroaster.
Bossuet.
St. Louis.
Cromwell.
Constantine.
Æschylus.
Pericles.
Pythagoras.
Gutenberg.
Virgil.
Confucius,
Mahomet.
Cortez.
Hannibal.
Montezuma.
Las Casas.
The Great Anonymous author of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*.
Leo the Tenth.
Corneille.
Phidias.
Hippocrates.
Fénelon,
Godfrey de Bouillon.
Aristotle.
Frederic the Second.
Rapin.
Mirabeau.
Mozart.
Semiramis.
L'Hôpital.
Thucydides.
Roostam, the hero of Persia.
Peter the Great.
Cyrus.
Dante.
Sophocles.
Cæsar.
Bacon.
Aristides.
Martin Luther.
Milton.
Washington.
Marcus Aurelius.
Demosthenes.
Pompey.
Sir Isaac Newton.
David.
Solomon.
Phocion.
Duguesclin.
Themistocles.
Napoleon.
St. Vincent de Paul.
Descartes.
Richelieu.
Racine.
Watt.
Leonidas.
St. Augustine.
Charles the Fifth.
Mithridates.
Machiavelli.
Xerxes.
Aurungzebe.
Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Diocletian.	Madame de Staël.
Lycurgus.	Catherine II. of Russia.
Henry the Fourth of France.	Sappho.
Marius.	Epictetus.
Sylla.	Vittoria Colonna.
Orpheus.	William Tell.
Sesostris.	Byron, the poet.
Cleopatra.	Jacquard, the mechanist.
Scipio.	Goëthe.
Alcibiades.	Buffon, the naturalist.
Timour Khan.	Cuvier.
Genghis Khan.	Cervantes.
The great Medici.	Molière.
Franklin.	Gustavus Adolphus.
Danton.	Charles the First, of England.
Attila.	Louis the Sixteenth.
Charlotte Corday.	Nelson.
Galileo.	Heloïse, the wife of Abélard.
Camoëns.	Bernard de Palissy, the potter.
William the Conqueror.	Joan of Arc.
Mary Stuart.	Tacitus.
Benvenuto Cellini.	&c.
Raffaelle, the painter.	&c.
Madame Roland.	&c.

Here are altogether a hundred or a hundred and fifty names, personifying human intellect and human life. Is it not apparent that, after a communion of some years with this council of past ages, the superficial reader will have an approximate idea of universal history, more extensive and more vivid, than after running through the cold and lifeless pages of an abridgement?

History, thus examined, is no longer a study, but a conversation: not a science, but a continuous drama: not depending upon mere memory, but bound up with our inmost feelings. It is the most certain mode of conveying knowledge; instruction by means of emotion.

This method of instruction by serious reading, it is

now time to take up in the silence and quiet between the great catastrophes of the past, and the unknown birth of the future. The human mind is so much the more attentive as it is more undecided, and in suspense amongst its ideas. We shall not concern ourselves with the politics of the day, but with that everlasting policy which grows up and increases under all forms of government, because it is independent of the transitory forms of institutions; because it addresses itself to the intellect and not to the passions, and because its object is morality and not popular opinion.

The new phases of the modern world, by destroying slavery, and calling up the masses to a larger share in their own destinies, make morality and instruction two indispensable conditions of liberty. These two fortunate requirements of our time demand that the philosophers and writers who hold in their hands the mirror of truth, should turn down the bright side, which they formerly held upwards. Light has been ascending long enough: it is now time to turn it downwards. Truth has often been incarnate in a man: it is now time it should walk amongst the crowd. We know how difficult this is. The people and the authors have not hitherto spoken the same language: it is for the authors to change, and stoop to place the words of truth within reach of the masses. To stoop thus, is not to degrade genius, but to make it manly. WHO MAKES IT POPULAR, MAKES IT DIVINE. We feel our own insufficiency, but shall endeavour to raise the style of our narratives to the perfection of art,—SIMPLICITY. Simplicity, that universal language, which renews between the rich and the poor, between the learned and the ignorant, the wise man and the child, that symbolic miracle of the first messengers of the Gospel, who spoke but one tongue, and were understood

by the disciples of all nations. *Take and read,* we shall say, like the clockmaker's son, to the families of workmen who have the least knowledge of letters. Here we have history, come down from the dusty shelves of libraries, stripped of its purple and its pomp, and speaking the common language, in its calm and clear narratives, with your wives and children. We shall endeavour to be her interpreter. We have formerly sung the poet's language for the happy and idle of earth. We have since spoken the language of orators in the tribune, and of statesmen amongst the storms of the republic. More humble to-day, and perhaps more useful, we blush not to learn the phraseology which reaches the intellect through the heart, to be simple with the simple, and child-like with children.

But of what use, it may be asked, is elementary history to the men of labour, and in the occupations of the poor? What have they in common with heroes, kings, philosophers, politicians? What need is there of teaching them the great games of fortune, the catastrophes of empires, the conduct of human affairs, in order to forge a bar, to thread the shuttle, to prune the vine, or steer the boat?

Doubtless the mass does not want to know history in order to carry on any one of these trades: it does not require it to live, but it requires it to think. And, inasmuch as thought makes the man, if you desire that your masses should consist of men, and not of human machines, give them the elements of reflection. History is perhaps the most healthy and most improving of these elements. It developes in the people that in which it is the most deficient,—conscience. It exhibits Providence in retribution, and in the unfailing reward of good and evil. If it is given in a right and religious spirit, a course of

history is a lesson of justice, and a lecture on conscience to all nations.

It is not only a lesson of justice, and a popular course of lectures on political morality, but also of love for the beautiful. This love of moral beauty is the instinct the most nearly approaching to virtue, that God has bestowed on man. It is the involuntary and passionate aspiration of the soul to the acme of perfection in everything, the *sursum corda* of the human race, making the heart rise from marvel to marvel, even unto God, the beginning and end of all beauty. This faculty, like all others, whether in individuals or in masses, can only be strengthened by exercise. What more magnificent field for the exercise of this enthusiasm than history? It has been remarked with reason, that the medium in which we live, physically no less than morally, never fails within a certain period to modify our constitutions and our minds. If then you allow a people to live in habitual and exclusive communion with the superficial philosophy, the low instincts, the false heroes, and the impure literature with which it is flooded in the workshop and the cottage, what can you expect from your rising youth? Generation will succeed generation in vice, with stupidity stamped on the forehead, unbelief in the heart, a sneer on the lip, prurient stories in the imagination, impure couplets on the tongue; taking success for justice, cupidity for their God, and sedition for liberty;—a curse to themselves, the shame of their country and their time!

But if you raise them by well-chosen and well-adapted history to the contemplation of the great operations of Providence on the human race, to understand the great destiny of man in his social state on the earth, to comprehend the great religious or civil laws which govern and improve the world; and if you bring them into ha-

bitual contact, by means of your writings, with those great and virtuous men, those master spirits, heroes, martyrs, sages, philosophers, poets, and artists, who, in their lives or in their works, have thrown their blood, their toil, their soul, their love, their patriotism, their inspirations, or their thoughts, into that common fund of greatness, disinterestedness, devotion to their fellows, genius, piety, and generosity, which makes the glory and the boast of the species;—if you thus fill the people's minds with the sacred sentiment of enthusiasm for the names, thoughts, acts, efforts, reverses, and even deaths of these types of humanity,—doubt not that you will at the same time inspire your pupils with the desire to resemble what they admire; and this enthusiasm, which seems at first a mere outburst of the imagination, will find its way to the heart, and soon become a source of national morality. Man is imitative, because he is capable of improvement. What he most wants is not lessons, but models. Search for these in history, and hold them up unceasingly before the eyes of the little children. These children will become a nation, and the nation will honour and surpass you. It will hand your name to posterity, and will be your tribute of civilization to the Almighty Ruler of the world.

It is not sufficiently well known, how easily a crowd, whose outbursts include so many dangers and so many crimes, is impressed by the beautiful, or how much magnanimity and virtue is contained in its enthusiasm. I may be permitted to describe an instance, which I myself witnessed, and which is well worthy of a place in history.

At the moment that I was proclaiming, on the very spot where stood the scaffold of the old revolution, the abolition of capital punishment, and while I was address-

ing the turbulent and still undecided populace, to make them acquiesce in this decree, a bar to vengeance, and a mutual amnesty of factions, my words were interrupted by a low murmur on my right, a few paces from me. It was a corpse they were bringing to share in the public funeral of the morrow. The corpse was that of a lad of eighteen, the son of a poor widow, accidentally struck three days previously by a chance ball. He was half-covered by his cloak, which had been thrown over his legs. A copper crucifix lay upon his shirt, blood-stained near the wound, which was in the chest; his fine head rested on the edge of the stretcher upon some green leaves of box or laurel. A woman, weeping, followed the corpse in the path which its bearers slowly and with difficulty forced through the crowd. When they reached the railing, by the steps, the crush prevented them from carrying out their pious task. They stopped close under me. A man of feeling, the Chief Secretary of the city of Paris, who happened to be standing behind me, took pity on the poor woman, who was thus obliged to stand weeping, in the midst of a boisterous crowd, by the bleeding remains of her child. He went down amongst them, took the woman by the hand, brought her away, and placed her, in safety from the rush of the crowd, between himself and me.

I went on haranguing the multitude, who sometimes cheered me, and then relapsed into an ominous silence. Some groups on my right hand seemed undecided between the wish to be generous and the fear of being rash. My kind neighbour took advantage of one of these pauses to address a few words of consolation and support to the weeping woman. "You understand," he said, "the speaker is going to read to the people, and is persuading them to ratify one of the holiest decrees that

could ever induce God to pardon the blood shed in civil contest. The decree for ever abolishes the punishment of death, which, in times of revolution, men used to inflict upon one another. He is advocating tolerance of opinion, respect for the conquered, and the inviolability of human life." "Yes, Sir! I understand," said the mother, standing on tiptoe to look upon her son's face, and raising her voice, as if she intended to make her words heard by the dead: then lifting both hands to heaven, with a gesture of sudden emotion,—"Ah!" she cried, "if my poor child could only have lived long enough to have known of this decree, he would have been happy to die! . . . and yet he loved me well!" she added, bursting again into tears.

This exclamation of the generous mother, and the testimony she thus bore over the corpse of her dead son to his opinions while living, drew from those who stood nearest a cry of admiration, which spread rapidly from mouth to mouth through the crowd; the enthusiasm for the beautiful had seized upon them, as the enthusiasm of humanity had taken possession of the mother. I resumed my harangue: the multitude was affected, and the decree was carried.

Such incidents are not mere tales, but persuasive arguments. They improve something more than the mind,—they tell upon the heart. They display moral beauty, and by displaying it they bring it out and cause it to be imitated. If that woman's son had not read in his childhood stories which teach beauty and greatness of mind, his mother would never have had the right or the idea of thus answering for him. If the mother had never read the Gospel, she would have cried for vengeance, instead of asking for generosity in the name of her dead son. If the people had no feeling for grief, they would

not have been moved by the resignation and piety of the childless widow.

Such is history! the son dies, the mother forgives, the people is improved, the historian describes the scene, and civilization, which never goes back, is enriched with an emotion, a tear, and a virtue the more.

Now for a word on the supposed abasement of literature, which, according to some proud spirits, is vilified and degraded by becoming acceptable to the more numerous and less instructed classes. Here follows, on this subject, an unpublished letter which I addressed some years ago to a friend who expressed this doubt to me. The letter comes very appropriately in this place.

"I had said to myself in early youth, while visiting Switzerland, Germany, and Scotland, receiving hospitality in the poorest mountain cottages; finding my hosts almost always peasant-families of literary or artistic taste; observing in the sitting-room by the fire-side a Bible, and a little library of the national poets, arranged on a fir-plank by the side of the bright row of copper saucepans, a hunting horn, a flute, and perhaps a piano beside the walnut cupboard and the bread-safe; hearing, on Sunday, the girls or young men of the house reading aloud the fine popular ballads of Göethe, Schiller, or Burns, or picking out on their pianoforte the sweet melodies of Mozart; I had said to myself, "Why is it not so in our own country? Why have the French workman and peasant, in their garret or hovel, only vile coloured prints, hung to a nail in the smoky wall,—hymns, in which the name of God is as much blasphemed as his image is profaned in the features of the old man with the rays round his face, on the dim panes of a Flemish tap-room,—or an elegy on some famous thief or assassin, imprinting no other ideal or example of

poetry or glory on the eyes and imaginations of our villages than the Wandering Jew or the profligate De Mandrin?'*

"Is it want of taste in the people? But the Germans have not been gifted by nature with more delicacy of feeling than we are; yet they prefer their great poets to their great thieves,—the Venetian gondolier yet chants the stanzas of Ariosto,—the fisherman of Naples sings the strophes of the Jerusalem Delivered,—the Rhapsodists of Ionia and of the Greek Archipelago gained their living by roaming from port to port of the islands, and over mountain and valley of the continent, singing the songs of Homer,—the Hebrews in their captivity sat down, says the Psalmist, by the waters of Babylon, weeping as they remembered the glorious hymns of their kings and prophets, sounding to the harp of David,—the Hindoo still learns by heart in his childhood passages from the Vedas, those great monumental poems of their origin, their tradition, and their history,—the three hundred million inhabitants of the Celestial Empire can repeat the philosophical maxims of their prophet and sage Confucius,—the Arabs still sing in the deserts of Mesopotamia the love ballads and warlike songs of Antar, the Homer of the caravan,—the Persian, beneath his wretched tent, seasons the wine of Shiraz with the wise and voluptuous verses of Saadi, the Horace of the East,—the Mohammedan pilgrim, who visits the tomb of the prophet at Mecca, reads, hanging on the walls of the sepulchre, the most beautiful poetry with which the year or the century has inspired their writers, concerning chaste love, the charms of perfect beauty, the war-horse, the arms, or the exploits of the

* A robber famous in French story. Most of his exploits are apocryphal.—Tr.

warrior, religious charity, inviolable hospitality, the wisdom of white beards, the precepts of morality, or the seventy thousand virtues of the name of God,—the Servian or Dalmatian peasant has his popular songs,—the Scot has his Ossian,—even the Spaniard has his laments in rhyme, his chivalrous romances, and his guitar. The Frenchman alone has nothing but his wine-glass at the pot-house and his drinking song, more coarse and sour even than his wine, to amuse his long winter evenings, for his wife to dream of by the fire-side, to guide the first efforts of his sons to speak, and to impress on the tender imaginations of his daughters the beautiful images of nature, the holy aspirations of the soul, the heroism of the heart, gentleness of manners, and the greatness of God.

"Is it misery? But the people I have just named are no richer than we are: in the shanty of the Highlander, the tent of the Arab, the hovel of the Serb, there is no more furniture or leisure than in the cottage of our own peasants—many times less than in the apartment of the artisan in our manufacturing towns. Besides, if they have money enough to buy from the pedlar who comes round in autumn the rough image, the fashionable song, or the dirge of the day, they would have enough to buy as economical, and more healthy, food for their intellect: a chapter of the Gospel or a page of Racine weighs no heavier on a sheet of paper than an obscene story or a drinking song; an ennobling idea costs no more than a scandalous tale. It is not their indigence. Is it ignorance? It might have been, once, when the people could not read: but, as within the last fifteen years the institution of primary instruction in our hamlets has given the children of the soil a sense the more, the intellectual and moral sense; since the people can read, why

do they not read, or why still only read things unworthy of being perused? Why do they only look upon images calculated to defile or debase the eyes? Why are the literature, sculpture, painting, engraving, and music of the French people only the scandal, the degradation, and the shame of art?

"It is because literature, sculpture, painting, engraving, and music have been hitherto despised in France. It is because art has disdained to render itself popular, and because the people have been, until our time, incompetent to rise to the level of the intellectual and moral pleasures of the mind.

"And why, again, is this? It is because, of all countries on the face of the earth, France is, perhaps, the one in which the masses were least thought of by those who cultivated letters and the fine or manual arts. We thought, we drew, we made verses, we wrote operas, for the courts. We let profanity and vice paint, write, engrave, and sing, or rather howl, for the people. Increasing liberty has changed all this, and will change it more and more every day. The genius which used to rise, to please the elegant leaders of the social world, who then monopolised instruction, will now descend, to breathe upon the masses, and impregnate them by degrees with the feeling of the beautiful, the great, and the good, in art. We shall raise the level of their souls, by raising the standard of their minds: we shall produce the unity of intellect. This unity is evidently the work cut out for this century, the work of God. Happy are they who shall understand it, and who shall be fortunate enough to assist in it!"

In my small way, I have tried it in two different modes. I have founded a popular journalism, which, until then, no one had ventured upon; a journalism, grave, philosophic, and political, in the highest accep-

tation of the term, endeavouring to inspire the country by monthly "Counsel," with true perceptions of its moral dignity and of its social duties. This journalism flattered neither its ignorance, its weakness, nor its passions; it did not excite it by chimerical hopes; it did not throw oil on the flame of its hatred or of its anger; it did not amuse its idle malignity with invectives against the government, by jibes at its rulers, by jests on the names of those who do honour to the age. It endeavoured to infuse into them the true greatness of a nation, free adoration of the Lord of lords, reverence for the institutions which connect earth with heaven, time with eternity, misery with hope; the love of peace, more difficult and more glorious than war amongst the nations; tolerance of opinion, practical fraternity of rank, union amongst hearts,—in short, the soul of true society.

Everybody told me that I was attempting an impossible task; that the people would let fall and trample under foot a journalism so little adapted to its previous nature, and throw itself exclusively upon the prurient and filthy leaves in which it is fed with phantasms, discord, envy, bitterness, calumny, and anonymous hate (as the Orientals scatter opium in the air to empoison the atmosphere), vomited forth amongst us in order that the masses may be withered, enervated, and consumed by slow fire as they breathe it. Well! the people have disappointed those who held so low an opinion of their instincts as to think them incapable of choosing a mild but healthy nourishment, preferably to the strong-tasted, but corrupt food hitherto administered. In a few months, "The severe and conscientious Counsellor of the People"* has become the manual of a hundred thousand peasants, artisans, and

* The title of a serial of M. de Lamartine, which was discontinued shortly before the appearance of the present work.—Tr.

workmen. If men of more talent and more leisure than myself associated themselves with my isolated efforts, and lent me their time, their genius, and their soul, to multiply these Counsels, and to send forth every morning, instead of every month, these conversations with the public, designed to keep it acquainted with current events, with useful knowledge, science, books, men, and ideas,—then the serious household newspaper-press would have had its birth, civilization would have become popular, social order would have found a tongue; and when once it had done so, nothing could shake it. Darkness and chaos were one, before the budding forth of the material world. Darkness and chaos cleave together in the development of the moral world. Clear up, therefore, the intelligence of the masses, and you will have order, broad daylight, and progress, in laws and manners.

What may thus be done by the newspaper press towards initiating the people in literature, which is only a means of civilization, history must do for the intelligence and sentiment of the masses. History is the thought of ages condensed into a few leaves—coins of a pure metal, representing great value, with but little weight. Libraries for the people are wanted. These libraries must be in the people's hands,—in the hands of the women, the old men, the girls, and the children, by each fireside. In their evening hours, in rain, in winter, when out of work, and on Sunday, they must find at home that centre of affection and virtue, the beneficial, high-toned, poetical, historical, political, philosophical, religious, interesting, exciting, and pleasing communion with the minds which, in all ages, have best understood, felt, written, or sung the human heart and the human intellect: these books must be the hosts, the visitors, the guests and friends of the workman's home. They must

take up little room; they must cost little; they must adapt themselves to the manners, the fortune, and the simplicity, of the family in which they are admitted. They must even enter it gratuitously, like the air, the sunlight, or the sweet perfume of the garden. Some good men will meet, and say, "Let us publish, at our common expense, a select, abridged, and corrected edition, with notes, in one small volume, on cheap paper, and with cheap type, of Homer, Tasso, Plato, Tacitus, Cicero, St. Augustin, Bossuet, Fénelon, Racine, Corneille, Rousseau, Buffon, Pascal, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Chateaubriand; of this, that, and the other, who have done honour to the human race, in all countries, and in all ages, philosophers, poets, historians, orators, politicians, moralists, novel-writers: let us adapt it to the usual share of leisure and average intelligence of the people; let us cut down these statues of the glory of the human race into busts, which can enter the door of the cottage and the garret, and be placed on the housewife's shelf, between the bed and the chimney-piece, without cumbering the room: they will be the furniture of the mind, not interfering with the furniture of the house. The family will use them at leisure, in its sadness, in its joy, in its household devotion. Every one, be he rich or poor, in passing through life, will know the names of the great men who have honoured, dignified, enlightened, served, or delighted humanity, and will be acquainted with the history of the principal races who have possessed the earth, and with a summary of the works of the philosophers, the poets, the moralists, and the divines who have left their written thoughts as a possession and inheritance to their fellow-men.

By what means were formed the language, the eye, and the taste of that wonderful Athenian public, which

sat in judgment on the Odes of Pindar, the tragedies of Sophocles, the wit of Aristophanes, the high philosophy of Plato, the pictures of Zeuxis, the statues of Phidias? By the habit it had contracted of living in communion of mind and feeling with those great men, by the diffusion of that feeling of the great, the beautiful, and the sublime, of which the types, models, examples, and masterpieces were constantly before their eyes. The great orators who addressed the people in the political assemblies,—the great poets of the Olympic games, or of the theatre, which was then a public institution, instead of a private speculation,—the gardens of Academus, where the poor man might be present, if he chose, at the dialogues of Socrates, the lessons of Plato,—the works of the painters, which he saw hung up in the temples,—the statues of the sculptors, exhibited in the Parthenon, or unceasingly open to his admiration, were so many popular editions of all the masterpieces of mind, of wisdom, or of artistic skill. Thanks to these gratuitous editions, this people became not a nation of kings like the Romans, but a nation of philosophers, poets, sages, and artists. Never had human intellect risen so high; and when we wish to estimate its standard at the present day, it is only by the wrecks of it, that remain, that it can be measured.

It is to this standard of intellectual and artistic civilization, still further perfected by the abolition of slavery, by the moral equality of the sexes, by the diffusion of religious feeling, that we are called upon to raise the soul, the manners, the taste, the language, and the arts, of our rural or manufacturing populations. Such is true equality, the easiest and the most holy of all—equality in civilization.

I have had successes and reverses in my life as an

author. At the beginning of my career, the eminent men of my time; the women, in whom dwells the living presentiment of posterity, because they carry within them an innate power of judging works of art, in the infallible sensibility given to them by nature; the young men, in whom age and scholastic sophisms have not yet obliterated feeling; the rich and the happy of this world, who have leisure, and the refinement of taste, cultivated at ease; the princes, who love to associate their names with all the celebrities of their time; the courts, which demand of literature that it shall send down a flattering notice of them to posterity—received my first verses with gracious favour, and a smile of goodwill. The great historical, literary, and consular names of my country, and the contemporaries of my youth, such as Rohan, Montmorency, Talleyrand, Lainé, De Serres, Roger Collard; princes and princesses, and kings, who, like Louis the Eighteenth, Alexander, and the learned Sovereigns of the North, or of Tuscany, thought it an honour to be the patrons and sometimes the rivals of writers and poets, did not disdain to admit me to their conversation, and sometimes even to their friendship. I have retained a respectful remembrance of it: I owe them no venal favour, such as would degrade literature from its independence, the true nobility of the spirit; but I have to thank them for having invited and raised me to spiritual communion with those in high station and of high intelligence in my day, and who, as Cicero remarks, "make both the patricians and plebeians of literature rise without pride, and condescend without degradation, so as to bring to a common level of conversation those whom nature has created similar in their tastes, unequal only in position."

And now, at the close of my literary career, to which

I myself put an end before the age of exhaustion,—like Rossini, who had the wisdom to retire into silence at Bologna, before he had lost one note of his voice,—my ambition would be to receive, in the obscure but honourable ranks of the people, that literary and poetical naturalization which I formerly received above, in the higher and more elegant ranks of literary society. Yes! what is absurdly called literary glory, and which is at bottom only the modest domestic popularity of a name, amongst other more brilliant contemporary names, for me, would be this :—

To leave a few pages of my feelings or of my thoughts in a little volume on the garret or cottage table of the workmen in town or country.

To be spelled over at evening by the light of the household lamp, in the hands of the housewife, her daughters, and her sons, as a little treasure of the heart.

To be carried about as a friend, and recited by fragments on Sundays, in the walks that the family and the neighbours take amongst their corn or their blooming grapes.

To accompany the honest, wealthy and laborious workman, with the companion of his toil, when they go on holidays in the bright summer-time, far away from the workshop and the town, to enjoy the sweet, cool and balmy breezes, which renew feeling in their souls, as they renew the breath of life in their bosoms.

To pitch about with the earthern crocks and cooking utensils of the fisherman, in the boat in which the sailor-family of our coasts goes to cruise on the sea of Brittany, or in the bays of the Mediterranean.

To be packed with the loaf of black bread and salt olives in the canvas bag in which the shepherd of the High Alps, or of the Pyrenees, carries the provision for

his solitude, on starting to drive his flocks of sheep, or goats, or his cows, to the region of the chamois, not to return until the snows of autumn.

In a word, to become a portion, little thought of, yet necessary, of the furniture of the poor, in all the varied occupations, rural, pastoral, maritime, or sedentary of the people; or to use a still better expression, to bevulgarised.

This ambition seems at first sight to aspire to sink, but in reality its aspiration is upwards, for there is nothing more lofty than the soul of a nation; and to become the habitual reading, the dream, the prayer, and the familiar converse of the honest masses, is to become a portion of the soul of the people.

Gold is gold under all shapes, it is true; in the ingot as in the coin, it retains its lustre and its price; but nevertheless its utility varies according to its mass, to the value set upon it as an object of luxury and exchange, and to the frequency of its circulation. Would you prefer being the gilding which glares uselessly on the steps of the throne, or the ingot resting motionless in the cellars of the bank, than the little piece of gold coin, which is continually passing rapidly from hand to hand in the small traffic of the crowd, to multiply its riches, and to satisfy its daily wants? That is the question.

For myself, in the matter of literary publicity, the question has long since been settled in my heart. I would prefer being the little volume held in the hand of the old man, the matron or the child, who have given a penny for it, than the magnificent gilt-edged quarto, printed on splendid paper, illustrated with engravings, and bound in silk, and standing useless on the shelves of the rich man's library. I had rather be the little coin, which buys, for a greater number of my brother men, their daily or their evening amusement. The coin is

worth less to one man, but is dearer to the multitude. If you multiply its value by all the values it has successively received, in its exchange every minute, and in the hands of the crowd during a year, you will find that the little penny has rendered more services, and represented more benefits, than the ingot. This is the whole secret of popular literature, and it is also the leading object and sole merit of the present publication.

I still entertain the thought which induced me some years ago to write this letter. To be admired, you must rise: to be useful, you must descend.

"LAMARTINE."

CELEBRATED

EUROPEAN CHARACTERS.

NELSON.

The hero whose history we are now about to narrate is an Englishman; he has gained the most memorable naval victories of modern times over our allies and ourselves; nevertheless, we shall render ample justice to his valour and distinguished actions. The individual historian may be a patriot, but universal history admits no personal feeling. Precisely because it is universal, it ought to be rigidly impartial in awarding the merit and glory which celebrated men of different nations have won for themselves throughout all ages. It acknowledges neither cause, birth, nor country, and bows only to genius, heroism, and virtue. Written for the benefit of all humanity, it considers everything that advances human nature as an increase of civilization. National rivalries disappear before the elevation from which history contemplates characters and events. Hannibal and Scipio,

the champions of Carthage and Rome, are measured in the same balance. Both are men: history requires no more; it paints each with the same pencil; it describes with equal warmth the exploits of one and the other, for the admiration of future ages. Glory resembles truth; it has no frontiers, but shines forth for general instruction. Because Newton ascertained in England the universal law of gravity, France does not reject the discovery as an antinational fact. Newton, in this light, ceases to be an enemy, and becomes a fellow-countryman, an announcer of revelation to the universe. What is true of science is equally so of heroism. We acknowledge both under every flag, and describe them when they fall in our way. Narrow national pride may be wounded, but the more expanded love of human nature will be glorified and exalted. Posterity makes no distinctions between citizens and foreigners, friends and enemies, victors and vanquished; it acknowledges only works and actions. Death nationalizes the whole world in one blended immortality.

We have thought it necessary to prepare our French readers by these preliminary observations on the spirit and object of the present narrative, before we proceed to draw the character of an enemy who recals painfully to our hearts Aboukir and Trafalgar, those fatal Waterloos of the deep, in which our navy was annihilated, while our courage, constancy, and name, rose in reputation.

Amongst the illustrious men who have filled the foremost ranks in national contests, we have always felt most interested and dazzled by heroes of the sea. The immensity, the power, the motion, the terrible attributes of the element on which they combat, seem to elevate them above the standard of humanity. This is not a

vain, imaginative delusion, but a just estimate of their glory. The variety and extent of natural or acquired faculties which must of necessity be united in the same individual, to constitute a great naval leader, astonish the mind, and raise the perfect sailor beyond all comparison above ordinary warriors. The latter require only the single firmness which faces fire unmoved; the former must be endowed with the double valour which equally braves death and the fury of the elements. But the self-possession which suffices on shore will hardly be found efficient on the ocean. All the resources of intelligence must be combined with courage in the chief who directs the manœuvre or the broadside from the quarter-deck of an admiral's vessel, or any other man-of-war. He must be endowed with science, to steer his course by the heavenly bodies; unwearied vigilance, to preserve his ship from storms and quicksands; skill in handling the sails, which regulate the immense machine like a master-key; prompt daring, to rush into fire through tempest, to seek one death through another; self-possession, which dictates when to strike, or how to parry, the decisive blow; devotedness, which rises under the certainty of destruction, and sacrifices a ship to save the fleet; the ascendancy of a master-mind, which forces all to look for safety in a single voice; decision, which acts with the infallibility of inspiration; obedience, which yields up strong conviction to superior authority; discipline, which bows to the equality of established laws; a calm aspect, with a beating heart, to inspire confidence in inferiors; manly grace and dignity of demeanour, to preserve in the close intercourse of a crowded ship the *prestige* which generals on shore maintain by seclusion and reserve, and which naval commanders must keep up in hourly and close communion; a prudent boldness in

assuming the risk of responsibility in sudden emergencies, when a moment or a manœuvre may decide the fate of an empire. Disasters which cannot be foreseen or calculated, dark nights which scatter the squadron, storms which swallow up the vessels, fires which consume them, currents which run them aground, calms which neutralize them, rocks which dash them in pieces: —to foresee, provide for, and endure all these contingencies, with the stoicism of a mind that fights hand to hand with destiny; a narrow deck, with few witnesses, for the field of battle; a thankless glory, always ready to disappear, which is lost in a moment, and frequently never reaches the ears of your country; a death far distant from all you love, a coffin shrouded in the depths of ocean, or cast overboard as a fragment of shipwreck! This is an epitome of the sailor! an hundred dangers for a single ray of glory,—ten heroes concentrated in a single man! Such were the great naval warriors of France, of Spain, of England. Such was Nelson, the first and last of these Titans of the sea.

Horatio Nelson was born on the 29th of September, 1758, in a village of Norfolk, in England, where his father was rector. His mother died young, leaving eleven children without prospect or fortune to the care of a poor country clergyman. The distant relationship of this mother with the noble house of Walpole protected her orphans: one of her brothers, a captain in the royal navy, promised to provide for his nephews. They were brought up by their father in the obscurity of the country, and the close affection which unites a family in straitened circumstances. The rector was at the same time their parent and schoolmaster: the gentleness of his lessons impressed their hearts as strongly as it did their memories. His health gave way

under the joint labour and solicitude, and compelled him to leave his domestic circle and seek recovery from the mineral springs of Bath: during his absence, his eldest son assumed the government of the household. His task was rendered easy by family affection; the spirit of the parents was still invisibly present at that united fireside. One morning, during the Easter holidays, a newspaper lay open on the parlour table; the young Horatio, then only twelve years of age, eagerly perused its columns, and read there the appointment of his uncle to the command of the *Raisonable*, a man-of-war of sixty-four guns. His future profession, until then undecided, burst on him like a flash of lightning. "Brother," exclaimed he, throwing down the paper, and addressing William Nelson, his elder by several years, "write to our father, and beg him to ask Uncle Maurice to take me to sea with him." William wrote accordingly. The father, who well knew the ardent soul of Horatio, and his longing desire to support and add credit to the family, was not at all astonished at this resolution of his favourite son. He had been often heard to say that this boy was destined to distinguish himself; and that, in whatever career Providence marked out for him, (to use a proverbial sea expression,) *he would reach the mast-head!* Not expecting to live long, and wishing to leave this child less exposed to the vicissitudes of chance, he wrote to his brother-in-law, Captain Maurice Suckling, and asked him to receive Horatio on board his own ship. "What!" replied the uncle, surprised at this desire on the part of one so young in years and feeble in constitution, "poor little Horatio, the weakest and most delicate of the family, does he want to encounter the severities of a sea life? But since he wishes it himself, let him come. The first

time we go into action, a cannon shot may, perhaps, settle his destiny for ever!" But the courage of the boy was in his soul, not in his muscles. Once he asked his grandmother what fear meant, which he had so often heard named. On receiving the explanation, "It is very strange," he observed; "I never understood what it was, for I have never felt the sensation!"

A trusty sailor of his uncle's crew came to conduct him on board the *Raisonable*, which lay at anchor at the mouth of the river. The little Horatio quitted before daylight the roof which had sheltered his infancy, and tore himself with sobs from the parting embraces of his brother William and his sisters. His courage consisted in loftiness of soul, and was combined with the tenderest sensibility. It was only by violently restraining his tears that he arrived with dry eyes at the vessel. His uncle was not then on board; the unknown isolated boy remained as a total stranger on deck all day and the following night, without any one addressing a word to him. To the close of his life he remembered those hours of lonely anguish, and that cruel reception; but from that time forward the quarter-deck of a man-of-war was destined to become his country, his empire, his glory, and his tomb.

Horatio made two cruises in the *Raisonable* and the *Triumph*, another line-of-battle-ship also commanded by his uncle; but the *Triumph* being paid off at the end of the war with Spain, he embarked as a volunteer in a merchant vessel bound for a long voyage, and in this protracted and adventurous navigation, acquired the boldness of a sailor, and the prudence of a consummate pilot. His uncle, on his return, received him once more on board the *Triumph*, where he superintended in the Thames, a naval school of practical and theoretical science

for the instruction of young midshipmen. Nelson soon grew tired of this inactivity in a vessel always at anchor; he had acquired a passion for the sea, and wished to fathom it, even to its profoundest mysteries. A voyage of discovery was then preparing to the North Pole. Horatio obtained his uncle's permission to enrol himself as a volunteer, and embarked on board the *Race-horse*, one of the ships selected for the expedition. The *Race-horse* having penetrated to the utmost limits of the then navigable ocean, was enclosed for many weary months in the ice, and suffered all the extremities invariably attendant on similar enterprises, in which so many bold adventurers have found a grave. Nelson engaged in single combat with a bear, which had enclosed him in its huge paws, and owed his life to a comrade, who shot the animal over its half strangled prey. "Why did a boy of your tender age and disproportioned strength encounter such an unnecessary danger?" said the captain, in reproving him for his rashness. "I wanted the skin of a bear for my father and sisters," replied the young hero, to whose mind the image of his paternal home was ever present. His health improved, and his constitution fortified itself by these rude experiments in a sailor's life.

After a year lost in looking on those vast deserts of ice, which nature opposes to navigation in the Polar regions, the expedition returned to the open sea, and Nelson, placed by his uncle on board the *Sea-horse*, a light corvette of twenty guns, sailed towards the Indian ocean. There he became remarkable, notwithstanding his extreme youth, for his zeal in the service, his skill in navigation, and his indifference to the fury of the element, which he had learned to conquer from his infancy. But, after being stationed two years in those

unhealthy latitudes, he was affected by a decay of the vital powers, which seemed to indicate an early close to his career, and a profound melancholy prompted him to abandon his profession. He even seems to have meditated self-destruction.

"One evening," he tells us himself, "from the deck of the ship, I contemplated the sea as an hospitable tomb, and was on the point of seeking beneath the waves, eternal repose. I neither saw nor felt any opening prospect of attaining glory, the object of my ambition. Happily, Providence, by presenting to my mind the images and voices of my father, my brothers, and my sisters, relieved and arrested me by a sudden light. I remembered that I belonged to my king and country, and that if I proved worthy, they would take care of my fortune and memory. I abandoned that refuge of the weak, that death so utterly valueless to society. If I am to perish, I exclaimed, I will die in the service of my native land; *I will be a hero*, and face every danger, as with the increase of peril, I shall rise also in fame and virtue. From that moment I became calm, reassured, and satisfied, as if I had received a supernatural revelation of the destiny that awaited me."

Nelson returned to England for the recovery of his health. After passing a brilliant examination, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He then cruised and privateered in the American seas, against the Americans, fighting for independence. He defended the island of Jamaica against the fleet and disembarkations of the French admiral, the Count D'Estaing. He took part in the expeditions fitted out by the English against the Spanish colonies. He risked his life like an adventurer who seeks death or glory, at the head of small detachments which attempted

the assault of towns and fortresses on the sea-coast. Bivouacing one day in the forests of Peru, to give time to the handful of men he commanded to dress their wounds and bury their slain comrades, he fell asleep at the foot of a tree. An enormous serpent glided under his cloak, coiled round his leg, and stung him in the foot. The antidotes supplied by the Indians, and his own natural strength, preserved his life, but his constitution retained permanent symptoms of the mortal poison. Brought back to Europe, in a dying state, by Admiral Cornwallis, who treated him more with the anxiety of a parent than a commander, he retired for several months to the country, to the fire-side of his father and his brothers, to which his rising reputation had already begun to attach celebrity. On his return to London, he was appointed to the command of a sloop of twenty-six guns, for a winter's cruise in the North Sea, and to examine the coasts of Denmark. During this rude service, he caught a glimpse of the possibility of one of the most daring and subtle enterprises of his life—the attack on Copenhagen.

In the spring, the *Albemarle*, under Nelson, was ordered to return to America. On approaching the coasts of Canada, he was chased and surrounded by four French frigates, from whom escape appeared impossible; but preferring the loss of his ship to the humiliation of a surrender, he steered with all sails set into shallow water, where he was in danger of running aground at every step. His skill and good fortune carried him safely over the bar, which the frigates dared not approach. During a stay of some months at Quebec, he became deeply enamoured of a young and beautiful Canadian girl, inferior to himself in rank. He was on the point of sacrificing ambition to love, and of quitting

the service to marry the object of his passion, when the squadron received orders to sail for Europe. His officers, impatient at his infatuation, landed to tear him from his idol, and carried him on board by force. From this time it was foreseen, that love, the predominating passion of tender souls, would prove the quicksand of his life.

Appointed to the command of the *Boreas,* Nelson increased his reputation and popularity in the navy by his exploits and captures on the coasts of America. The share of prize money belonging to his ship's crew, amounted to forty thousand pounds by the time the *Boreas* re-entered the Thames. The Admiralty contested a portion of this claim with the sailors. Nelson applied direct to the King, who loaded him with compliments and thanks, and thus enabled him to triumph over the naval authorities. Having forgotten his first love, he was again captivated by the beauty and virtues of a young widow of nineteen, Mrs. Nisbet, and married her on the 11th of March, 1787. His companions in arms lamented this union, which seemed to deprive the service of a rising officer, who was already claimed as the future hero of England. "Yesterday," says the journal of one of his comrades, who became afterwards his second in command on several occasions, "the English navy lost one of its brightest ornaments. The marriage of such an officer as Nelson is a national calamity. Had he remained single, he would have been the greatest naval commander this country has ever produced."

The sequel proved that these predictions were erroneous. Nelson, giving himself up to the enjoyment of domestic life, but ever ready, as before, to sacrifice it at his country's call, conducted his bride to the residence of his father. The old man, infirm and lonely, lived only to participate in the happiness and rising glory of

his son. "My dear Horatio," said he, as he embraced him, "your presence renews the springs of life within me; but," continued he, with tears, "perhaps it would have been better for me not to have been spared for this blissful moment, as death will so soon summon me away. My age and weakness increase daily, and I cannot long enjoy your reputation."

The abode of Nelson and his wife in the paternal mansion, brought back the reminiscences and habits of that sweet, rural life, which had embellished his early years. With his young companion he renewed his rambles in the fields, his labours at the harvest, his conversations and readings in the garden of the parsonage. He seemed entirely to have forgotten the ocean, and to have taken root on his natal soil, with the occupations and feelings of a country life.

This sweet interval of repose was uninterrupted until war broke out with France in 1792. In the month of December in that year, Nelson was appointed by the Admiralty to the command of the *Agamemnon*, a man-of-war destined to form one of Admiral Hood's squadron in the Mediterranean. At the moment when the people of the south of France surrendered up Toulon to the English, and by a crime against their country escaped the outrages of the *Terrorists* against human nature, Admiral Hood detached the *Agamemnon* from his squadron, and ordered Nelson to protect by his presence the coast and harbour of Naples against the attacks of the Republican vessels which threatened that kingdom, the ally of Great Britain. Nelson entered the bay as a deliverer, and was received as a pledge of security. Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador at Naples, and all-powerful with the royal family, to whom he assured the protection of his government, received from the hands of

Nelson the despatches of Admiral Hood, and the news of the naval occupation of Toulon. This old man, inflamed with hatred against the Republic, and glowing with the triumph of his country, thenceforward become mistress of the great maritime arsenal of France, received Nelson as he would have greeted the saviour of Europe. His exalted enthusiasm already pictured to him in this young commodore the avenger of dethroned kings, the scourge of revolutionary governments, and the prop of restored monarchies. Leaving Nelson in his cabinet, he ran to the apartments of the ambassadress, and, addressing Lady Hamilton with a countenance beaming with bright omens, "I am going to introduce to you," he said, "an officer who has not much pretensions to personal beauty, but who is one day destined to astonish the world by his great achievements. I have never yet offered the hospitality of this palace to any officer or admiral of our squadrons, but I am proud to open my doors to Nelson. Get ready for him the apartment we had selected for the son of the King of England himself."

The ambassadress, thus prepared by her husband, and even more devoted than he was to the interests of the Neapolitan court, received Nelson as a man she was predetermined to bend to her own views. He became from the first day an inmate of the ambassador's house; and young Joshua Nisbet, his wife's son, who had embarked with him as a midshipman in the *Agamemnon*, was welcomed with caresses by Lady Hamilton as if she had been his second mother.

Thus originated, by the combination of events, and the accidental sympathy of an old man, the fatal attachment between Nelson and Lady Hamilton; which, like the passion of Antony and Cleopatra, inflamed the coasts of the Mediterranean, changed the face of the world, and

carried on to glory, to shame, and to crime, a hero entangled in the snares of beauty. To comprehend, clearly, the infatuation of Nelson, it becomes necessary to retrace the life and adventures of Lady Hamilton, at first the Aspasia, and afterwards the Herodias of her age,—elevated by extraordinary beauty, by fortune and blind affection, from the hovel of her mother, and the suspected dens of London, to the rank of an English ambassadress, the hand of a gentleman of distinguished rank and ability, and the close intimacy of a queen of whom she was the protectress and ally, rather than the dependent companion. Supreme beauty is a royalty of the senses, which subjugates even the masters and mistresses of empires. These conquests are the miracles of nature; few have arrived at the dominion which Lady Hamilton, the modern Theodora, exercised by her charms.

Her only name was *Emma*, for her father remained always unknown. She was one of the children of love, of crime, of mystery, whom nature delights to overwhelm with gifts in compensation for the loss of hereditary claims. Her mother was a poor farmer's servant in the county of Chester. Whether she had lost her husband by death, or, like Hagar, had been abandoned by her seducer, she arrived unknown and reduced to beggary, at a village in Wales, the Switzerland of England. She carried in her arms a female infant of a few months old. The beauty of both attracted the simple mountaineers of the village of Hawarden; the stranger picked up a livelihood by working for the farmers and gleaning in the fields. The marked and noble features of the child, served to propagate the rumour that her birth was illustrious and mysterious; she was said to be a daughter of Lord Halifax. Nothing afterwards, either in her for-

tune or education, gave colour to the report. At the age of twelve she was received in a neighbouring family as children's servant. The frequent visits of her master and mistress to London, where they resided in the house of their relative, the celebrated engraver, Boydell, gave her the first idea of the impression her figure produced on the crowd in public places, and a vague presentiment of the high fortune to which her beauty would exalt her. At sixteen she made her escape from Hawarden, a field too obscure and circumscribed for her expanded dreams, and engaged herself in the household of a respectable tradesman in London. A lady of superior rank, struck by her appearance in the shop, elevated her to a higher position of servitude. Almost without employment in an opulent family, Emma gave herself up to the perusal of those fascinating romances which create an imaginary world for the love or ambition of youthful minds; she frequented the theatres, and imbibed there the first inspirations of the genius of dramatic expression, of action, and attitude, which she embodied afterwards in a new art, when she became the animated statue of beauty and passion.

Being discharged by her mistress for some household negligence, her growing taste for the theatre induced her to seek a situation in the family of one of the managers. The irregularity and freedom of that establishment, the constant intercourse with actors, musicians, and dancers, initiated her in the subordinate mechanism of the dramatic art. She was then in the flower of her youth, and the full perfection of her beauty. Her tall and elegant figure equalled in natural grace the studied attitudes of the most practised figurantes. Her voice was soft, mellow, and capable of expressing deep tragic emotion. Her countenance, endowed with susceptibility as delicate

and varying as the first feelings of a virgin mind, was, at the same time, pensive and dazzling. All who saw her at that period of her life agreed in describing her as a resuscitation of Psyche. Purity of soul, transparent through elegance of feature, surrounded her even in her dependent position; with a respect which admiration dared not overleap. She spread fire without being entangled in the flame herself; her innocence found a safeguard even in the excess of her beauty. Her first fall was not a descent to vice, but a gliding into imprudence arising from a yielding nature.

A young countryman, of the village of Hawarden, son of the farmer who had first given an asylum to her mother, was seized by a press-gang, and carried in fetters to the fleet at anchor in the Thames. Emma, at the entreaty of the prisoner's sister, accompanied her to the captain of the ship to implore the liberation of her brother. Won by the beauty of the fair suppliant, he listened to her prayers and tears, removed her from her low though honest station, overwhelmed her with shameful luxury, furnished a house for her, supplied her with masters in every ornamental accomplishment, boastfully displayed his conquest in public, and left her, when the squadron sailed, exposed without safeguard to new seductions. One of his friends, bearing a noble name, and possessed of a large fortune, carried off the faithless Emma to an estate in the country, treated her as his wife, made her the queen of hunting-parties, fêtes, and balls; and finally, growing tired of her at the end of the season, left her in London, at the mercy of chance, necessity, and crime.

Thrown back from this golden cloud on the hard pavement of the metropolis, and depreciated in the eyes of her former protectors by the publicity of her adven-

tures, Emma was received by night, and in rags, under the care of one of those infamous procuresses who carry on the trade of seduction. Accident alone preserved her from infamy. The woman who had given her shelter, struck by the natural grace and modesty of her demeanour, and astonished at her overwhelming charms, introduced her as a natural miracle to a celebrated physician, eminent for his admiration of female beauty. This was the well-known Dr. Graham (the inventor of the celestial bed), a voluptuous and mystical quack, who professed to worship and to possess some profound intelligences respecting the secrets of nature, by which means he had acquired a suspicious and fantastic reputation.

Dr. Graham loudly expressed his admiration at the sight of the young orphan, and liberally rewarded her introducer. He received her into his own house, publicly advertised that he possessed a rare example of the efficacy of his specifics to produce the perfections of life, beauty, and health, in a human being; and called upon the incredulous to come and convince themselves by looking on an animated image of the goddess Hygeia. At this appeal, addressed to licentiousness rather than science, the disciples of Graham crowded mysteriously to his amphitheatre.

The unfortunate victim of her own charms appeared clothed in transparent garments, in the costume of a divinity; her covering scarcely concealed her blushes. The pride of the physician, and the enthusiasm of the spectators, burst forth in loud acclamations. Painting and statuary had never before presented ideal form and colouring equal to this example of living nature. Painters and sculptors vied in rivalry to copy from this divine original. Amongst them, Romney, one of the

leading artists of the day, produced many duplicates of the same lovely countenance. He painted the fair Emma, as the goddesses of the heathen mythology, and under the attributes of the leading heroines of poetry and the drama. These portraits, being engraved, multiplied throughout Europe the features of the unknown beauty. Romney, like Apelles, subdued by Campaspe, became enamoured of his model, and carried her off from Graham as an exhaustless treasure of art and fortune. He sold for their weight in gold her portraits either as the sorceress Circe, or as Innocence holding a sensitive plant, and astonished at the motion of the flower. This anonymous publicity at the same time protected her modesty. The produce of her *attitudes*, which she received from Graham and Romney, enabled her to live in London in the shadow of respectable retirement. The celebrated Madame Lebrun, artist in ordinary to the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, painted her at this time as a Bacchante, and carried her features over to France.

A young Englishman, of the illustrious house of Warwick, Mr. Greville, nephew to Sir William Hamilton, ambassador at Naples, discovered Emma in this obscurity. Passion made him believe in her virtue; he loved, and endeavoured to seduce her. Whether she really desired to redeem the errors of her early life, or preferred an honourable name to a large fortune, she steadily resisted his solicitations, and was only won by a promise of marriage as soon as the consent of his family could be conquered by perseverance. They lived as man and wife during several years. Three children followed this secret union, and nothing for a time disturbed their happiness. Emma, always grateful and warm-hearted, even at the expense of pride, sent for her indigent mother to reside

with her, and treated her with respect and kindness, in spite of her servile condition.

In 1789, after this interval of domestic happiness, constantly interrupted by the remonstrances of his relations, Greville, deprived of his salaries of office, and pressed by accumulated debt, hesitated between the necessity and sorrow of casting off the woman he considered as his wife. Their mutual grief at the prospect of separation poisoned the last days of their intercourse. At this crisis, Greville's uncle, Sir William Hamilton, arrived in London. He was unmarried, master of a large fortune, and intended his nephew for his heir. But his aristocratic consequence revolted from the idea of acknowledging, as his grand-nephews, the children of a prostitute. He refused either to consent to the marriage of Greville, or to pay his debts: the nephew saw no resource but in the intercession of his mistress. Emma, at his suggestion, attired herself in the garb of her infancy, and in a stuff gown and straw hat, waited upon his uncle. She threw herself at his feet, confessed her fault, shed tears as persuasive as they were genuine, appealed to the tender pledges of her love, and besought Sir William to pardon the father and mother for the sake of the unfortunate children. Her triumph was more signal than she anticipated. The old man, fascinated by features and accents which surpassed all he had ever looked on or listened to, either in the classic master-pieces of Athenian statuary, or on the voluptuous boards of the Italian opera houses, yielded to the seduction which had enchained his nephew. The same love which he had refused to understand, revenged itself by reducing him to the thraldom of Greville. The beauty of Emma overpowered him, and like one seized by sudden madness, he forgot

after two or three interviews, his age, his rank, his repugnance to matrimony, her obscure birth and irregular life, the mutual affection long subsisting between her and her paramour, the living pledges of their love, the scandal and infamy of a traffic in female charms; and, finally, purchased the possession of the venal beauty by the discharge of his nephew's embarrassments. They were privately married in London, and Sir William hastened back to Naples with his prize, leaving his union undeclared. Her beauty dazzled Italy as it had previously fascinated England. But the knowledge of her avocation as a model, which could not be concealed, and a rumour of the shameless bargain between the uncle and nephew, preceded her to Naples. The ambassador, to stifle these reports, and re-establish his idol, was compelled to the ceremony of a public marriage. Scandal disappeared before the rank and resistless charms of the young ambassadress. She was presented at Court, and at the first glance won the admiration and enthusiastic attachment of the Queen.

Queen Caroline of Naples, with Marie Antoinette of France, were daughters of the Empress Maria Teresa of Austria. Equal in beauty to the Queen of France, but of more steady temperament, Caroline possessed the genius of her mother, while of her sister's virtues she only shared the courage. Young, handsome, and popular, she was married to an indolent monarch who suffered himself to be governed by her superior energy. She ruled the kingdom with fêtes and entertainments, by the hands of ministers selected from her personal favourites. She was beset by a restless activity sufficient to embroil all Europe, and encouraged ideas too gigantic for a narrow kingdom. Horror at the murder of her sister by the French regicides; the fear of being dragged herself

from the throne by reforming Italians; hatred against the new principles which, in acknowledging the rights of the people, curbed the despotism of kings; all these feelings rendered the Queen of Naples a living concentrated conspiracy, a crowned Nemesis ever in arms against the progress of revolution. Compelled by the constrained neutrality and weakness of her states, to tolerate a French ambassador at Naples, she revenged herself for this forced humiliation, by a fruitless but busy perpetual under-current of intrigue with Austria, Russia, and above all with England. To entangle the cabinet of London in her own destiny, and thus to constitute a maritime power, the ruler of the seas, a protection equally against the French and her own subjects, became at once the necessity, the policy, and the ruling passion of the Queen of Naples. To obtain the ardent co-operation of the English ambassador, was the first step towards the accomplishment of her plan. The presence of Lady Hamilton at Naples, the controlling empire which this titled courtezan exercised over the heart of her husband, presented to the queen the readiest means of retaining England in her interests. Sir William Hamilton possessed the confidence of Pitt, and Pitt held in his hands the votes, the subsidies, and the fleets of Great Britain. A young peasant girl from Wales thus, by the power of caprice, presided over the destinies of Italy.

But in the sudden and irresistible charm which drew the Queen of Naples towards Lady Hamilton, policy was less decisive than nature. The influence of beauty upon the daughters of Maria Teresa, was one of the prevailing characteristics of the family. Equally susceptible of tender and exalted emotions, they required friendship and favouritism to an extent which caused them to be

calumniated even in their purest attachments. The intimacy of the Queen and Lady Hamilton soon gave rise to injurious reports. But Caroline of Naples, of a more manly and inflexible mind than her sister, Marie Antoinette, defied all murmurs from the recesses of the palace, or the ranks of the troops. The dread of her name imposed silence on hatred and jealousy, and terror stood beside her on the steps of the throne.

The excitement produced by the beauty of Lady Hamilton at this epoch of her life, became a species of idolatry throughout Europe. Painters and sculptors hastened from all parts of Italy to study her features. "From this day forth, and throughout the summer," (it was thus that one of the most celebrated amongst them wrote at the time,) "my hours are no longer my own. I devote them entirely to copying the numberless beauties which the face and figure of this divine woman continually present to me—I know no other epithet suitable to one so immeasurably superior to her sex. Nevertheless I fear to lose her for a time, as she shortly proposes to absent herself with Sir William Hamilton. They are too much incommoded here by the crowds that beset them in the theatres, the streets, the public gardens, and wherever they can catch a glimpse of this prodigy. If Lady Hamilton were vain, she would infallibly lose her head. I am going to paint her as Joan of Arc, as a Magdalen, as a Bacchante, and as all the youthful heroines of the stage. One day she refused to place herself in the accustomed attitude. I thought she had grown cold on the subject, and my art deserted me; but she took pity on her devoted admirer, and never did I paint a head so beautiful as the last, which she destines as a present for her mother. My health returned suddenly, as if by a miracle."

The Queen, recognising in the young ambassadress an instrument of policy as well as an object of personal regard, gave herself up entirely to this new attachment. Lady Hamilton became the royal favourite, the idol of the palace, the secret minister of the Court of Naples, the confidante of the designs, the sorrows, and pleasures of her friend. She passed whole days and nights in the apartment of the Queen and her children. She descended from her rank as the wife of an ambassador, to resume of her own choice, in attendance on the person of the daughter of Maria Teresa, the servile condition to which she had been reduced by want in infancy, and on which she now prided herself. She resembled a slave of old, attached to a crowned mistress by the charm of royalty. All the political passions and fears of the Queen had instilled themselves with her confidence, into the bosom of her favourite. Her most secret cares and annoyances were all participated. "I saw her," says Lady Hamilton, in a letter to a friend, "in a paroxysm of frenzy, pass from the extreme of fear to the pinnacle of joy, filling the palace with her cries,—laughing, weeping, heaving convulsive sobs, throwing herself into the arms of her husband, pressing her children in her arms, embracing every one who entered the room, speaking to herself in broken sentences, calling upon England, blessing the name of Nelson, and exclaiming in passionate transports, 'Oh, brave Nelson, glorious Nelson, the liberator of Italy, the hope and tutelary angel of Naples!'"

Such was the woman of irresistible fascination, who at the first encounter obtained over the mind of Nelson that fatal and criminal empire, which led to the errors and misfortunes of an unrivalled hero. Although Lady Hamilton at that time was not more than twenty-six, and Nelson possessed few external recommendations,

beyond the presage of future glory, and the fire of his soul, which revealed itself in his eyes, the passion with which each inspired the other, was instantaneously reciprocal. Policy and pride suggested to Lady Hamilton, the glory she should acquire to herself, and the service she should render to the cause of the Queen, by binding in her chains the man who held in his control the fate of Naples and the safety of the royal family. But policy and pride in this case were only the apologies of passion. She loved, and resigned herself to the illusion. The new-born infatuation of Nelson betrayed itself involuntarily in his letters to his friends in England, or with the fleet. In one of these he says, "We dine to-day with the King of Naples, on board a man-of-war. He overwhelms me with compliments and favours. I often see the Queen, who is a true daughter of Maria Teresa. On the opposite side of the table, on which I am tracing these lines, Lady Hamilton is sitting. You will, therefore, I hope, fully understand the glorious confusion of this letter. In my situation you would, perhaps, write even more incoherently. When the heart is affected, the hand trembles. Naples is decidedly a dangerous residence; it will be well if we leave it before long." "I live," says he, on another occasion, "in the same house with Lady Hamilton; this is equivalent to saying, that my life passes in continual enjoyment, were it not that I am compelled to take a part in the affairs of this kingdom;—but only let us hang Baron de Thuguf, Cardinal Ruffo, and the minister, Manfredini, and all will go on swimmingly." These were the enemies of the Queen and Lady Hamilton, at the Court of Austria. Nelson, influenced by palace intrigues, already began to hate the rival factions with the antipathy of his idol. In concert with the English ambassador, and backed by

the influence of his government, he pressed the King of Naples strongly into the war against the French in Italy. The rout of Mack, an Austrian general, to whom the command of the Neapolitan army had been confided, decided the fate of the kingdom in a few hours. The French advanced towards the capital as liberators, exciting everywhere the republican spirit, which was easily roused in a country formerly free. No resource appeared open to the Court but rapid flight, with the sea for an asylum.

At this period, the passion of Nelson for the idol he had left at Naples, reached its height. Absence, by concentrating the image of this ill-conquering beauty in his heart, added melancholy to his intoxication. The sea, the solitude of ship-board, the chance of hourly death, the strong conviction of the uncertainty of existence, which presses on the soul greedy for the enjoyment of happiness; the constant presence of a single image, undisturbed by the intrusion of any other; ignorance of the dexterity of women, and disbelief in their inconstancy;—all these causes combined, explain the insanities of criminal affections in warriors of the sea and land. They bear with them unchangeable impressions. Long campaigns and protracted voyages, with but one subject of regret or reminiscence, are maladies of the heart which augment by isolation, and finally overpower reason and virtue together. In Nelson, both were extinguished, and love alone governed him with undivided power. "Alas!" he writes by every opportunity to the object of his adoration; "how desolate and sad the deck of my ship appears to me, after the society I have left, to confine myself to a solitary cabin on the wide ocean! Every place in the world has become hateful to me, except that in which you reside!"

His most attached friends, who still exercised the privilege of telling him the truth, reproved him in vain, both in conversation and by letter. He admitted the justice of their reproaches, and yielded himself up to his own remorse; but his remorse, although sufficiently acute to embitter his life, possessed not the energy to restore him to virtue. He even disobeyed on several occasions the orders of his government, which recalled him to the ocean fleet, that he might remain in the Mediterranean, near Lady Hamilton, with his eyes fixed on Naples.

A short time after this, Bonaparte embarking at Toulon an expeditionary force, on board the most formidable fleet that had navigated the Mediterranean since the crusades, left the English ministers in doubt as to the object he had in view. Did he propose to pass the Straits and attack Great Britain in one of her European islands, or in the Indies? Was it his intention to seize Constantinople, and from thence to dictate to Russia and Austria, and to command the seas of Europe? Lord St. Vincent, the admiral in chief command of the naval forces of England on the coasts of France, Italy, and Spain, dared not abandon the blockade of Cadiz, and the French ports: he therefore despatched Nelson, as the bravest and most skilful of his lieutenants, to watch, pursue, and if possible, destroy the French armament. Nelson, successively reinforced by sixteen sail of the line, hoisted his flag in the *Vanguard*, and hastened after the enemy without any certain indication of their course. After touching at Corsica, already left behind by Bonaparte, and examining the Spanish seas, he returned to Naples on the 16th January, 1798, discouraged by a fruitless search, and in want of stores and ammunition. Whilst there, the reports of the English consuls in

Sicily apprised him of the conquest of Malta by the French, with the subsequent departure of the fleet as soon as that island was reduced, and directed his thoughts towards Egypt.

The intrigues of Lady Hamilton, animated by her double attachment to the Queen and to Nelson, obtained from the court of Naples, notwithstanding their avowed neutrality, all the supplies necessary for the English squadron before they resumed their dangerous cruise. In a few days Nelson was ready to put to sea; he touched at Sardinia, coasted the shores of the Peloponnesus, searched the Levant in its full extent, despatched small vessels to look into the road of Alexandria, where the French had not yet appeared, traversed the Egyptian sea, sailed along one side of Candia while the republican fleet passed by on the other, came close to Malta, vainly interrogated every ship or boat coming from the Archipelago, learned that there was already an outcry against him at home for his dilatoriness or incapacity, (accusations which redoubled his anxiety,) exclaimed against the winds, crowded additional sail, braved continual tempests, and finally, on the 1st of August, at early dawn, discovered the naked masts of the French fleet, at anchor in the bay of Aboukir, six leagues from Alexandria, and close to the mouth of the Nile.

Bonaparte had already disembarked the army, and marched across the desert towards Cairo. Admiral Brueys commanded the fleet, which consisted of seventeen large men-of-war, four frigates, and a great number of lighter vessels. Every instant he expected the appearance of the English squadron. His superiority in the number of ships and weight of metal, in the equalized quality of his crews, would under any other circum-

stances have induced him to seek an encounter with Nelson in the open sea, and dispute the sovereignty of the Mediterranean. But naval battles are subject to casualties which the positive instructions of Bonaparte, and the objects of the expedition forbade him to encounter. The French fleet, at once the support and arsenal of the land army, constituted the sole base of their operations. The destruction of this fleet deprived them of their only means of communication and hope of succour. They had no other bridge between France and Egypt. To expose the ships, therefore, to be destroyed in open sea, would be to betray at one blow the army they had transported, and the country that expected their return. Brueys, after fruitless attempts to enter the inner harbour of Alexandria, which was not then supposed deep enough to receive vessels of so much draught of water, determined to moor his fleet in the bay of Aboukir, the sandbanks of which he had fortified. Six vessels at anchor, ranged in a concave crescent, according to the sweep of the shore, were supported on one flank by the little island of Aboukir, a natural fortress armed with cannon; on the other, by an advanced arm of the bay. They formed so many immovable citadels, presenting their broadsides to the sea. Their combined force might be brought to bear upon each single ship of the advancing enemy: unattackable from the land-side, according to the conviction of Brueys, this line of defence gave to a naval battle the solid impregnability of a rampart of fire.

At two P.M. on the 1st of August, Brueys, apprised by signal of the appearance of Nelson in sight of the Egyptian coast, recalled every sailor of his crews on board. He ordered two brigs, the *Alerte* and *Railleur*, which drew little water, to reconnoitre the English fleet

within cannon shot, then to seek refuge in the bay, over the shoals, hoping that the leading vessels of the pursuing enemy would follow their exact course, and run aground in the mud of the Nile. But Nelson was well aware of these dangers and escaped the snare. Without bestowing any attention on the brigs, he advanced in order of battle against the head of the French line, as to a direct assault upon the centre of a position. Then varying a little from his course, without sounding, hesitating, or firing a shot, he passed between the moorings of Brueys and the Islet of Aboukir, in full sail, with half his squadron, leaving only the *Culloden* behind, which went aground on the sandbanks. As his ships cleared the passage they anchored successively in rear of their opponents. The remaining half divided, and ranged up on the outer side in front of the French vessels, who were thus attacked simultaneously on both flanks, and the thunder of a double fire poured into their immovable hulls. The French fleet thus deprived, by the error of their chief, of the protection they expected from the land, and without the power of motion by being at anchor, saw at once the disaster that awaited them. Nothing remained but to perish gloriously, and to envelop in their own destruction as many of the enemy's ships as possible. They proved themselves worthy of their fate. Commanded still by the brave warriors of the Revolution, they raised themselves to the level of ancient heroism, and presented another Salamis, to which nothing was wanting but the presence of Themistocles! The *Spartiate*, the *Franklin*, the *Orient*, the *Tonnant*, responding on the right and left to the double broadsides of the English seventy-fours, strewed the decks of Nelson with shattered masts and yards, with dead and wounded sailors. Victory was less the

prize of naval superiority, than the consequence of the fatal mistake of engaging at anchor. The French marine never conquered more gloriously than they now submitted. Every single ship became a Thermopylæ, for the combatants fought no longer for victory, but for death. On every deck, the captains, the officers, the gunners fell successively at their posts, and left nothing to the English but lifeless bodies, and enormous funeral piles. Admiral Brueys, severely wounded, by an early discharge of grape-shot, remained erect on the poop of his flag-ship, the *Orient*, surrounded by the remains of his staff, and invoking death to cover his misfortune. A cannon ball from the *Vanguard* cut him in two; still with his dying hands he opposed the action of those who would have carried him below. "No! no!" exclaimed he, "a French admiral ought to die upon his quarter-deck." His flag-captain, Casa-Bianca, fell a moment after on the body of his chief. The *Orient*, deprived of her commander, still fought as if of her own accord. Nelson fell, wounded in the head by a splinter; the blood covered his face, and the skin of his forehead falling over his remaining eye, plunged him in total darkness, which for a moment he conceived to be the harbinger of death.

Confident of the victory, but believing his hurt to be mortal, he summoned the chaplain of the *Vanguard*, and charged him to deliver his last remembrances to his family. A moment of terrible and anxious silence pervaded the ship while the surgeon probed the wound. A cry of joy burst from every mouth when they declared that it was only superficial, and that the conqueror would be preserved to his country. Night had fallen for about three hours, but was unheeded in the fury of the combat and the reflected light of the cannonading. The French ships

were silenced, one by one, for want of hands to man the guns. They drifted from their cables towards the shore, or foundered on the rocks. The *Orient*, in flames above, still fired from her lower decks, ready to be consumed in the impending conflagration, hastened and excited by the freshening of the night-breeze. The English ships ceased to respond, and retired to a distance to escape the vortex of the inevitable explosion. Captain Dupetit-Thouars, commanding the *Tonnant*, never slackened his fire for a moment at sight of this disaster. He no longer fought for glory or life, but for immortality. One arm carried off by a cannon shot, and both legs broken by grape, he called upon his crew to swear never to strike his flag, and to throw his body overboard, that even his remains might not become captive to the English. The *Tonnant*, as well as the *Franklin*, covered with the bodies of their officers, became, in a short time, little better than floating corpses.

The increasing flames of the *Orient* served to light the entire bay, covered with the relics of battle. The sailors of this vessel flung themselves from the port-holes into the sea, and clung to broken masts and yards, in the hope of floating on shore. They implored their commandant, Casa-Bianca, who was covered with wounds, to allow them to save him. Whether he was unable to move his shattered limbs, or was stoically determined not to survive the loss of his ship, Casa-Bianca rejected their entreaties. They wished at least to preserve his son, a noble youth of twelve years old, who had been induced, by affection for his father, to embark with him. The brave boy, embracing the body of his parent, resisted their prayers and efforts, and preferred death in the arms of him who had given him life.

The catastrophe, which now approached rapidly, com-

pelled the generous sailors to leave the melancholy group. The *Orient* blew up at eleven o'clock, with an explosion which made the land of Egypt tremble to Rosetta, and with a burst of flame that long illuminated the surrounding horizon. Her masts, spars, rigging, timbers, and cannon, fell down in a storm of fire into the bay, like fragments from heaven, bursting in a counter-blow amongst the human combatants. The rising sun discovered nothing in the bay of Aboukir but the hulls of stranded or burning vessels scattered at the mercy of the heaving swell. The fleet of Nelson himself, dismasted, and almost without sails, could with difficulty move away from the scene of action. Two of his ships which had sustained little damage, secured the spoils of the night. Several French captains ran their vessels ashore, and burnt them, to prevent their falling into the hands of the conquerors. The French army, from that moment, became prisoners in the Egypt they had conquered. The subsequent capitulation of that army may be considered the second victory of Nelson. Fortune refused to give all to a single nation. To one she assigned the land, to the other the sea.

This victory of Nelson is admitted by the French historians who witnessed it, to have been the most complete that had ever been won at sea since the invention of gunpowder. He was indebted to it for his bold attack, and the immobility of the fleet of Brueys. The heroic defence of that fleet at anchor, shows how they would have fought had they been under sail. They were not beaten, but immolated; in their sacrifice they bore with them thousands of their enemies, and obtained for the French navy respect equivalent to the glory of victory.

Nelson, after returning thanks to the God of battles, occupied eighteen days in the repairs of his squadron

before he was ready to put to sea. Fast-sailing vessels carried home intelligence of the triumph. Scarcely cured of his wound, he returned to Naples to enjoy his victory in the delirium of love. The royal family, restored to confidence, received him in the bay as a saviour, and conducted him in joyful procession to the palace. Lady Hamilton, overpowered by emotion, fainted in the boat, and was carried inanimate to his feet. She speedily advocated the departure of the Court with all the ascendancy she possessed over the mind of Nelson. The French were approaching, the royal family contemplated flight, and the populace watched their movements narrowly.

The position of Lady Hamilton, as an ambassador's wife, and her close intimacy with the Queen, enabled her to act as an active negotiator between the fleet and the palace, without exciting public suspicion as to the intended departure. By means of an unknown subterranean passage which communicated between the palace and the shore, she contrived, under the shelter of darkness, to convey on board the English ships the treasure, crown diamonds, and most precious specimens of art and luxury, amounting in value to eighty millions of livres. Nelson himself, approaching the mouth of this outlet with three large boats, embarked during the stormy night of the 21st of December, the royal family, the ministers, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and carried them in safety, despite the fury of the waves, to his own flag-ship, the *Vanguard*.

A violent tempest, which lasted three days, during the voyage from Naples to Sicily, threatened to engulph the unhappy fugitives, to whom the land and sea appeared equally to refuse an asylum. Lady Hamilton, as fearless in this peril as Nelson himself, devoted her attention to

her friend the Queen, and her family, with the self-denial of a slave for her mistress. The youngest of the children, exhausted by fatigue and terror, expired in her arms. Three days afterwards the royal parents disembarked at Palermo, with the body of their infant.

The Republic was proclaimed throughout the kingdom, and resounded across the straits, even to Messina. The Cardinal Ruffo alone, a soldier-priest, an Italian *Charette* under the pontifical garb, converted Calabria into a second La Vendée; and raising a band of 40,000 men, in the name of their threatened religion and proscribed monarch, marched slowly towards Naples, in the hope of producing a counter-revolution. Nelson from Palermo watched these movements excited by the Queen, and waited impatiently for the hour of return and restoration. The favours of the King and Queen, and the love of Lady Hamilton, in that voluptuous court and enervating climate, had neither diminished his ardour for action, nor silenced his remorse. A tone of melancholy and diminished confidence in himself revealed the state of his mind, in his correspondence from Palermo. "I live," he wrote, "in the palace of Lady Hamilton; she is my counsellor, my confidante, my secretary, my sick-nurse. My health is much impaired, but, while I breathe, if the Queen commands it, I will remain here to protect her. My own thoughts consume and kill me. Sometimes I have no wish but to descend with credit to the tomb; and when it pleases God to call me there, I shall welcome death as a friend. It is not that I am insensible to the honours and rewards which my king and country have showered upon me; but I am ready to quit this world of care, and envy only those whose possessions are limited to six feet of earth."

In the midst of these expiatory self-reproaches, the

Queen and Lady Hamilton had inspired him with their own implacable hatred against the republicans of Naples. We recognise the tone of civil war in his letters to his friend, Captain Trowbridge, who commanded the blockading squadron before Naples. "Let me soon hear," writes he with savage joy, "that some heads have fallen; nothing else will raise my spirits."

Cardinal Ruffo, loudly called upon by the 40,000 lazzaroni of Naples, (a populace who gloried in servitude, because they were too abject to understand liberty,) arrived with his motley forces at the gates of the capital. Nelson, on hearing this report, the precursor of a counter-revolution, recalled the different squadrons of the Mediterranean, dispersed along the coasts of Egypt and Italy, and united a force of eighteen sail near the island of Maritimo, on the eastern side of Sicily. Lady Hamilton embarked with him for the Bay of Naples, to prepare the way for her friend the Queen, and to anticipate her vengeance. Nelson, on approaching Naples, found the capital already subdued, and occupied by the army of Cardinal Ruffo. The republican leaders, shut up in the forts, had agreed to surrender on terms, which secured to them their lives and the liberty of quitting the kingdom. The English Captain, Foote, who commanded the blockade in the absence of Nelson, signed this capitulation at the request of Ruffo. Nelson entered the bay with his whole fleet under full sail on the 25th June, 1799. The rumour of a treaty, which would deprive the Queen of her expected victims, spread rapidly through every ship. Lady Hamilton refused to believe it. Standing by Nelson's side on the deck of the *Foudroyant*, the sight of a flag of truce floating on the castles removed her doubts. "Nelson!" she exclaimed indignantly, pointing to the

unwelcome signal, "make them lower that flag immediately—no capitulation with rebels." Nelson, enslaved by love, obeyed her angry suggestion. The generalissimo, Ruffo, less animated by personal feeling in a civil war than a foreign admiral, nobly refused to violate his pledged word. Summoned on board the *Foudroyant*, to receive from the lips of Lady Hamilton, as her accredited organ, the absolute commands of the Queen, he pleaded with energy the cause of her conquered and pardoned enemies. He declared to Nelson and his accomplice, that if the lives and liberties of the republican chiefs were not respected, he would withdraw his troops from Naples, rather than stain his arms, even in the cause of God and his king, with the murder of defenceless fellow-citizens. Lady Hamilton, in the Queen's name, assumed all responsibility, and Nelson submitted, thereby compromising his own fame and the character of his country. The capitulation signed by Captain Foote was taken out of his hands, torn, and cast into the sea. The republicans, shut up in the forts, comprising in their ranks nearly all the young nobility of Naples, all that the city contained of eminence, in religion, literature, or the fine arts, to the number of 6,000, were surrendered to the mercy of military commissioners, or abandoned to the poignards of the populace. Judicial sentences and cold-blooded massacres imbrued with blood the translucent waters of the bay. Those who escaped the gibbet perished by the knife, and were cast indiscriminately to the waves. Licensed cut-throats and delators, revived from the days of Tiberius, gave the form of justice to these legalized assassinations. Forty thousand citizens fell under the sentences which opened a channel of blood to usher in the return of the King and his implacable helpmate.

Perambulatory tribunals traversed the provinces, attended by executioners. Living men, seized by the lazzaroni, were thrown upon flaming piles erected in the palace and square, and within sound of the cannon of the fleet, which announced with loud salutes the return of the royal family. The Queen had previously forwarded proscription lists from Palermo, containing the names of those destined to her vengeance. Thirty thousand captives encumbered the prisons, where torture extracted from them the avowal of political crimes and conspiracies. The state-councils furnished every day a fresh contingent of victims to the scaffold. The most illustrious names in the kingdom, whether distinguished by family, services, or genius, such as Cirillo, Mentone, Conforti, Fiano, Albonese, Fiorentino, Pagano, the Bishop Sarno, the Prelate Natale, the Marchioness San-Felice, the Poetess Eleonora Pimentelli, and 300 other victims, were hung, and thrown into the sea after execution as their only burial-vault. The Princes Torella and Riario, the Baron Poërio, a popular and moderate orator, the Marquis Carleto, the Cavalier Abamonti, banished to the deserted island of Farignana, near the rocks of Sicily, were shut up in a submarine cavern, which had formerly supplied an anticipated tomb to the exiled Romans. Serra and Riario, youthful scions of two of the noblest families, were sentenced as criminals before they had attained the age of crime. The head of a boy of sixteen, the only son of the Marquis Genzano, whose innocence and beauty excited universal admiration and pity, fell beneath the axe of the executioner. His father, the Brutus of baseness, courted an infamous collusion with the profaners of his own blood, and invited the judges, a few days after the execution, to a congratulatory feast. A young lady of the highest class of

nobility, condemned to the scaffold for having, (from love of one of the republican leaders whose life was threatened), revealed a conspiracy against the government, had declared on the evening before her appointed execution that she would shortly become a mother. The Court, setting aside all scruples of modesty, directed the royal physicians to ascertain by personal examination the truth of her assertion. The sentence was suspended on their report. Carried on board ship, and plunged into a dungeon at Palermo, the same day which gave birth to the infant terminated the life of the parent. The proscriptions of Marius, Sylla, Tiberius, and the National Convention of France, were rivalled by the personal hatred of an Italian Court, seconded by a fanatical populace, and protected by an English admiral under the fascination of a courtezan.

Nelson did not even preserve his own ship from the stain of blood under this royal "*reign of terror.*" The Neapolitan admiral, Caraccioli, formerly his comrade in arms in the combined operations of the two fleets, had attended the King to Sicily as a faithful adherent. After the revolution was accomplished, he returned to Naples, to preserve his estates from confiscation, with the full permission of his sovereign. Raised against his own desire by the new government to the command-in-chief of the naval forces, as a tribute to his reputation and acknowledged ability, he had been guilty of serving his country during the interregnum. His numerous friends, foreseeing the vengeance of the Queen, had assisted him to escape from the forts, during the negotiations for surrender, in the dress of a Calabrian peasant. Arrested, examined, recognised, and carried back to Naples with his hands bound behind his back, he was delivered up, on the order of Nelson, to the English squadron. It

was universally believed that the apparent imprisonment of the unfortunate Caraccioli was hospitality in disguise, and that no punishment could reach the guest of Great Britain. But Lady Hamilton had resolved to convert an English man-of-war into a scaffold for the most illustrious of the Neapolitans. Nelson received Caraccioli on board the *Foudroyant*, at that time the residence of himself and his mistress. A court-martial assembled there by his orders, of which Count Thurn was appointed president. Caraccioli appeared before his judges;—he asked permission to produce justificatory documents and evidences of his conduct during the interregnum. The Court considered the demand just, and referred it to Nelson, who directed them to proceed to sentence without delay. They obeyed, and condemned the prisoner to perpetual banishment. Nelson, when the result was communicated to him, peremptorily ordered the word exile to be erased, and substituted *death*. An hour afterwards the wretched victim, bound with cords, was conveyed in a boat on board his own flag-ship, the *Minerva*, to undergo the punishment of a common malefactor. Lady Hamilton, shut up with Nelson in the cabin of the *Foudroyant*, refused to see all intercessors, who, reckoning on female influence, had implored her compassion. Nelson himself remained obstinately deaf to the suggestions of his officers. The Court demanded the blood of Caraccioli, and love repaid him for abetting in the crime.

Arrived on board the *Minerva*, which was anchored alongside the *Foudroyant*, Caraccioli prepared for death without losing courage: he complained only of the ignominy of the punishment. "I am an old man," he said to the officer under whose charge he was placed; "my grey hairs tell me that in the course of nature I shall

soon terminate my career; I leave neither widow nor orphans to mourn my loss; I do not object to death; but, after seventy-two years of honourable life, it is hard to have the disgrace of the gibbet attached to my memory. Entreat the English admiral, formerly my friend and companion in arms, to permit me to be shot instead of undergoing the infamy of being hanged."

The English officer to whom he addressed this appeal, ordered the execution to be suspended until he could report to Nelson, who remained closely shut up in his cabin. "Do your duty, Sir," replied the admiral sternly, and turned away to avoid further remonstrance. Caraccioli, hoisted by the neck to the main yard-arm of the *Minerva*, suffered the punishment of the most infamous criminal, to the satisfaction of some, the regret of others, and to the indelible disgrace of all concerned, and, above all, to the injury of Nelson's fame. Lady Hamilton, it has been said, mounted on the poop of the *Foudroyant* to contemplate the corpse of this victim of the Queen, which remained suspended until nightfall on its floating gibbet. When darkness had enveloped the fleet, two heavy cross-bar shot were attached to the feet of the body, which was then thrown into the sea. But the sea rejected the offering. Three days afterwards, King Ferdinand returned from Palermo, and entered the Bay of Naples on board an English man-of-war commanded by Captain Hardy. Standing on the quarter-deck, he read the sentences of death and proscription which the Queen his wife intended to carry into effect before he landed, that the feet of her husband might be bathed in the blood of the condemned. Lady Hamilton, who had preceded her friend, to convey the earliest intelligence of her proceedings, stood near the King with Nelson, and a crowd of obsequious courtiers

attended the Queen. The sea was agitated, and high waves gathered round the stern of the vessel. Suddenly the form of an aged man, visible to the waist, rose erect above the water, with dishevelled and dripping hair, and appeared to be following the ship. An exclamation of horror burst forth from all the beholders. The King looked over the side and recognised the features of his admiral. "What does the dead require of us?" said he, addressing his confessor, who stood behind him.

"It seems," answered the monk, "as if God had permitted him to return and demand Christian sepulture."

"Let it be so," replied the King, as he retired from the deck in consternation, while the English sailors extricated the corpse from the sea and carried it ashore, to be interred in the small fisherman's church of Santa Lucia, on the quay of Naples. The storm had broken the cords which attached the cannon-balls to the feet of Caraccioli, and the body, swelled with water, had spontaneously risen to the surface. By a sort of natural miracle, divine wrath appeared thus to chastise and condemn political vengeance.

The disgraceful services rendered to the Court of Naples at this crisis, by Lady Hamilton and Nelson, were liberally rewarded. Lady Hamilton received unlimited honours and presents from the Queen. When Nelson carried the King back to Sicily, where the affairs of that kingdom required his presence, after the restoration of his power in Naples, a temple of glory was erected in the royal palace of Palermo, decorated with all the emblems of triumph. As he entered the building, Nelson, received in full state by the King and Queen, their family, their children, and Lady Hamilton, was crowned with a wreath of laurel, by the hands of the

young princes. The king presented him a sword enriched with diamonds, and created him Duke of Bronté (or Duke of Thunder), with a revenue proportionate to the rank and value of the duchy. The ablest sculptors of Italy were employed to execute his statue in marble, and to commemorate his great deeds by a rostral column. But neither this accumulated glory, fortune, nor enjoyment, could suffice to blot out the shame, or stifle the remorse of a hero, who, through an unscrupulous favourite, had sold himself as a tool to the passions of a sanguinary and corrupted court.

On his return to England with Lady Hamilton, he received the congratulations due to his services at Aboukir and Naples. All the ships in the Thames dressed themselves in the gayest colours, on the report of his arrival. The Government, and the Corporation of London, bestowed on him addresses of thanks and presents of honour, as to the saviour of his country. The splendour of his achievements concealed from the eyes of his countrymen the consequences of his weakness. But neither his fame nor popularity satisfied his own internal feelings; he was unhappy and discontented. Thoroughly enslaved by Lady Hamilton, now a widow, he separated himself from his wife and adopted son, Joshua Nisbet, who naturally espoused with warmth the cause of his injured mother. Nevertheless, he was just in his infatuation, and thoroughly acquitted Lady Nelson of the smallest particle of blame in these sad proceedings. "Heaven is my witness," he says, in his last letter to her, on separating, "that I acknowledge you to be entirely innocent, virtuous, and true." But while he could accord esteem, his heart was no longer in his power: a syren restrained him within the chain of her seductions. He purchased a house and estate for

her in the country, at Merton, and there concealed his love, his glory, and his remorse. A daughter was the fruit of this intercourse, to whom he gave the name of Horatia.

The northern coalition recalled him to his professional duties. He commanded the force which attacked Copenhagen and destroyed the Danish fleet. This exploit, more worthy of a sea Attila than a high-minded warrior, tarnished his reputation in Europe, but produced a frenzy of exultation in London. He returned home a conqueror for the second time, and was elevated by the King to the peerage. Great Britain beheld in Nelson a counterpoise to Napoleon.

In the meantime Napoleon prosecuted his gigantic duel against the independence of the continent. As long as England remained free, the liberty of the world found an asylum, and hoped for an avenger. It was necessary to remove this last basis for the lever of vanquished nations, enslaved, but not resigned to their fortune, to assure their neutrality, their alliance, or their subjection. Napoleon, after the victories which had dazzled Egypt, conquered Italy, intimidated Germany, riveted enfeebled Spain to his policy, and incorporated Holland, carried the dreams of his imagination from the shores of Syria to the strands of England. The universal empire which he had conceived in idea in the East on the dawning of his fortune, he now transferred to the West. Frustrated under the walls of St. Jean d'Acre, and totally overthrown at Aboukir by the cannon of Nelson, he re-indulged this fantasy at Boulogne in sight of the heights of Dover, and, by a singular arrangement of destiny, the same man who had baffled his schemes on the coasts of Egypt, again destroyed them in the British Channel. It might have been said

at this moment that Nelson and Napoleon represented the two great antagonistic principles in which were personified, on land the conquest of Europe, on the sea the resistance of the Continent. In like manner, on the fall of the Roman Republic, Pompey and Cæsar, under their respective names, embodied the liberty and slavery of the world. In like manner, also, the question of empire was decided by a naval combat, the battle of Actium. The loss of that day delivered over the universe to Cæsar.

Napoleon, during eighteen months, had collected along the coasts of the British Channel the means of a descent on England. An innumerable flotilla of gun-boats assembled near Boulogne, and ready to embark the troops encamped on the shore, taking advantage of a favourable day, could throw a movable bridge across that arm of the sea, and pour upon the shores of Britain one of those vast armies as irresistible on land as the fleets of England were all-powerful at sea.

Making every allowance for the patriotic ardour of the island, which the genius of her children had rendered the most astonishing focus of labour, riches, nautical skill, and civilization, which the history of ages presents, when we compare her moral influence with her geographical extent,—it cannot be doubted that 200,000 disciplined French warriors, animated by the genius of the modern conqueror, would, for a time at least, have subjugated Great Britain, razed her fortresses to their foundations, spiked her guns, burnt her dockyards, and dispersed to the winds the elements of her wealth and liberty. It is equally certain that England, surprised and chained down in her own territory, would have taken refuge in her ships, whence she might have covered the channel with her floating citadels,

pursued the gun-boats of Napoleon, destroyed them in their own harbours, and, finally, imprisoned the French army in the heart of their conquest. She would thus have compelled Napoleon to a voluntary retreat, while she assured for herself a glorious capitulation. But the disgrace and calamity of the invasion of London would have weighed heavily upon her fortunes and her history; and England, with an enemy for several months in her capital, must have sacrificed a heavy ransom of blood, of iron, and of gold, before she could expect to reconquer her independence.

Great Britain, anxiously watching the assemblage of flat-bottomed boats and French troops, trembled at the consequences of a bold attempt on the part of Napoleon, of an act of imprudence in her own admirals, or of the accident of a calm or tempest, which her enemies might turn to advantage on the moment. Her squadrons commanded the Channel, and sufficiently interrupted the passage of the French transports, mere nut-shells, according to the contemptuous expression of the English sailors, of which a single frigate could run down and sink a whole flotilla. Thus the plan of Napoleon was not to risk these light vessels upon the sea until he had collected from the different ports of Holland, France, and Spain, a formidable fleet of fifty or sixty men-of-war; a new Armada, which should suddenly pour into the Channel, give battle to the English, and, either victorious or defeated, cover by this diversion the passage of his army from Boulogne to Dover. But these ships, shut in by the superior blockading squadron of the enemy, some in the Scheldt, others at Brest, Toulon, and Cadiz, could only assemble together in equal or greater force to their opponents, by stratagem, or by a happy combination of skill and good fortune on the part of the com-

manding admirals. None of these officers, either in France, Holland, or Spain, possessed the genius to conceive, or the daring to execute the bold manœuvres which laugh at impossibility, and which alone could keep pace with the impatience and enthusiasm of their leader. Brave in heart, but timid in mind, all bowed under the weight of the responsibility they were called upon to encounter. A battle on shore requires only heroism; a combat at sea demands courage blended with science. An army defeated or broken, rallies, fills up its ranks again, and re-forms in order; a squadron sunk or burnt, engulphs the crew with the ships, and is seen no more, except in broken fragments floating on the waves. The movements of an armament which, on the field of battle, are regulated by the eye and voice of the chief, on the ocean are controlled by winds, distances, sailors, calms, and tempests, which no single genius can foresee or regulate. These distinctions between the nature of the two services rendered Napoleon as unjust to his admirals as he was rebellious against the laws of nature. He blamed his officers for the difficulties peculiar to naval science, and for the opposition of the elements. Disbelieving for the moment the possibility of uniting his divided ships in one single fleet in the British Channel, he next conceived the idea of despatching from Toulon and Brest two separate squadrons of sixty sail, with an army of 40,000 men on board. They were to reach by different courses the Indian ocean, and thus to strike at the power of England in the extreme east, while he waited an opportunity of inflicting a deadly blow nearer her heart at home. These squadrons, he calculated, would entice after them the whole English fleet, and while they were hastening to the relief of India, the

Channel, less closely guarded, might possibly afford a free passage to his invading army.

The vast extent and inevitable delays of this plan exhausted his patience. He then adopted another, less comprehensive, but more rapid of execution, which promised the same result of assembling his ships of war in one combined mass at a distant point of the ocean, and of calling off the body of the English fleet beyond the Channel, from whence, at every hazard, he was most desirous to remove them. By his orders, Admiral Villeneuve, who was intended for the chief command, sailed from Toulon with thirteen sail of the line and several frigates. Uniting himself with the Spanish squadron at Cadiz, under Admiral Gravina, he crossed the Atlantic, and at the Antilles was further reinforced by Admiral Missiessy with six additional men-of-war. Admiral Gantheaume, who commanded at Brest, was instructed to take advantage of the first gale of wind which might drive the English admiral Cornwallis from his cruising ground, and then to join Villeneuve, Gravina, and Missiessy at Martinique. The fleet thus united under the orders of Villeneuve, after having alarmed the English for the safety of their West Indian islands, were to set all sail towards France, at the moment when the English squadrons would be detached and dispersed in their pursuit; to give them battle on the coasts of Europe, and, either defeated or victorious, to throw themselves into the Channel, and assist in the invasion of England. This plan, successfully carried into execution by Villeneuve in the month of June 1805, was rendered incomplete by the inaction of Gantheaume, who found himself unable to leave the roads of Brest, in consequence of a long succession of calms. Villeneuve

returned to the European seas, with orders to fight Cornwallis before Brest, to release Gantheaume from the blockade, to add that imprisoned portion of the French fleet to his own force, and then, with sixty sail of the line, to engage the English in the mouth of the Channel, no matter what might be their superiority in the number of ships. "These islanders," exclaimed Napoleon, in the confidence of success, "know not what is hanging over them. Let me only be master of the British Channel for twelve hours, and England is extinct!"

At the moment when he uttered this joyful cry, anticipating triumph to his own fortune, and ruin to his enemy, he was at Boulogne. He saw under his eyes 164,000 tried warriors, who had subdued the Continent, looking anxiously towards a last conquest; and he expected from hour to hour the announcement of the approach of Villeneuve, and the sound of the French cannon driving before them the detached fleet of Cornwallis. Villeneuve was in fact on his return. Nelson, at the head of only eleven men-of-war, sought him boldly on the wide ocean, as he had formerly pursued Napoleon through the Mediterranean. Convinced that Villeneuve had sailed back to Europe, Nelson followed rapidly on his course, sending before him a swift-sailing frigate to apprise the English government of the danger that menaced their shores. Villeneuve on approaching Ferrol, fell in during a thick fog with the squadron of Admiral Calder, consisting of twenty-one ships. The fleets engaged under cover of the mist, without plan or pre-arranged order. Two Spanish men-of-war remained as trophies in the hands of the English commander. Villeneuve, on the following morning, instead of renewing the action in obedience to his orders, entered the harbour of Ferrol, lost several

days in revictualling his ships, and received fresh instructions to relieve Gantheaume, join him, and hasten to the Channel with every sail he could collect. He replied that he was preparing to obey, but having persuaded himself that Nelson, Calder, and Cornwallis had formed a junction and were waiting to overpower him, he steered for Cadiz instead of turning his prows towards Brest and Napoleon, and there shut himself up in ruinous inactivity.

The hesitation of his admiral cost Napoleon the decisive opportunity. But a few hours remained to him to anticipate the Austrian declaration of war, and the general insurrection of all Germany, fomented and paid by the patriotic genius of Pitt, whose gold and skilful policy had preserved his country for so many years. Napoleon fully believed that Villeneuve was at Brest. "Sail!" he wrote incessantly to Gantheaume, so long imprisoned in that port, "sail, and hasten hither. In an hour we shall avenge ourselves for six centuries of inferiority and defeat. Never did my brave soldiers and sailors expose their lives for such a glorious stake!" "Sail," he reiterated in the same style to Villeneuve; "sail at once, lose not a moment, but enter the Channel with all my squadrons united! We are ready, the troops are embarked; sail, and in four-and-twenty hours the prize is won!"

We recognise in these letters the fever of his heart, and his excited expectation. On the following day, Napoleon received intelligence of the stupor of Villeneuve at Cadiz, and the compelled inaction of Gantheaume at Brest. "Villeneuve," he exclaimed in a burst of fury which blamed men for events, "Villeneuve is unworthy to command a single frigate! He is blinded by fear." He denounced him to his Minister of Marine as a

poltroon and traitor. At such a moment, and to a man of his temperament, every act of prudence that thwarted his plans was cowardice, every contrariety of fortune he considered treason. "It is decided," he wrote to M. Talleyrand, his Minister for Foreign Affairs, "my fleets have disappeared from the ocean. Even now, if they hasten at once to the Channel, there is yet time; I embark my army, I land in England, and in London I sever the knot of all impending coalitions. If, on the contrary, my admirals prove themselves incapable and lose all judgment, I enter Germany with 200,000 men; I take Vienna, I drive the Bourbons from Naples; and when I have pacified the Continent, I return once more to the ocean, and complete all by a maritime conquest."

He was soon relieved from all uncertainty. The courier who brought the news of the retreat of Villeneuve to Cadiz, found him on the shore, gazing on the coasts of England, whitening above the mists of the morning. Imprecations of rage against Villeneuve burst from his lips, as he read his despatches and flung them impatiently into the sea. Like a second Xerxes, he could have chastised the new Hellespont, which the pusillanimity of his admirals, rather than the impediments of nature, prevented him from crossing. He ordered his Minister of Marine to supersede the incompetent or unlucky Villeneuve, and promote Admiral Rosily in his place; then, directing his undivided attention towards Austria, he marched on Ulm, by various routes, with an army of 250,000 combatants. Victory by land speedily consoled him for his vanished dreams of conquest on the ocean.

In the meantime, Villeneuve, dreading the anger of Napoleon (reports of which had reached him, although

softened by the delicate consideration of Decrés, the Minister of Marine), was apprehensive of being dishonoured in the eyes of his own fleet, and of all France, by a removal from his command, which had been already ordered, but not yet communicated to him. He furnished his squadron with fresh supplies, exercised his sailors incessantly at the guns, and settled with the Spanish admirals, Gravina and Cisneros, a combined plan of action, which united the two fleets as closely as if they were under the same national flag. With his armament thus formed and trained, he hoped to put to sea with superior strength and equal discipline, and thus to reconquer in a single day the glory he had lost by months of incertitude. While his mind was balancing between vexation for the past and hope for the future, he learned the sudden arrival of Admiral Rosily at Madrid, preceded by the general report that he was coming to assume the command in chief of the two fleets. He hesitated no longer, resolved to forestall his disgrace, and anticipate the vengeance of Napoleon by a signal victory, or to perish in an honourable defeat, which should expiate misfortune by death. Accordingly, he left the roads of Cadiz on the 19th of October, with a fleet of forty-two sail, including frigates, and steered towards the Straits of Gibraltar, courting the hazard of an encounter with Nelson.

Let us now return to the hero of England. We have seen that, after traversing the ocean, and the widest extent of the Mediterranean, for two years, in search of the French fleet, which only escaped him by remaining shut up in Brest or Cadiz, Nelson, who had never quitted his vessel during that long period, returned at last to Portsmouth, to enjoy a few months of repose in

the security which he had attained for his country. Tired of victory, loaded with fortune, satiated with glory, mutilated by wounds, in broken health, and dominated by an overpowering passion, he desired only to pass the remaining days allotted to him in the solitude of the country, and the society of the woman to whom he had devoted himself. He conveyed his treasures and all his property to his residence at Merton. The presence of Lady Hamilton, of his daughter, and his sisters, promised him in his retreat all the domestic happiness which a mind agitated by remorse could expect to enjoy.

He had not been settled there many days, and was beginning to taste tranquillity, when, one autumnal morning, before sunrise, an early visitor knocked at his gate. Nelson, according to his habits when afloat, which he continued on shore, allowed himself but a few short and interrupted hours of repose. He was already up and dressed. The stranger was admitted, and proved to be Captain Blackwood, an officer of his fleet, and also the bearer of despatches from the Admiralty. "I am sure," exclaimed Nelson, "that I anticipate what you are going to tell me! You bring me news of the combined French and Spanish squadrons, and I am still destined to annihilate them!" Blackwood, in effect, informed him that the enemy's fleet, after touching at Vigo, had returned to Cadiz to refit. "'Tis well!" said the admiral, with the confidence inspired by a succession of victories; "rely on it, I shall give M. Villeneuve a severe lesson!" He then prepared immediately to set out for London, and offer his services. But, foreseeing the grief which his departure would occasion to Lady Hamilton and his sisters, he wanted courage to tell them of the despatches he had received while they were yet sleeping, and the resolution he had formed of sacrificing his own repose

and their happiness, to a fresh pursuit of glory. He endeavoured to direct the conversation to indifferent subjects, to conceal the predominant feeling and depression of his mind. Lady Hamilton, with the natural quickness of affection, discovered the truth. She took him apart into a retired walk of the garden, which he called his quarter-deck, and anxiously demanded the cause of his inquietude. "I have no anxieties," replied Nelson; "the happiness I enjoy at present is unclouded. I live in the bosom of friendship, and am surrounded by my family. The fresh air and tranquillity of the fields restore my health daily, and I look forward to many years of domestic enjoyment. I would not change conditions with the King of England!"

Lady Hamilton was far from being satisfied with these affectionate subterfuges. She replied, that she read his thoughts more clearly than he did himself; that he had received news of the combined fleets; that he considered them as his lawful property, and their conquest necessary to his fame; that he would devour himself with jealous regret, if any other admiral should accomplish this final triumph; and that he looked upon these ships as the prize of two long years wasted upon the ocean, and as the just reward of a painful and glorious pursuit. "Dear Nelson," added she, with tears in her eyes, "think not of what we shall suffer by such a cruel separation, but offer your services to your country without a moment's hesitation: they will be accepted; you will recover your peace of mind, and, after a glorious and decisive victory, you will return here, and enjoy with us unmingled felicity." Nelson was overcome by these words from a woman who had so tenderly penetrated his secret, and who was unwilling to purchase her own happiness at the expense of his glory. "Good Emma!

brave Emma!" he exclaimed. "If there were more Emmas, there would be many more Nelsons in the world!"

On the same day he set out for London, where he was anxiously expected. He was offered his choice of the ships, the admirals, and the captains, who were to compose the fleet. The preparations were as rapid as his own desires. He became impatient with every hour that elapsed, fearing lest Villeneuve might seize the opportunity of issuing from Cadiz, and bending his course towards the East or West Indies. He hoisted his admiral's flag on board the same vessel which had ever brought him good fortune during several years that it had been his only home. At the moment of departure, a glorious or a fatal presentiment seized upon his mind. He sent for the custodian of the effects he had left in London, and ordered him to engrave his name and a short expressive epitaph on the coffin constructed from the main-mast of the French three-decker, *L'Orient*, which Captain Halliwell had presented to him after the victory of Aboukir. "I may want it at my return," said he, with the accent of prophecy. The image of death was present to his imagination; he had no fear for himself; his thoughts were entirely engrossed by Lady Hamilton and his daughter.

We read the following entry in his private diary, dated September the 14th, 1805:—"At half-past ten, drove from dear, dear Merton, where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go and serve my king and country. May the great God, before whom I bend, enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country; and if it be his good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to his throne of mercy.

If, on the other hand, it is his good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, full of confidence in the hope that He will protect those so dear to me that I may leave behind. His will be done! Amen! Amen! Amen!"

The weakness of his heart had not obscured in this truly great man the fervent sentiment of piety which constitutes the grandeur of humanity, and the true basis of genuine heroism.

His embarkation on board the *Victory*, at Portsmouth, was a brilliant triumph. Thousands of living beings formed his escort to his vessel. Cheers and sighs swept across the waters, mixed with the roar of the saluting cannon. England, greater even in her gratitude than in her strength, seemed to have a mingled foreboding of the triumph and death of her favourite hero. The glory of Nelson had penetrated through the recitals of his sailors to the cottages of the humblest peasants. Every Englishman considered that to him he owed his fire-side, his fields, and his national independence. The maimed Themistocles of his country, every one thronged to catch a last glimpse of the great public benefactor, the preserver of millions. His guards were obliged to use force to repel the enthusiastic pressure of the multitude, who crowded on his steps to the extreme margin of the shore.

The different squadrons he collected on his passage, and the Mediterranean fleet of which he came to assume the command, hailed his arrival as the people of Portsmouth had greeted his departure, with frenzied enthusiasm. He carried victory in his name. On the 2d of September he appeared before Cadiz, and learnt with transports of joy that Villeneuve was still there. He established his cruising ground at a sufficient distance

from the land to keep his forces out of sight, and to encourage the sailing of the combined fleet, by the appearance of an open sea. While waiting the approach of the decisive hour, Nelson animated his officers and crews with emotions of loyalty, glory, and impatience, in expectation of the impending combat. His orders were few, his tactics simple; they were to engage in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight ships.

The only manœuvre recommended to his captains, was, to cut the opposing line at about the tenth or twelfth sail from the admiral's flag, while he fell upon the centre, and the leading vessels engaged the head. "But as the smoke of the broadsides," he added in his order of the day, "may hide the signals and prevent them from being clearly understood, every captain of a ship will be sure to do right in engaging whatever vessel of the enemy he finds the closest to his own." He concluded by issuing an order that the name of every officer, sailor, or marine, killed or wounded in the battle, should be immediately communicated to him, that being transmitted without delay to England, they might become subjects of national gratitude.

At daybreak, on the 20th of October, the frigates stationed by Nelson between the coast of Spain and his own position, announced by signal that the combined fleet had issued from the harbour of Cadiz. From hour to hour they indicated also the course taken by the enemy, who appeared undecided whether to incline towards the Straits of Gibraltar, or to steer boldly into the open sea. Towards evening, a heavy gale from the south-west seemed to alter their movements, and compel them to tack about, so as to return to Cadiz. Under any circumstances it was evident they intended to keep

this retreat open in case of accidents. Nelson passed alternately from hope to disappointment, as the varying signals were reported to him. The night closed in uncertainty.

Traversing his quarter-deck with the earliest dawn, the first signals of his frigates which were discernible, informed him that the combined fleet was still at sea, and steering towards the north. His anxiety increased, and he hoisted all sail, hastening obliquely in the same direction. At sun-rise, Captain Blackwood of the *Euryalus*, a particular friend of the admiral, made a telegraphic signal that Villeneuve had changed his course, and was now inclining towards the south and the Straits. "And that is exactly what he shall not do, if Nelson can prevent it, said he." The English admiral having inserted this paragraph in his journal, re-entered his cabin.

A few minutes later, the sun which rose from a misty but calm horizon, striking upon the lofty sails of the combined fleet, made them appear successively through the haze; and exhibited to the sight of Nelson and his crews, the extended line of Villeneuve, consisting of forty-two men of war and eight frigates. A distance of eight leagues separated the rival armaments; a light breeze swelled their sails. A heavy sea, with a long swell but without foam, beat against the sides of the vessels with sullen murmurs, soon to be overpowered by the bellowing of reiterated broadsides. It was the morning of the 21st of October, a happy anniversary in the family of Nelson. On that same day and hour, his uncle and early patron, Captain Suckling, had signalized his career by a gallant combat, in which four French vessels were made prizes. Nelson partook of the super-

stition common to all great men, who feel and understand more strongly than others can, the vast disproportion between their actual weakness, and the great deeds they are permitted by Providence to accomplish. Anniversaries are, to elevated minds, a compelled acknowledgment of the controlling interference of the Divine power in human affairs. Nelson partook of this religious sentiment peculiar to true heroes; he felt assured of victory since chance had offered him battle on a day so fortunate in the annals of his race.

While the English fleet was hastening under a crowd of canvas to diminish the distance which divided it from the enemy, Nelson, in the *Victory*, leading one column, and Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, at the head of the other; the admiral descended once more to his cabin, and inscribed the following prayer in his private journal:—

"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may his blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen."

After thus committing his life to the hands of his Creator, the thoughts of Nelson returned to her, who, whether for good or evil, for happiness or remorse, had ruled his destiny; and whose image at that moment stepped between him and death. He hastily penned the following note in the form of a testament, or last request to his country:—

" October the twenty-first, one thousand eight hundred and five, in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.

" Whereas, the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to our king and country, to my knowledge, without her receiving any reward from either our king or country;—first, that she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother, the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England; from which letter the ministry sent out orders to then Sir John Jervis, to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain, or her fleets. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton. The opportunity might have been offered. Secondly; the British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be written to the Governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply, went to Egypt, and destroyed the French fleet. Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country, my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson, and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only. These are the only favours I ask of my king and country at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my king and country, and all

those whom I hold dear. My relations it is needless to mention; they will of course be amply provided for.

NELSON AND BRONTE.

"Witness—Henry Blackwood.
T. M. Hardy."

Nelson having signed this paper, called for Captain Hardy of the *Victory*, and Captain Blackwood of the *Euryalus*, to append their names as witnesses to this last expression of his wishes, and to establish the authenticity of the document. His two friends complied readily with his desire.

Horatia Nelson, whom he names in this testamentary writing as his adopted daughter, was in fact his child. She was then five years of age, and lived at Merton under the care of her mother, Lady Hamilton. The last minutes of Nelson's stay there, were passed on his knees in prayer by the bed-side of the sleeping infant. In his passion, he associated the mother and daughter together, and wept for both by anticipation, as his last hour approached. Like Antony surrounded by statues of Cleopatra, or Marshal Berthier in his tent kneeling before the image of the beautiful Italian of whom he was enamoured, Nelson suspended in his cabin a full-length portrait of Lady Hamilton. He carried another in miniature under his uniform, and next his heart.

His love, like that of the knights of the chivalric ages, resembled a religious fervour inspired by beauty. As his servants were stowing away the furniture of his cabin, and clearing for action, when they moved the portrait of Lady Hamilton to a place of security between decks, he exclaimed, "Take care of my guardian angel!" and then for the last time fixed his eyes on the cherished features.

Having bestowed the necessary attention on those he expected to survive him, Nelson returned to his quarter-deck, and stood there surrounded by his most attached companions in arms, with every thought now concentrated on the approaching enemy. He appeared to be calm and serious, presenting a contrast to his usual gay and animated manner, at the commencement of an action. He was no longer the fiery warrior of Aboukir, communicating a portion of his own ardent soul to the thunder of his broadsides.

The combined fleet advanced in close order, with a determination and speed which rapidly diminished the intervening distance, and placed beyond a doubt the certainty of immediate battle. Nelson felt equally confident of victory to his country, and death for himself. He spoke freely of the expected result, in conversation with his officers. "How many of the enemy's ships do you think we ought to take or destroy?" demanded he of his friend Blackwood. "Twelve or fifteen," replied the gallant captain. "That will not do," retorted Nelson; "less than twenty will not satisfy me."

A few minutes before the two fleets were within range, Nelson, who had reserved for the last moment the signal of encouragement he was accustomed to issue to his sailors, and eagerly expected by them, exhibited from the mast-head of the *Victory*, his memorable word of battle, embracing in one short sentence the grand emotions which lead the brave to rush fearlessly on to death—patriotism, a sense of duty, and confidence of triumph. The signal ran thus:—"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY."

A cry of enthusiastic admiration burst from every deck as these words became legible. The soul of Nelson, inspired by the sense of duty, appealed to those under him

through the same principle which animated himself. He was understood and answered. Every officer and sailor in the fleet responded to the call, with the fullest confidence in their leader. We may parallel this brief harangue of Nelson, with the similar address of Bonaparte to his troops in Egypt. In these the genius of the two nations and the two leaders is mutually characterised. "Soldiers!" said Napoleon; "from the summit of those Pyramids, forty ages are looking down upon you." "England," said Nelson, addressing his hardy mariners by signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." In the one case, the appeal is made to glory, in the other to patriotism. The Englishman cannot separate his own fame from that of his country. The Frenchman combats for the applause of the whole world. Renown intoxicates the one, duty is sufficient for the other. Posterity will judge both according to their endowments and deeds.

"And now," exclaimed Nelson, as his ear caught the acclamations with which his signal was received, "I can do no more. May the Almighty Disposer of all things decide the event according to his will, and the justice of our cause. I thank Him humbly for this great occasion of discharging my duty."

He wore embroidered upon his usual uniform the stars of the four orders with which he had been decorated by his own and by foreign governments. These ornaments pointed him out as a conspicuous mark for the riflemen posted in the tops of the French vessels. The officers upon the deck of his ship trembled for the life of their commander, who thus exposed himself to a premeditated aim, and whispered to each other an anxious desire that some one should entreat him to cover them. No one was found bold enough to do so. It was remembered that on a former occasion he had

indignantly rejected a similar proposal. "No! no!" he replied; "in honour I gained, and in honour I will die with them!"

It was merely suggested to him that his position as commander-in-chief was too important to the success of the day, to justify him in running the gauntlet through the whole of the enemy's ships, by leading the van, and that by shortening sail he might suffer the *Leviathan*, which followed the *Victory*, to pass to the front and receive the first fire. "Let it be so," exclaimed he, "let the *Leviathan* go ahead of us if she can." At the same time he ordered his flag captain, Hardy, to crowd more sail, and busrt like a tempest upon the French line. His captains then quitted the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, and each repaired to his own vessel. On taking leave of them, he pressed Captain Blackwood warmly by the hand, who assured him by anticipation of a glorious victory. "Adieu, Blackwood," said he; "may God bless you; I shall never see you again."

A few minutes afterwards, the head of the column led by Admiral Collingwood, his second in command, distant from his own about half a mile, broke the line of the combined fleets. Collingwood's flag-ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, singled out the three-decker, the *Santa Anna*, engaged her at close quarters, and was soon enveloped in his own and the enemy's fire. "Look!" exclaimed Nelson, with exulting joy, "see how that gallant fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action! He has cleared the way; let us hasten after him."

While Nelson uttered these words on the poop of the *Victory*, Collingwood, revelling in the storm of thunder and the clouds of smoke that enveloped him, observed to his own captain, Rotherham, "What would Nelson give to be here!"

He was not long behind his second in command. Already the fire from some of the enemy's vessels passed over his head, tore his sails, and fell like a storm of hail on the decks of the *Victory*. The first who fell dead at his feet was his secretary Scott, at that moment in conversation with Captain Hardy. While they were removing the body from the Admiral's sight, a chain shot killed eight men on the quarter-deck. "This is too warm," said he to Hardy, "to last long." The wind of a cannon ball intercepted his speech, and carried a group of sailors between him and the captain. The *Victory* was still silent, reserving her fire, and advancing gradually. All at once she was poured into by the French *Redoutable*, commanded by Captain Lucas, the *Bucentaur*, a three-decker,* bearing the flag of Villeneuve himself, and the Spanish *Santissima Trinidada*, of 150 guns, the largest floating fortress that the sea had ever borne. Hardy inquired of the Admiral which vessel he should first engage, to break this line of fire, and open the way for his own column. "Take the nearest," replied Nelson; "it is of little consequence: choose for yourself." Hardy ordered the steersman to lay him alongside the *Redoutable*. The two ships having vomited forth their mutual broadsides, closed with a shock, augmented by the swell of the waves, and each prepared to board the other. The force of the attack and the power of the wind filling the sails at the same moment, compelled the *Redoutable* to fall a little out of the line, and the *Victory* followed her. The ships immediately following Nelson, passed through the opening, and ranging up on the right and left, separated the compact order of the combined fleet into detached squadrons. The rapidity

* The *Bucentaur* was only a two-decker, and mounted eighty guns.—*Trans. Note.*

of their motion, the accuracy of their manœuvres, the cool self-possession of the sailors, the skill with which they handled their sails, multiplied their number at pleasure, and carried them in a moment wherever there was an enemy's vessel to attack, or an English ship to rescue. The sea and the wind, adverse to all others, seemed to act in concert with these lords of the ocean. Nelson trusted to them to secure the victory, and now thought of nothing but of fighting his own three-decker.

Villeneuve, his centre already penetrated and thrown into confusion by Nelson, with his column of fifteen line-of-battle ships, made repeated but fruitless signals through his frigates to the squadron of reserve, consisting of ten sail, which he had imprudently stationed too far off to be available in the combat. These ships, motionless, and as if petrified by terror, beheld from a distance the extremity to which their commander was reduced, and his vain efforts to recover the weather-gage. Many others, breaking from the line and floating with the tide, beyond the range of shot, fired ineffective broadsides, and from want of ready intelligence, or unity of conception, were unable to attempt any of those bold counter-strokes which often change the features of a battle.

In the meanwhile, a few stout vessels, animated by determined leaders, sustained the full shock of the two columns led by Collingwood and Nelson. Lucas, the captain of the *Redoutable*, worthy of being opposed to a hero, had covered the deck of the *Victory* with killed and wounded, before he was attacked himself. He was soon compelled by superior weight of metal to close his lower ports, and the two ships became so closely jammed together, that the combatants engaged almost man to man. Lucas made preparations to board, and armed

his most intrepid mariners that he might be ready to take advantage of opening or opportunity, as either should occur. The proximity of the ships inundated the decks of both with blood and carnage, while the combatants were enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, which the wind had not sufficient force to disperse. There was the darkness of night at mid-day, interrupted only by the flashing of repeated discharges, and the thunder of the cannonade.

But, at the moment when the French captain endeavoured to lock his yard-arms with those of the enemy's ship, so as to form a single bridge of their united decks, and placed his boarding ladders against the side of the *Victory*, another English vessel, the *Téméraire*, commanded by Captain Harvey, pressed up to the assistance of his admiral, and ranging across the flank of the *Redoutable*, poured into her his entire broadside. Nelson then veering off to a half-cable's length, commenced a cross fire in conjunction with the *Téméraire* against the *Redoutable*, carried away her ensign, and three times extinguished her fire in the blood of her slaughtered crew. The *Redoutable*, after a short interval of silence, nailed fresh flags to her masts and re-opened her fire, as if determined to perish rather than ask or receive pity or favour. Her sharp-shooters posted in the rigging, on the tops, and on the yards, kept the victorious enemy at a distance.

Villeneuve, during this duel between Nelson and his best ships, was engaged himself in the *Bucentaur*, at a short distance. By an accident, his bowsprit had become entangled, at the commencement of the action, in the stern gallery of the huge colossus of the fleet, the *Santissima Trinidada*, from which impediment he had made many fruitless efforts to disengage himself.

Attacked in this terrible state of forced inaction, at first by the *Victory*, and afterwards by four other English ships, these two vessels, presenting a combined force of 160 guns, and 3,000 men, succeeded by their double broadsides in keeping at bay the assailants who endeavoured to overwhelm them from a distance. Villeneuve, recovering, in the despair of his situation and the ardour of battle, the firmness which had failed him in his earlier proceedings, now equalled Nelson himself in intrepidity, and in the desperate resolution with which he braved death on the poop of his flag-ship. Bursting with rage and anguish at his utter inability to get free from the *Santissima Trinidada*, and hasten to the support and encouragement of his fleet, he vainly implored the Spanish commander to try by hoisting a crowd of sail to tear himself from the attaching bowsprit, even though his own prow should be carried away along with it. But the sails of the huge Spaniard were by this time so torn by shot, and her masts so completely disabled, that she lay like a helpless log, the mere sport of the waves, and a butt for the fire of the enemy. Villeneuve saw his best officers and 600 of his crew perish around him. His masts fell overboard in succession, carrying away shrouds, tops, yards, rigging, and every vestige of his sails. At this moment a sudden gust of wind dissipated the thick mantle of smoke which concealed from the unfortunate admiral the state of the battle in other quarters. He saw at least one half of his fleet, motionless spectators of the destruction of the rest. He made signals to them to hasten instantly into the thickest of the fire. These ships were sufficient in number to change defeat to victory. Either they misunderstood or intentionally disobeyed his orders, and continued to steer as if by chance wherever the breeze directed, with-

out fixed object, and as far from the scene of action as they could possibly remove themselves. Villeneuve, seeing the *Bucentaur* dismasted, stripped like a pontoon, and on the point of sinking, called in vain upon his own crew, and the crew of the *Trinidada*, to lower a boat that he might fly in person to the reserve, and force them into the combat. The boats suspended from the poop, shattered by bullets, foundered when they reached the water: his vessel, completely silenced, emitted from her port-holes empty smoke in place of deadly broadsides. A long-boat from the English line-of-battle ship *Mars*, approached without opposition to save the relics of the crew and to receive the admiral. Villeneuve, unable to find a ball in this storm of iron and lead to terminate his existence, but reserved by still heavier misfortune for suicide, surrendered at last when he had neither a cannon under his hand, nor a plank beneath his feet. The English received him as an enemy disarmed, with the respect due to his calamity and his courage. The Spanish admiral's ship, the *Santissima Trinidada*, abandoned by her seven companions of the same nation, struck her colours after four hours of determined but solitary resistance. At the sight of the English ensign floating above this colossus, the remains of the Spanish squadron made all sail and fled towards the roads of Cadiz.

As soon as the two admirals had surrendered, the English fell with their disengaged and victorious ships on the remains of the enemy's centre, still equal to cope with them in numbers and weight of metal. Again they broke the line by an irresistible attack, and cutting it up into detached squadrons engaged in a succession of single combats. In these, each individual captain, actuated by weakness or despair, distinguished himself by timidity or

hardihood, and tarnished or adorned his personal character without a hope of serving the public cause, but anxious only to embellish the glory of the day. The *Fougueux*, commanded successively by three officers who fell one after the other on the poop, surrendered only when her decks were strewed with 400 slain. The *Pluton*, commanded by *Captain Cosmao*, was on the point of boarding the *Mars*, the vanquisher of the *Bucentaur*, and of delivering Villeneuve, who was a prisoner on board that vessel, when two of her masts fell under the fire of three other English ships advancing to the rescue of their companion. The rear-admiral Magon, the Achilles of the combined fleet, hastening to anticipate the attack of the enemy, when his own line gave way at their approach, fell upon the English *Tonnant*, of eighty-four guns, plunged his bowsprit into her main-shrouds, and rushed upon her forecastle, at the head of his boarders; but the broadsides from two heavy ships, one on each side, overwhelmed him with an iron storm, and forced him to retire upon his own poop behind a rampart of dead. Three times, with his boarding hatchet in his hand, he drove back the English who had gained half the deck, and three times hurled them from his bulwarks into the sea. Struck by a *biscayan* * in the right arm, he fought with his left. A second shot broke his leg; he was then taken between decks to stanch the blood, but the rents in the sides of the *Pluton* allowed the showers of grape to penetrate even into this refuge of the wounded; a ball entered his breast, and he fell dead in the arms of his supporters. His death was the signal for the surrender of his vessel. Eight others struck at the same time.

* A *biscayan* is a particular kind of long musquet, which carries an iron ball.—Tr.

Admiral Gravina, commander-in-chief of the Spanish squadron, fell mortally wounded while defending his ship, the *Prince of Asturias*, with the characteristic courage of his race. The crew of the *Achille*, the last of Villeneuve's fleet, who still resisted with the fury of despair, had allowed her upper decks to take fire during the combat. Their whole attention engrossed with dealing destruction on the enemy, they had entirely neglected their own impending fate. The flames increased beyond their power to subdue them; instant explosion threatened, and the English ships withdrew to a distance to escape from the consequences. The crew of the *Achille* still continued firing, and casting into the sea some spars, bulwarks, and floating portions of their vessel, prepared at the last moment to jump overboard and cling to them. In a few moments the *Achille* blew up like an exploding volcano, in the vacant space, and became the voluntary tomb of 500 brave men. The English mariners faithfully obeyed the orders of Nelson,—allowed their anger to cease with opposition, and instantly lowered their boats to rescue their drowning enemies. This sudden thunderbolt terminated the battle in the centre of the contending squadrons.

Rear-Admiral Dumanoir, who might still have struck a blow, if not with success, at least with honour, hauled off from the head of the line, with his four splendid ships, which had not been engaged; he fired a few useless broadsides as he retired unharmed and inglorious from the field of battle. He expected to reach Brest in safety with his detachment, but he was disappointed; the squadron of *Cornwallis* * intercepted and took him before he doubled Cape Bretagne.

* It was not the squadron of Admiral Cornwallis, but that of Sir R. Strachan, which fought and took Dumanoir and his four sail.—Tr.

The battle was now over, except with the group of seven ships, in the centre of which the *Redoutable* still struggled in despair against the united attack of the *Téméraire* and the *Victory*. Captain Lucas, of the *Redoutable*, jammed close against the *Victory*, and enfiladed at the same time from prow to poop by two other English vessels, was unable to use his broadside, and the combat between him and Nelson's flag-ship resolved itself into a close fire of musquetry on both sides. The upper deck of the *Redoutable*, higher than that of the *Victory*, swept the latter with a shower of balls. The French had also stationed riflemen in their tops and on the yards, who picked off the officers, rendered conspicuous by their decorations. Captain Hardy was wounded, with 200 others. Nelson, remarkable above all by his stars and gestures of command, was standing in the blood of his companions, when a musket-shot from the mizen-top of the *Redoutable* struck him between the shoulder and the neck, and threw him, as if by the impulse of an invisible hand, face foremost upon the deck. Three sailors and Captain Hardy, who covered him with their bodies, ran forward to lift him up. He raised himself on one knee with his remaining arm, and looked at Hardy with a steady gaze. "I am killed, my friend," said he; "the French have done for Nelson at last." "I hope not," replied his captain. "Hope nothing," rejoined Nelson; "the ball has pierced my spine." His indomitable spirit and the animation of battle still supported him, and he continued to issue orders while they were carrying him below. Observing that the tiller ropes had been shot away, he directed them to be replaced. As he passed through the middle deck, he covered his face with his handkerchief, lest his crew should recognise

him and be discouraged by his fall. The lower deck was strewed with killed and wounded men, through whom it was necessary to clear a passage for the admiral. He was then placed on a cot in one of the midshipmen's berths. The surgeons probed the wound, and saw at once that it was mortal. The melancholy fact was concealed from all, except only Captain Hardy, that no discouragement might be conveyed to the fleet through the knowledge that their beloved chief had fallen.

Convinced himself, by internal sensation, that his last hour was approaching, and that the resources of art were unavailing, he commanded the surgeons to leave him to his fate, and carry their aid to those who could still profit by it. "For me," said he, "you can do nothing." The only relief they administered was by fanning him, and endeavouring to assuage his burning thirst with a few drops of water. His own thoughts were entirely occupied with the progress and events of the battle, of which he made incessant inquiries from all who entered. As the enemy's ships struck in succession, the crew of the *Victory* raised a shout of triumph; as these joyful cries reached his ears, his eyes flashed with delight, and a ray of glory lighted up his dying features. Captain Hardy had reascended to the quarter-deck to attend to his duty. "Where is Hardy?" repeatedly inquired Nelson. "Why does he not come to me? Doubtless he is killed, and you fear to tell me." In another hour, Hardy returned, and bent over his dying chief. They looked on each other with moistening eyes, and clasped hands in a long silence. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, at length, "how goes the day?" "Admirably well," replied the commander of the *Victory;* "ten ships have already struck; the others fight singly, or disperse altogether. Five fresh vessels appear disposed to bear down on the

Victory, (this was the squadron of Dumanoir,) but I have called some of our own about us, and we shall soon dispose of them." "I hope," said Nelson, "that none of our ships have struck." "There is no fear of that, my Lord," replied his faithful captain. Satisfied that the victory was secure, his spirits sank for a moment. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I feel that I am going fast; in a few moments it will be all over with Nelson." His friend endeavoured to encourage him with false hopes, which he was far from feeling himself, pressed his hand, already clammy with the near approach of death, and with a saddened heart resumed his post on the quarter-deck.

Nelson then spoke of his state with his medical attendant, who watched anxiously the changing symptoms of life and death. "I feel something here," said he to the surgeon, placing his hand upon his heart, "which tells me that my end approaches." "Do you suffer much pain, my Lord?" inquired the doctor. "So much," answered the wounded admiral, "that death would be a relief. Nevertheless," added he, in a more feeble tone, "everybody wishes to live a little longer! Alas! what would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew the state I was in at this moment!" His country, his renown, and his fatal love, disputed the possession of his last thoughts.

An instant after, Hardy came down again, his face beaming with joy, and taking Nelson by the hand, announced to him a complete and undisputed victory. He could not yet name exactly the number of vessels that adorned his triumph, but he could answer for fifteen or sixteen at least. "'Tis well!—'tis excellent!" exclaimed Nelson; "but yet,"—as he thought of his conversation in the morning with Blackwood,—"I had

bargained for twenty." Then, raising his voice, and speaking with great rapidity and decision, "Anchor, Hardy," said he; "bring the fleet to an anchor before night." Hardy signified that this care would devolve on Collingwood, who by his rank would now command the fleet. "No, no; not while I live!" replied the admiral, making an effort to raise himself in his bed; "obey my orders, and anchor! Anchor before night;—have everything in readiness to anchor!" He had predicted from the early morning, a heavy gale of wind, which he expected to come on at night, and which would prove equally dangerous to the victors and the vanquished. The thought of placing the fleet in safety by bringing them to anchor, was never for a moment absent from his mind. "Don't fling me overboard," said he to Hardy, "I wish to repose with my family in the churchyard of my native village,—unless," he added, thinking of Westminster Abbey, "my king and country may be pleased to order otherwise. But, above all, my dear Hardy," continued he, with a burst of tender regard increased by the near prospect of eternal separation, "take care of Lady Hamilton! Hardy, watch over the unfortunate Lady Hamilton!"

After a moment of silence, as if to receive from his friend a pledge that his last wishes should be faithfully executed, "Embrace me, Hardy," he said. Hardy bent forward and kissed him on the cheek. "It is well," added Nelson; "I am now satisfied. Thank God, I HAVE DONE MY DUTY!" Hardy, seeing his eyelids close, remained a moment longer watching his failing respiration, inclined once more towards him, and kissed him on the forehead. "Who is that?" inquired Nelson, opening his eyes. "It is Hardy, who takes leave of you," replied the captain. "God bless you,

Hardy," murmured the dying admiral, endeavouring to recognise the features of his friend. Hardy returned to his post, and saw him no more in life.

The chaplain knelt in prayer by the side of his cot. Nelson saw and made a sign that he recognised him. "Doctor," said he, "I have not been a very great sinner." Then, after a long silence, "Remember," he added, "I bequeath Lady Hamilton, and my little daughter, Horatia, to my country." He then fell into a sort of sleep, while his lips uttered inarticulate sounds, in which the names of Emma, Horatia, and his country were partly distinguishable. Then, raising himself with a final effort, he repeated three times the last words of his memorable signal, "Thank God, *I have done my duty!*" Immediately afterwards he expired as he had lived, a noble and undaunted warrior.

It was now half-past four in the afternoon. The last distant cannon resounded across the seas. A salvo of artillery announced the departure of his soul from the scene of combat, and heralded its entrance into a glorious immortality.

Night and tempest assisted to complete the victory, but the waves disputed the possession of the trophies. Six English ships, without sails, masts, or rigging, like those of the French and Spaniards, exhibited, in their crushed ribs and slaughtered crews, an evidence of dearly-bought triumph. With difficulty they were enabled to float upon the heavy swell, which rapidly got up with the wind on the setting of the autumnal sun. Admiral Collingwood, who had succeeded to the command, depressed by the loss of his chief, instead of bringing the fleet to an anchor, as Nelson had emphatically recommended, employed himself in manning the seventeen prizes taken during the battle, and in pursuing the relics

of the combined fleet. Darkness and the storm surprised him while endeavouring to secure his spoils. The sea, the winds, the thunder, the lightning, and the rocks, rendered that night, the following day, and the second night after the battle, more terrible than the combat itself. The enraged elements sported at pleasure during sixty hours with the three fleets, which, the evening before, had proudly covered the ocean with their flags.

Several of the prizes taken by Nelson, separated by the fury of the waves from the English ships to which they were attached, broke from the cables that towed them, and sought to escape by flight, or went ashore on the rocks of Cape Trafalgar. The *Bucentaur* was dashed to pieces as she touched the coast. The *Indomptable* broke from her anchors during the night, and marked her funereal course by the light of her own poop-lanterns towards Point Diamond, where she perished with her entire crew, who uttered but a single cry of despair as they went down. Collingwood, fearing to lose all his trophies, set fire to the *Santissima Trinidada*, and heaped upon the same enormous pile the three three-deckers, the *St. Augustin*, the *Argonauta*, and *Santa Anna*. The *Berwick* foundered, with all hands on board. Others floated at the mercy of the winds and waves, from bay to bay on the shores of Africa or Spain. The English admiral with difficulty carried the remainder to Gibraltar, chained to the coffin of Nelson. The flag of England reigned triumphant for many years on the wide ocean, and throughout the extent of the Mediterranean. While Bonaparte subjugated continental Europe to his arms, Nelson had gained for England the dominion of the seas.

Admiral Villeneuve, a captive in England, trembled at the magnitude of the disaster he had foreboded, but which the reproach of cowardice hurled against him by

Bonaparte had made him rashly encounter. Under the pretext of studying anatomy to beguile the tedium of imprisonment, he had ascertained, from the tuition of a man of science, the exact place and organization of the heart. When perfectly satisfied of the mark, he pierced himself through the breast with a long needle; thus, like Seneca, escaping by a slow and voluntary death, from the disgrace of a dishonoured life, or the vengeance of disappointed tyranny. By this deliberate suicide, he proved to his calumniators, and the master who had insulted him, as he had already evinced in the battle, that in an unequal contest he had dreaded more the defeat of his country than the hazard of destruction to himself.

The rejoicings for the greatest naval triumph England had ever achieved, were checked in London by lamentations for the death of Nelson. The undisputed empire of the seas appeared to the English an inadequate compensation for the loss of their great admiral. Mourning was on the ensigns of the ships, in the harbours, and in the cottages. The coffin of Nelson represented the triumphal chariot of death. The crowd who attended the disembarkation of his remains, brought home by the *Victory*, tore into small pieces the outward covering of oak which enclosed the leaden receptacle, and distributed the relics as those of the tutelary deity of their country.

A public funeral was decreed, and imperishable monuments voted by a sorrowing people. Statues were erected in all the principal cities of the kingdom. The entire nation took part in his obsequies, and formed an escort from Greenwich to Westminster. The sighs and tears of assembled millions were the only acclamations that attended this sad triumph. The Thames appeared to cover her waters with symbols of mourning. Thousands

of small vessels and boats, dressed with sable flags, followed slowly the floating catafalque, pulled by muffled oars, and manned by sailors clothed in black. The funeral march was interrupted by minute-guns. The crew of the *Victory* carried their admiral upon their shoulders to his last resting-place in the vaults of St. Paul's Cathedral. At the moment when, according to the usual custom at the funeral of an admiral, his flag was to be lowered with the coffin into the tomb, these faithful mariners seized the banner, divided it with pious affection, and distributed the different portions to be preserved for ever in their families as patriotic talismans. The gratitude of a nation creates the emulation of heroism. Great Britain, greater in this feeling than either Athens or Rome, multiplies her patriots by rendering them due honour. An earldom was conferred on the brother of Nelson, with a revenue of 6,000 guineas per annum; 10,000 were voted to each of his sisters, and 100,000 were assigned to purchase an estate to remain hereditary in the family. Lady Hamilton and her daughter Horatia were forgotten in these honours and rewards. England acknowledged nothing in the testament of her hero which reflected discredit on his memory. Less indulgent, and more religious than France, who, as in the cases of Henri Quatre, Louis the Fourteenth, and Napoleon, equally celebrated the weaknesses and virtues of her leading men, England draws a line between the public and private conduct of distinguished servants. She lends no countenance to the moral delinquencies of a popular character; she blushes, and covers them with a veil.

The fame of Nelson has more than expiated the errors of his life. The stern sense of propriety of the British nation cannot deny that two blots tarnish the fair fame

of their cherished idol; the one, a stain of disgrace in the death of Caraccioli; the other, a taint of immorality in his love for a mistress, to whom he tendered the privileges and public consideration of a wife. No one has attempted to remove or wash away these blemishes, which are the more indelibly impressed, as the eyes of posterity are drawn towards the subject by an unparalleled blaze of glory.

Lady Hamilton, universally reprobated as the instigating cause of Nelson's errors, sank, after his death, into the insignificance from which her personal charms alone had originally elevated her. She fell from the splendour of vice to utter neglect, and from opulence to poverty. Twenty years after the death of the victor of Trafalgar, an unknown female, still preserving the remains of extraordinary beauty, died in a foreign land, in Calais, where, for several years, with reduced means, she had sought an obscure asylum. After her decease, the landlord ascertained from her papers that this impoverished stranger was Lady Hamilton, the widow of an ambassador, the favourite of the Queen of Naples, and the adored mistress of Nelson! She was buried by public charity. Nelson, by naming her in his will, had only bequeathed to her the scandal of his attachment, and the indignation of his country.

HELOISE.

A.D. 1070.

THIS history has been assigned to verse; nevertheless, we do not fear to include it in a volume intended to reflect the grandest emotions of thought and feeling which have operated on the destinies of nations. Love is one of the leading influences of our nature, and when this sentiment is elevated by female devotion; when it is irradiated by beauty, excused by weakness, expiated by misfortune, transformed by repentance, sanctified by religion, rendered popular through a long epoch by genius, perpetuated by constancy on earth, and aspirations of immortality hereafter—this passion almost resolves itself into virtue, and raises to the level of heroic saints, two lovers, whose adventures became the theme, and their tears the sorrows of an age. Such is the story, or rather the poem, of Heloise and Abelard. During eight centuries no other has so profoundly touched the human heart. Whatever moves men long and deeply, forms a portion of their history; for human nature is equally compounded of mind and feeling. All that softens, improves. Admiration and pity affect the heart, and the heart is the safest and strongest organ of virtue. These two lives comprise a single one;

they are so interwoven, that each existence is a perpetual rebound of the other; the same event, the same sensation, reflected back again in a double echo, produces the same undivided interest. Let us now commence our narration.

Peter Abelard was the son of a knight of Brittany, named Beranger, whose family had long possessed in the neighbourhood of Nantes, the castle and village of Palais. Beranger exercised, like all the gentlemen of his day, the noble trade of war. His son was brought up to arms; but the piety of his race, attested by the religious habit which Beranger, his wife and daughters, assumed in their old age, associated with the military education of the youthful Abelard, the study of letters, philosophy, and theology. The leading, and only intellectual profession of that period, the Church, attracted to her ranks all the young men who felt within themselves the seeds of poetry, or eloquence, the love of fame, and the ambition of mental supremacy. Abelard was more happily endowed than any other individual of his time. He disdained the rude life of a mere warrior, and resigned to his brothers his rights of primogeniture over the domains and vassals of the house. He quitted the paternal mansion, and went from school to school, from master to master, gathering all those buried treasures of Greek and Roman literature, which France and Italy had begun to dis-inter from manuscripts, to restore to light, and to worship as the profane mysteries of human genius. His warm heart and fervid imagination were not satisfied with the dead languages: he wrote and spoke in Greek and Latin, but he sang in French.

The verses, for which he composed the music himself, that the passion by which they were inspired should convey its full effect to the soul by two senses at a time,

became the manual of all poets. They spread with the rapidity of an echo, which multiplies its own sound; they formed the conversation of men of letters, the delight of women, the secret language of lovers, the interpreters of undeclared sentiments, the popular songs of cities, castles, cottages; they carried the name of the young musician and familiar poet throughout the provinces of France. He enjoyed a personal fame during the spring of life in the secret souls of all who loved, dreamed, sighed, or sang. A melodious voice which gave animation to language and music; a youth precocious in celebrity; a Grecian regularity of features, a tall and graceful figure, a noble bearing, a natural modesty, in which the bashfulness of early years blushed for the maturity of talent,—all these qualities, combined in Abelard attraction with renown. He was ever present to the eyes, the ears, the hearts of the women who had seen him, or had even heard his name pronounced. It was thus that Heloise recalled his image to her heart long after the ruin of her illusions and her love.

But in his early verses he sang of feelings which he had not yet experienced personally. His love sonnets were flights of imagination, imitated from the ancient poets. They breathed the accents of the heart, but not the heart of the writer. He lived apart from the world, in study, in piety, and in the perspective of future glory. His songs were his recreation; philosophy and eloquence exclusively enchained his faculties. His language softened by poetry; his eloquence harmonized by music, the rich, spontaneous fertility of his imagination; his memory fed and strengthened by universal reading; the brilliancy, propriety, and novelty of the images into which he sculptured his ideas, to render them palpable to his auditors;—such were the endowments which

made this young man (seated at the feet of the most celebrated chairs in the University of Paris) the master of masters, and the popular orator of the schools. In that day the schools constituted the *forum* of the human race. They were all that knowledge, science, religion, opinion, the press, the tribune, became in after ages. The true word, scarcely recovered, governed the world, but under the exclusive domination of the Church. Eloquence, philosophy, and faith, were only exercised on the same recurring texts. There was one continued struggle, in disputes which are now unintelligible, to produce the triumph of revelation by arguments drawn from profane reason, and to call in Plato and the ancient sages to bear testimony to Christ and the apostles. It is easy to understand to what dialectic subtleties the minds of men were sharpened by such disquisitions. But these controversies, for other views of Providence, are sometimes intended as exercises to strengthen human intellect, and to supply the world with high examples of talent and reputation.

The young orator followed the stream of his age. He ascended the tribune of the day, the pulpits of the public schools, round which the people crowded with greater eagerness, as they were only emerging from profound ignorance, and expected the approach of some unknown light, just then beginning to appear. Abelard, at first an humble and docile disciple, raised himself by degrees, on the applause and encouragement of his listeners, to a level with the oracles of the schools, and soon began to dispute and oppose their dogmas. Finally he subverted them all, founded a new college of philosophy at Melun, carried away in his train the young students, fanaticised by his genius; by his increasing popularity spread consternation amongst his rivals, who

were almost deserted in Paris; consumed himself with the fire he had kindled in public imagination; excited the envy of the learned in the University and the Church; retired for two years to the obscurity of his native district, to fortify his powers; and re-appeared in Paris, stronger, more celebrated, and more controlling than before. He pitched his camp, or rather his school, on the eminence, then almost solitary, on which now stands the church of St. Geneviève.

This became the Mount Aventine of a people of disciples, quitting the ancient seminaries, to imbibe eagerly the fresh and fearless eloquence of Abelard. Each of his followers paid a small fee to the philosopher,—the humble tribute of a nation thirsting for truth. This salary, multiplied by the incalculable number of contributors, elevated the fortune of Abelard as high as his fame. He was in the flower of his years, of his glory, of his virtue; for up to this period he had indulged in no passion except his passion for truth and faith. The pride so natural to one who is looked up to by men, and the seductive charm attendant on female admiration, exalted and weakened him at the same moment. A double snare awaited him as he reached the maturity of his genius and reputation. He was then thirty-eight. He reigned by eloquence over the spirit of youth; by beauty over the regard of women; by his love-songs, which penetrated all hearts; and by his musical melodies, which were repeated in every mouth. Let us imagine in a single man, the first orator, the first philosopher, the first poet, the first musician of his age; Antinoüs, Cicero, Petrarch, Schubert, united in one living celebrity,—and we can then form an idea of the popularity of Abelard at this period of his life.

At that time there dwelt in Paris a rich and powerful

canon of the cathedral, Fulbert, who resided in the learned quarter of the city. He had a niece living with him (some say she was his daughter), whom he loved with paternal affection. This nicce, aged eighteen, and consequently twenty years younger than Abelard, was already much noticed in Paris for her beauty and early genius. Her uncle, the canon, had treated her with all those blind indulgences, which, while they adorned a chosen nature with every gift of intelligence and education, he saw not, in the weakness of age, would prepare a more signal victory for seduction, love, and misfortune. Her name was Heloise. The medallions and the statue which perpetuate her, according to contemporary traditions, and the casts taken after death in her sepulchre, represent a young female, tall in stature, and exquisitely formed. An oval head, slightly depressed towards the temples by the conflict of thought; a high and smooth forehead, where intelligence revelled without impediment, like a ray of light unchecked by an obstructing angle, on the smooth surface of a marble slab; eyes deeply set within their arch, and the balls of which reflected the azure tint of heaven; a small nose, slightly raised towards the nostrils, such as sculpture models from nature in the statues of women immortalized by the feelings of the heart; a mouth where breathed, between brilliant teeth, the smiles of genius and the tenderness of sympathy; a short chin, slightly dimpled in the middle, as if by the finger of reflection often placed upon the lips; a long, flexible neck, which carried the head as the lotus bears the flower, while undulating with the motion of the wave; falling shoulders, gracefully moulded, and blending into the same line with the arms; slender fingers, flowing curls, delicate anatomical articulations, the feet of a goddess upon her pedestal,—

such is the statue, by which we may judge of the woman! Let the life, the complexion, the look, the attitude, the youth, the languor, the passion, the paleness, the blush, the thought, the feeling, the accent, the smile, the tears, be restored to the skeleton of this other Inèz de Castro, and we shall again look on Heloise. Her features, according to the historians of the time, and Abelard himself, were less striking to the eye from beauty than from expression,—that graceful physiognomy of the heart, which draws, invites, and compels a reciprocation of the love it offers,—supreme beauty, far superior to the charms which command admiration only. Here we may use the words of Abelard: "Her renown," says he, "had spread throughout France. All that could seduce the imagination of men presented itself to me. Heloise became the adored object of my dreams, and I persuaded myself that I could win her affection. I was then so celebrated, my youth and beauty so enhanced my fame, that I thought it impossible any woman could reject my proffered love. I abandoned myself to the intoxication of hope, the more readily that Heloise herself was accomplished in letters, in the sciences, and the arts. A poetical correspondence had already commenced between us, and I ventured to write to her with greater freedom than I could have spoken. I yielded entirely to this passion, and sought every possible means of establishing familiar relations and opportunities of intercourse."

Nothing was more easy of accomplishment. The uncle and niece, without the knowledge of Abelard, conspired to assist him: the niece by her charms, the uncle by his pride. The friendship of such an illustrious man was a distinction for any family. Abelard, through mutual friends, intimated to Fulbert that the care of his

domestic affairs interfered with his studies and predominating love of learning, and that he wished to seek the hospitality of an honourable and enlightened family, where he might live like a son under the roof of his father. Fulbert, overjoyed and flattered by these proposals, at once offered his hearth to Abelard. He should reap, he said, the double advantage of intimacy with the first man of the age, and finish the education of his niece without further expense. She, too, by constant conversation with the oracle of his day, would derive virtue and knowledge from their source.

We can readily believe, and the fact is attested by the complaisance and subsequent rage of Fulbert, that the uncle, an enthusiastic admirer of Abelard, and hoping to win for his niece the only husband in his opinion worthy of her, lent himself with paternal interest to an intercourse from which might spring the mutual attachment and union of these young hearts.

Be this as it may, Abelard became an inmate in the house of Fulbert. This domestic familiarity, authorized by the uncle of the fair disciple, offered to both the opportunity, and, we may almost say, imposed the necessity of mutual love. Far from objecting to a close intimacy between the master and his pupil, Fulbert entreated Abelard to impart to his niece all his secrets of learning, and all his rare acquirements in oratory, poetry, and theology; so as to complete in her the intellectual prodigy which nature had commenced, and France admired with unwonted astonishment in a woman. He yielded up to him entirely his paternal authority over Heloise, and, in accordance with the rude discipline of the age, authorized him even to correct her with blows, if she failed either in obedience or attention. In a word, he reduced Heloise to a state of mental

thraldom, and constituted Abelard an absolute master. Heloise was readily disposed to acknowledge not only a preceptor but a divinity, in the handsomest and most celebrated man of his age. Her rapid progress kept pace with the wishes of her uncle. She laboured no longer for the world, but for Abelard alone; her sole ambition centered in the wish to please him. Nature, love, and genius, combined to render this young girl the wonder of her time.

Abelard became intoxicated with his avocation. Two souls, tempted by such opportunities, could not fail to fall into the snare which want of foresight or complicity had spread for them under such specious pretexts and such alluring indulgences. The external world disappeared before them—they loved. Abelard, who now thought of Heloise alone, proclaimed his passion in poems, in which the verses and the music, tempered in the same fire, spread the name of Heloise as a heavenly secret divulged to the earth, and which the whole world confided to one another by repeating these divine songs, until at last they reached the ears of Fulbert himself.

But Fulbert affected, not to hear, or to disbelieve, this profanation of his domestic hearth. He replied, that Abelard was, by his genius and piety, too much elevated beyond ordinary mortals to descend, even under the seductions of love, from the paradise of science and glory which his exalted intellect shared with the angels. Perhaps, also, he expected from day to day, that Abelard, conquered by an increasing charm, would demand of him the hand of his pupil, which he would have been too happy to accord. In the meantime, Abelard, divided between his passion for Heloise and his love of fame, hesitated to declare himself. He feared lest by avowing the influence of earthly beauty, he

should sink in the eyes of the world from the reputation for purity and Platonic self-command, which an ethereal philosophy had established for him in early youth. He was unwilling also to renounce, by marriage, the prospective dignities, honours, and fortune which the Church held out to him, and which he had already propitiated by some novitiatory ceremonies. His disciples no longer recognised their master. In his heart love combated painfully against his genius. His friends complained loudly of his decline: the languor of his passion had affected his eloquence; the fire of his soul evaporated in sighs, and his lessons contained only cinders. He felt so unlike what he had once been, that he gave up unprepared discourses, in which his lips reflected nothing but the image and name of Heloise. He was compelled to learn by heart the lectures he had formerly extemporized, and to repeat his own compositions, lest he should fall in public estimation. His rivals and his enemies triumphed. He was pointed at with the finger of scorn, as a wreck of himself; quoted as a reproach and scandal to human weakness, and trampled under foot as a deity hurled from his pedestal. Heloise was more afflicted than Abelard at this degradation of one she adored for himself alone. She entreated him to sacrifice her to his fame; to permit her to adore him as a divinity, who receives the heart and incense of mortals, without other intercourse with his worshippers than the homage which they offer him; to love her no longer, if this love diminished his reputation by a single ray; or, if the disinterested affection of Heloise had become a necessity and a consolation to his existence, to reduce her to the condition of those women despised by the world, whose sentiments are equally unconsecrated by religion and law,—slaves of the heart,

never liberated by the title of wives. The contempt of the universe, endured for Abelard, was, she declared, the only glory to which she aspired. Shame, at such a price, would constitute her pride.

Abelard, after lamentable hesitation, could neither determine to accept this suicide of Heloise, nor openly to declare his passion before the world. He still continued to reside under the roof of Fulbert. Dastardly at the same time towards affection and virtue, he floated between two weaknesses, and evinced neither the courage of love nor that of glory. In this instance, as in all others, the heart of the woman was manly, the heart of the man, feminine. But his infatuation, meanwhile, nourished itself upon these agonies. Fulbert, justly irritated by a silence which resembled contempt, and which rendered his hospitality suspicious, closed his doors against the offender. This separation tore the heart of Heloise, and humiliated that of Abelard. Neither the master nor the scholar could renounce a life in which the looks, the conversation, the studies, the songs, the thoughts of both, had blended two into a single soul. They contrived secret meetings, a mysterious intercourse with which Fulbert was deeply enraged. Abelard carried Heloise away, and conducted her with all respect to Nantes, to his paternal mansion, where he confided her as his wife to the affection of his own sister. Returning immediately to Paris, he threw himself at the feet of Fulbert, implored his forgiveness, and obtained by contrition the hand of his niece. Heloise pardoned, and restored at once to her uncle and her lover, became secretly the spouse of Abelard. "After a night passed in prayer," says he, "in one of the churches of Paris, on the following morning we received the nuptial blessing in presence of the uncle of Heloise

and of several mutual friends. We then retired, without observation or noise, that this union, known only to God and a few intimates, should bring neither shame nor prejudice to my renown."

The newly-married pair—their happiness unknown to everybody—affected thenceforth to be seldom seen together, and laboured to extinguish all preceding rumours of their attachment. The world, for the moment, was deceived, and Abelard enjoyed together the delights of love and the return of his reputation. But the servants of Fulbert, necessarily acquainted with his secret visits, noised abroad the circumstance of the marriage. The envious detractors of Abelard triumphed in his weakness, and accused him of having sacrificed philosophy, eloquence, and fame, to a second Delilah. His pride took offence; he denied his ties, as if they had been a disgrace. The generous Heloise herself, preferring the glory of her lover to her own honour, proclaimed and encouraged the assertion that she was only united to Abelard by admiration and love, and cast a stain upon her own virtue to exalt the virtue of her husband. These reports, so offensive to Fulbert, induced him to utter bitter and merited reproaches against his niece, whose devoted falsehood had thus dishonoured his blood. Abelard, dreading the resentment of her uncle, snatched her once more from the guardianship of Fulbert, and conveyed her to Argenteuil, a village near Paris, where he placed her in a monastery of women. These monasteries, like the altars of antiquity, afforded the right of inviolable sanctity to all unmarried females or wives who passed their threshold. Here he persuaded her to take the white veil of a novice, without yet pronouncing the irrevocable vows. He devoted himself to a monastic life and the priesthood, and as soon as he was invested

with this holy character, with his own hands he placed on Heloise the habit of a professed nun, cut off her hair, and yielded her up to God, having neither the courage to claim her as his wife, nor to leave her in the world, which he had renounced for ever. Heloise, happy in giving up her life to him to whom she had already abandoned her honour, submitted without a murmur, as the victim who voluntarily places herself on the sacrificial altar. Everything was acceptable to her, even the punishment she underwent by the election, and through the love, or rather, through the pride of her husband. The gates of the convent of Argenteuil were closed upon the Sappho of the eleventh century. Beauty, genius, affection, all were buried in those catacombs; and during fifteen years, the best years of the immured sufferer, neither reproaches, regrets, nor sighs, were heard from within that living monument.

Abelard, free, and purified in the eyes of his followers, resumed with fresh ardour and brilliancy the course of his lectures, and the empire of his popularity; but the anger of Fulbert brooded over vengeance. Thrice foiled in his tenderness for his niece by the seduction, the perfidy, and baseness of Abelard, he saw snatched from him by the same hand the company of his beloved pupil, the reputation of his family, his honour, and his happiness. He had educated with so much solicitude that prodigy of her sex, only to see her despised by the selected husband to whom he had resigned her, tainted as a concubine, repudiated, contemned in her devoted affection, and finally shut up as a penitent in a monastery: cut off in the flower of her youth from the number of the living, to keep away false shame from the forehead of an ungrateful seducer, and condemned to feed on her own tears, while he was hailed by the

acclamations of the century. We do not justify the vindictive feelings of an outraged father, we only endeavour to explain them. He had forgiven all, to behold Heloise married to the first genius of his age, and after being acknowledged as a wife, she was now denied. Despair excited hatred, and hatred began to ponder on crime. The gates of Abelard's house were opened one night, through the purchased treachery of his domestics; executioners, directed and paid by Fulbert, surprised him in his sleep; they overwhelmed him with cruel insults, and left him degraded by his punishment. Humiliation and remorse, worse than the inflicted revenge, made Abelard detest the life which his enemies had spared as an additional pang. The light of day became hateful to him. His despair at this unpunished outrage equalled the vainglory by which he had been carried on to the base ingratitude of sacrificing Heloise; his only remaining object was to disappear from the world he had filled with his renown, and which now resounded with nothing but his shame.

"I called to mind painfully," he writes, "the brilliant reputation by which I was surrounded on the eve of that fatal day, and the prompt ignominy by which my glory was extinguished. I acknowledged the just chastisement of Heaven—the *just* retaliation by which the man I had betrayed, betrayed me in his turn. I already heard the malicious exultations of my enemies, the delight of my rivals at this retributive dispensation. I felt that I could no longer appear in public without being pointed at as an object of ignominious pity. The sense of my degraded state covered me with such confusion that I am forced to confess, shame rather than pity, drove me into the solitude of the cloister. I wished, however, before tearing myself from the world, to remove

Heloise from it irrevocably. By my direction she pronounced the eternal vows. Thus, both of us, on the same day, embraced together the monastic life, she at Argenteuil, I in the abbey of St. Denis. Moved by her youth and beauty, the companions of Heloise endeavoured in vain to win her from the sacrifice she was induced to consummate. She replied, (with tears, shed for her husband, not for herself,) by those verses which the Roman poet places in the mouth of Cornelia, the widow of Pompey the Great:—'Oh, my illustrious partner, thou whose bed I was not worthy of partaking, it is my evil destiny which weighs upon thine! Why, wretch that I am, have I formed the bonds which have drawn on thy ruin! Receive, in the holocaust of thy wife, the expiation of the misfortunes my love has brought upon thee!' Having pronounced these words, broken by sighs, Heloise rushed to the altar, as if precipitating herself into an abyss; she seized the funeral veil, already consecrated by the bishop, and dedicated herself from that moment, before the assembled people, to the service of the Deity who received her oath."

Such is the recital of the sacrifice of Heloise given by Abelard himself. The shadow of the convent enclosed her for many years; a concealed, but an unextinguished flame. Abelard carried to the monastery of St. Denis his inward uneasiness, his talents strengthened by concentrated study, his ambition, which had only changed its object, and the intolerant zeal of reformation, by which new proselytes too often expect to redeem their wanderings. The relaxed monks of St. Denis, and the abbot who permitted and shared their irregularities, became irritated at his censures, and compelled him to remove his severe innovations to a neighbouring and dependent establishment at Deuil. He there resumed

his pulpit of philosophy, and filled once more the schools and the church with the report of new doctrines in matters of faith. The church became indignant at his boldness, as the monks had been offended by his reproofs. Some subtle essay on the *Unity* and *Trinity*, in which he endeavoured to explain that mystery, without appealing to faith in aid of human reasoning, sufficed as a pretext to the enemies leagued against this active innovator. He was summoned before a council at Soissons to render an account of his doctrines, and solemnly condemned. To expiate the error, he was shut up in the cloistered monastery of St. Medard, where he gave himself up to despair. "The treachery of Fulbert," he exclaimed, "was less intolerable than this fresh outrage." The legate of the pope, more impartial and tolerant, speedily remitted the punishment. On returning to the abbey of St. Denis, he found the monks converted to implacable foes. They pronounced him an enemy of the state, guilty of high treason against the nation, for having said that St. Dionysius, bishop of Athens, converted by St. Paul, was not identical with the St. Dionysius, first bishop of Paris. Compelled to self-banishment, notwithstanding the complaisance of a recantation, to which he submitted to disarm their animosity, he fled with a single disciple, to a desert spot in Champagne. "There," said he, "on the banks of a narrow river, shaded by oaks, and bordered by reeds, called the *Arduze*, I constructed with my own hands a small oratory, built of branches, with a thatched roof. I was alone, and could cry aloud with the Prophet, 'I have fled, I have removed from the habitations of men, and dwell in solitude.'"

But he was not long left to himself. The spirit of dispute and the love of novelty were at that time so

strongly excited in the world, that those who possessed the word of life, drew after them whole nations of followers and listeners. The youth of the age thirsted so eagerly for truth, that controversy alone seemed a step towards the important mystery, and from the shock of opposing doctrines they expected the bursting forth of the lightning which never came. "As soon as my retreat was discovered," says Abelard, "my disciples crowded round me from every quarter, to erect humble cells in the desert. They abandoned soft beds of down for couches of leaves, luxurious viands for coarse vegetables; it was thus that, according to St. Jerome, the philosophers of antiquity fled from cities, gardens, rich fields and shady groves, the melody of birds, the freshness of fountains, the murmuring of streams; from all that could charm the eyes and ears, seduce the senses, or enervate virtue. Even so, the sons of the prophets lived as hermits in huts on the banks of the Jordan, feeding on roots and herbs, remote from towns and human passions. My followers constructed cells on the banks of the Arduze, rather after the fashion of anchorites than pupils. In proportion as their numbers augmented, their lives became more studious and holy, so that the shame of my enemies increased with my reputation. Nevertheless, it was poverty which forced me to re-establish my school. I was unaccustomed to dig the earth, and I could not humiliate myself to beg my bread. My disciples cultivated the fields, and built the cells. Soon they became insufficient to contain them. Then they erected a vast edifice of timber and masonry, which I called after the name of the God of Consolation —*The Paraclete.*"

But the enemies of Abelard envied him even the wilderness. They saw, or affected to see, in the name of

the *Consoling Spirit*, to whom he had dedicated his monastery, a sort of philosophic invocation to the one Person of the Trinity, to the exclusion of the other two. St. Bernard marked him out for the vengeance of the Church. He was obliged to abandon the desert itself, and to seek at the extremity of the shores of Brittany, amongst the rocks and strands of the ocean, an asylum still more inaccessible to jealousy and persecution. This was the abbey of St. Gildas, in the diocese of Vannes. The monks who dwelt there had degenerated from the sanctity of earlier ages, and had converted their convent into a den of barbarism and vice. The rude aspect of the neighbourhood was exceeded by the character of the inhabitants. The place was a promontory, incessantly beaten by the surges of a groaning sea. Mountains of foam broke over the resounding rocks, and on a coast hollowed into vaults and caverns by the constant action of the waves, which buried themselves as in yawning gulfs, and then rushed back again from other apertures, like torrents of lava issuing from a volcano. Perpendicular cliffs shut out the sight of the land below from the abbey, which might be compared to a vessel in perpetual shipwreck, on a shore inaccessible to pilots. "The life of these monks," says Abelard, their superior, "was dissolute and insubordinate. The gates of the abbey were ornamented with the feet of stags, bears, and wild boars, the trophies and emblems of their constant avocations. They were awakened by the sound of the horn and the barking of hounds. Cruel and unrestrained in their licentious habits, and constantly at war with the surrounding nobles, they were alternately oppressors or oppressed." They laughed at the indignation which Abelard expressed at their rude manners, until their hatred against the intruding reformer led them on to

crime. Insulted, threatened, attacked in the forests, poisoned even in the holy chalice of the sacrament, with difficulty he preserved his life by flight. The barons of the district snatched him from the steel of the assassins. He sought shelter in a spot even more deserted than the domains of the abbey, and, like the prophet of old, called upon the Lord from the abyss of his calamity.

Fifteen years passed over the head of Abelard in these alternations of learning, glory, sanctity, and suffering; during which he bestowed no token of remembrance on the still young and living victim he had buried at Argenteuil. Heloise complained neither of his insensibility nor silence. The neglect and contempt of her husband, she respected as additional virtues, believing that earth, heaven, and her own feelings, were worthy only to be sacrificed to this first and most adored of men. Abelard remained for ever the sole object of worship on the altar she had erected to him in her heart. All her sighs ascended to Heaven for him, but they were breathed without sound, lest an uttered thought or regret should scandalize the world, or disturb his sublime contemplations. The gates of the convent of Argenteuil divulged no particle of that immeasurable love which survived within its walls. Persecution burst those gates. Suger, abbot of St. Denis, pretended that the convent belonged to his order, and drove out the nuns like a flock without fold or shepherd. Their cry of distress reached Abelard. Whether it was that his own misfortunes had softened his heart, or the memory of early happiness had returned full upon him, as it often does in the evening of life; or that a comparison between the devotion of this immolated woman, the ingratitude of the world, and the emptiness of glory, had lit up again the embers of an ill-extinguished affection, Abelard hastened from his retreat to the succour

of the wandering and persecuted Heloise. He conducted her to the Paraclete with her companions, bestowed on her the convent, of which she became abbess, and often visited her, to relieve by his presence and fortune the indigence to which he had opened an asylum. At the age of fifty-eight, clothed in the sacerdotal habit, a spiritual father rather than a carnal husband, the world respected the union of two tender hearts, whose community of fate permitted only sorrow for the past, prayers for the present, and the hope of eternal happiness for the future.

But their enemies were still active, and disseminated odious slanders respecting this mystical intercourse between Abelard and his former wife. To put an end to them, he retired once more to his desert in Brittany. He preferred offering his life anew to the poignard and the poisoned cup, rather than expose the virtue of Heloise to the bitter tongues of her calumniators. It was then that he wrote the memoirs from which we have extracted the principal events described in this narrative. The volume, confided to friendship, reached the eyes of Heloise. The remembrances it excited, made the heart speak which had remained fifteen years in silence. An epistolary correspondence, affectionate on the one side, cold on the other, commenced between the hapless pair, separated equally by the hand of God and man. The Christian Sappho, in these letters, pours forth, with irrepressible passion, the ardour of a love purified by sacrifice, and which nothing earthly could extinguish, as its sole nourishment proceeded from heavenly fire. The address alone of these letters comprises a hymn of infinite tenderness, as it betrays the impassioned hesitation of a female hand, which seeks, finds, and rejects by turns, every name capable of expressing the strongest

attachments of the soul, without finding one sufficiently comprehensive; and which ends by joining them all together, lest nature should retain a variety of affection which she has not acknowledged. "To her lord, or rather to her father, his slave, his daughter, his wife, his sister; Heloise to Abelard!"

"Some one," says she, in her first letter, after having read the recital of their loves by Abelard, "some one has recently brought me by chance the history you have entrusted to a friend. As soon as I perceived, by the first words of the superscription, that it came from you, I began to read it with eagerness, even greater than the adoration I still cherish for the writer. What I have lost, I thought I had found again, as if the beloved image could reproduce itself in the tracings of the hand. Sad and bitter, oh, my only treasure, are the lines of this narrative, which describe our conversion and inexhaustible misfortunes. They cannot be read, even by the most indifferent person, without exciting tears."

Then, in allusion to his new exile, and the persecutions with which he was surrounded at St. Gildas, she adds: "In the name of the Saviour who seems still to protect us, we, who are his humble slaves, as we are yours, we implore you to tell us in frequent letters, of the dangers by which you are still surrounded, that we, who are bound only to you in the world, may partake your grief or satisfaction. Usually, to suffer with the afflicted, is to console him; these letters will be doubly tender to us, as they will bear testimony that we are not forgotten. Oh, how delightful is the receipt of letters from absent friends! If the portraits of those separated by distance, recal their memory, and soften regret by a deceptive solace, how much more efficacious are letters, which

embody and declare the living stamp of the soul itself! Thanks be to God, that hatred has not prevented us from being thus still present to each other."

She then calls upon him, by the cares which he owes as a father to his daughters in religion, to be prodigal of letters, orders, and advice; but we easily discover that unconsciously she uses a pretext to take upon herself the leading part in this acceptable intercourse. "Think," she writes, "without speaking of others, think of the immense debt you have contracted towards me. Perhaps then, what you owe to all these holy women together, you will the more readily acquit yourself of towards one who lives for you alone. And why," she continues, with a jealous and tender reproach for so many years of oblivion and silence, "why, when my soul is bowed down with anguish, have you not endeavoured to comfort me, in absence by your letters, in presence by your words? This was a duty to which you were called, as we are united by the sacrament of marriage; and your conduct towards me is the more blameable, as the universe is my witness, I have loved you with an immense and imperishable affection. You know, sole object of my regard, how much I have lost in losing you! In proportion as my grief is great, so ought to be my consolation. From no other, but from you alone do I expect it. You owe it to me, for you only possess the power to sadden, rejoice, or calm me! Have I not implicitly complied with your wishes? Have I not sacrificed myself to obey you? I have even done more; my love has carried me to falsehood and suicide. By your order, in assuming these habits, I have changed my heart, to prove that you were its absolute sovereign.

"Never, as Heaven is my witness, have I sought from you, aught but yourself! Although the name of wife was

the most binding and holiest of titles, any other would have satisfied my heart. The more I humiliated myself for your sake, the more I should have merited a tender return, and the less I should have flattered your genius and injured your glory.

"Again, I call on Heaven to testify, that if the master of the world had thought me worthy of his hand, and had offered me with his name the dominion of the universe, the title of your slave would have been to me preferable to that of empress! What kings could be compared to you? What country, what town, what village, was not impatient to behold you? Where were the women who did not sigh to look on you? Where was the queen who envied not my happiness?

"Were you not endowed with two gifts which irresistibly fascinated the female heart? Eloquence and song. By these faculties, when reposing from the severer studies of philosophy, you composed those love sonnets, which, through the combined charms of poetry and music, have caused our names to be repeated by every mouth. Yes, the name of Heloise has been heard in many lands, and has excited much jealousy when coupled with yours. And by what rare perfections of mind and body was your youth adorned! I have injured you, and yet you know I was innocent. Tell me only, why, since you have chosen to immure me in a convent, you have punished me by neglect and oblivion; by depriving me of your presence, and even of your letters? Tell me, if you dare to answer the question? Alas! I know, and the world suspects the reason; your affection was less pure, less disinterested than mine. Since you have ceased to desire a profane happiness, you have ceased to love.

"Comply, I beseech you, with my request; it is easy,

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and will cost you little. Speak to me at least from a distance, by those words which restore the illusion of your presence. I thought I deserved much from you, when, still in youth, I embraced, at your desire, the austerities of the cloister. What recompense have I looked for from God, for whose love I have done less than I have for yours? When you have advanced towards Heaven, I have followed in your track. As if you had remembered the wife of Lot, who turned back, and looked behind her, you thought it necessary, when you quitted the world yourself, to bind me equally by monastic vows. Alas! you have misjudged my character. I have mourned and blushed for this proceeding. Was it necessary to drive me, when I was ready to follow you, even to perdition? My heart was with you, not with myself. Let it remain yours, I conjure you, which it will for ever, if you listen to my prayer, and return me tenderness for tenderness. Formerly, the purity of the motives which bound me to you were open to suspicion; but does not the end prove the nature of my love from the beginning? I have severed myself from every earthly enjoyment; of worldly blessings I have reserved but one, the right of considering myself for ever yours.

"I conjure you, in the name of that Deity to whom you have devoted yourself, give me as much of your presence as is permitted; write to me letters of consolation, fortified by which, I may increase my ardour in the service of Heaven. When you looked for profane gratification, you addressed me in frequent epistles, which taught the name of Heloise to many lips, and made those syllables familiar in many places. To raise my soul to God, can you not exert the power which you formerly exercised to excite earthly feelings? Think of what I ask! I finish

this long letter by a single sentence—My all, my sole possession, Adieu!"

Moved by these entreaties, Abelard at length broke through the silence of many years. "Oh, my sister," said he, addressing his wife, "you who were so dear to me in the world, who are a thousand times more cherished in Christ, I send you the prayer you have demanded with such importunity. Offer up to God, with your companions, a holocaust of invocation, to expiate our heavy and innumerable faults, to charm away the dangers which beset me at every moment." He then proceeds to a long and cold dissertation on the efficacy of collective prayer from communities of nuns. At the close of the letter, love seems to have betrayed him into a last wish, which postpones, until death, the re-union so vainly hoped for during life.

"Oh, my sister," he exclaims, "if God should deliver me into the hands of my enemies, if they put me to death, or if, in the ordinary course of nature, I reach the common end of all men, let my body, wherever it is buried or abandoned, be transported to your cemetery; that you, my daughters, my sisters in Jesus Christ, having my tomb ever before your eyes, may feel called upon to intercede for me more incessantly by constant prayers. For a soul afflicted by so many calamities, and penitent for so many errors, I know not where to find a resting-place on earth more safe and salutary, than that which is dedicated to *The Consoling Spirit*, and which so well deserves the name. They were women who, careful of the entombing of the Saviour, embalmed him with perfumes, and watched around his sepulchre. Thus they were the first who received consolation."

With the exception of this involuntary return of love after death, the letters of Abelard are dry, cold, and

unfeeling. They breathe exclusive selfishness, while those of Heloise contain no thought but of him.

"*To my only thought after Jesus—to my only hope next to the Saviour,*" thus she addresses him; "it is you alone who will celebrate our obsequies, you who will dismiss to the Almighty those you have assembled in his presence. Surely God will not permit us to survive you; but should you die before us, we shall think rather of following than of burying you, since, destined so soon to the grave ourselves, we shall want the strength to prepare your tomb. If I lose you, what hope remains to me? How shall I longer bear this pilgrimage of life, in which I am still sustained by nothing but the thought that you partake it with me? Am I not unfortunate beyond all precedent? Raised by you above the level of my sex, have I only reached this high renown to be precipitated from unmeasured felicity to unparalleled disaster? We lived in chastity; you in Paris, I at Argenteuil; we separated to devote ourselves entirely—you to your studies, I to prayer with the holy sisterhood who surround me. During this irreproachable life, the hand of crime was permitted to reach you. Ah! why did not the blow fall on both together? Both were guilty, but you alone have borne the expiation; the least culpable has received the punishment. What you have suffered for a moment, I ought to have endured for life! If I must avow the weakness of my soul, I search in vain for repentance there. My happiness was too supreme to be rooted out from memory, or recollected with horror. In sleep, even in the midst of devotional ceremonies, the periods, the places, the incidents of our blissful lives present themselves to my imagination. They call me holy, who know not how I regret the past. I am praised by men, but, ah! how

censurable in the eyes of God, who reads all hearts! In every action of my life, you well know, I have feared your anger beyond that of God himself. Think not too well of me, and never cease to intercede for me in your prayers."

In the midst of an elaborate dissertation on "The Canticle of Canticles," Abelard introduced some touching sentences in his answer. "Why," said he to Heloise, "do you reproach me with having made you a participator in my sorrows, when you yourself have forced me to this by your solicitations? Is it possible that you could ever be happy while I am miserable? Would you wish to be the companion of my enjoyment, and not partake my anguish? Can you desire that I should precede you to heaven, you who would have followed me to the lowest depths of perdition?" He then recals in order his past iniquities, and commands Heloise to return thanks to the Creator for the punishments which have assailed and changed him. "You, O Lord, have joined and divided us;" he thus concludes; "those who for a time you have separated in this world, we beseech you to reunite for ever in the world to come!" At last, we find the husband once more in the saint.

Persecution drove Abelard back to the Paraclete. The odious insinuations of his enemies forced him from that sanctuary a second time. "How is it," he exclaimed in his despair, "that suspicion still clings to me, when misfortunes, years, and the holiness of the monastic profession are my securities against crime? I suffer more at present from calumny than I did formerly from outrage."

But his persecutors thought to attack him more severely in his glory than in his love. His writings, which increased daily, alarmed Rome herself, and were

considered heretical, since they spread forth the first dawn of freedom in discussion. St. Bernard, the censor, reformer, and avenger of the Church in France, set himself vehemently in opposition to these new tenets. Cited before the Council of Sens, to answer for his opinions, Abelard preserved silence. St. Bernard denounced his contumacy as an additional offence.

"This man," said he, addressing the sovereign pontiff, "boasts that he can explain by reason the most profound mysteries. He mounts up to heaven, and descends to the lowest abyss; he is great in his own estimation. He scrutinises the Divine Majesty, and disseminates errors. One of his treatises has been given to the fire. Accursed be the hand that gathers up the fragments! Necessity demands a swift remedy for this contagion, for the man has many followers. He preaches a new gospel to the people,—a new faith to the nations of the earth,—all is contradiction! The exterior form of piety is displayed by a modest carriage and humble garments. His disciples transform themselves into angels of light, while they are in fact so many *Satans!* This *Goliath* (thus he denominates Abelard) has proposed to sustain against me perverse dogmas. I refuse to argue because I am a child in the truth, and he is a great and terrible opponent. But you, successor of the Apostles, you alone will judge, whether he ought to find a refuge on the chair of St. Peter. Consider what you owe to yourself! Why have you been elevated to the throne, if not to root out and plant anew? If God has permitted schism to rear its head in your days, is it not that schism may be overthrown? Behold, the foxes will spoil and tear up the vineyard of the Lord, if you suffer them to increase and multiply. If you strike them not, they will bring trouble and despair to your successors. If you hesitate

to destroy them, we will destroy them ourselves." Thus spoke this all-potent tribune of the Church of France, to whom statues are erected after an interval of eight centuries. A summons so imperious, supported by the popularity of St. Bernard, could not fail to be complied with by Rome, although the Pope, of a gentle and indulgent nature, was unwilling to strike a teacher, whose sincerity in faith he acknowledged, while he admired his genius. Abelard was condemned to perpetual seclusion in a cloistered monastery. This sentence, officially promulgated in France, after considerable delay, but foreseen by the victim of it, removed him for the last time from the quiet security of the Paraclete and the tears of Heloise. He bade an eternal adieu to the retreat which he had first peopled with enthusiastic disciples, afterwards with pious maidens, and which had so often sheltered him from the storms of his troubled existence. Alone and on foot he travelled towards the Alps, to implore from the justice of the Pope an asylum against his persecutor. In his journey he passed by Cluny, at that time a sovereign abbey, which administered hospitality without distinction to popes, kings, pilgrims, and mendicants, on their journey from Paris to Rome.

This celebrated monastery, of the order of St. Benedict, was founded by William, Duke of Aquitaine, who possessed an extensive territory in the province of the Mâconnais. William, according to the practice of the princes and nobles of his time, expected to purchase eternal bliss by a gift of land to the cenobites, who, in return, offered up perpetual prayers for the salvation of his soul. The monks, whom he had commissioned to seek out the fittest place for the site of the intended monastery, having traversed the hills and valleys of his domains, fixed their choice upon a deep and narrow

defile, which runs behind the chain of mountains of the Saône, between Dijon and Mâcon. "A place," as they described it, "shut out from all communication with the world, and so full of silence, repose, and peace, that it presents in some manner an image of celestial tranquillity." These recluses possessed a natural instinct for solitude and contemplation. At that time the hills were covered with thick forests, the growth of centuries, which bounded the horizon, and concealed the sun; the waters of the mountain torrents overflowing the flat lands, formed lakes, ponds, and marshes, bordered by reeds. The only track that led to this basin of water and foliage, was the narrow path hollowed out by the feet of mules. Above the summit of the woods arose the smoke of a few thinly-scattered cottages, inhabited by hunters, fishermen, and wood-cutters. The gorge of Cluny was the Thebais of the Gauls.

"On this spot," said the monks to the Duke of Aquitaine, "we will erect our monastery."

"No," replied the Duke, "it is a valley too much overshadowed by thick forests, and full of fallow-deer. The hunters and their dogs, with their shrill cries and barking, will disturb your silence."

"Then drive away the dogs, and introduce the monks," replied the holy men.

William consented; the dogs disappeared, and the monks supplied their places. In a few centuries, owing to the extent and fertility of the land, the pious disinterestedness which made many dying penitents bequeath their fortunes to the monastery, and the skilful government of the abbots, who proved themselves good worldly statesmen, the desert of Cluny beheld rising in lofty elevation where once its forests stood, another forest of steeples, cloisters, domes, vaulted arches, gothic battle-

ments, and Byzantine windows, the ornaments and defences of a basilica equal in extent to the largest ecclesiastical edifices of imperial Rome.

The river which formerly inundated the valley, now enclosed within beds of stone, or drained off into ponds stocked with fish, conveyed fertility to extensive meadows, whitening with flocks and herds. A large town adjoined the abbey, under the protection of the monks. Popes had issued from its cells to rule the Christian world; monarchs came to visit, endow, and bestow privileges on this chosen sanctuary. Councils were assembled there, and the abbots ranked as sovereign princes. Pilgrims from all quarters of the globe besieged the gates, and were received with hospitality. At the time of Abelard's arrival, the monastery was governed by Peter the Venerable, a man supremely eminent in science, poetry, renown, and virtue. A living contrast to St. Bernard, the abbot of Cluny personified the true charity of religion, while the other embodied only the proselytism and terror. Peter the Venerable had been elected while still young to the command of the order, through the reputation of his talents, and the influence of his character; a poet, a philosopher, an author, a negotiator; a statesman in piety, and a religious man in politics; he was another Abelard, but divested of his pride and weakness. The impress of his soul was stamped upon his features. He was tall and slender in figure, slow of step, beautiful in countenance, of a gentle aspect, a composed expression, and an affable demeanour. Habitually silent, when he spoke he became eloquent and persuasive. Placed, as we may say, by the elevation of his thoughts, on an intermediate point between heaven and earth, he divided his attention equally between things temporal and things eternal. Representing the holiness of true Christianity,

he attracted thousands towards religion by the charm of gentleness, instead of driving them away by the terror of severity. The memory of his virtues was so indelibly impressed, that it has been handed down for eight centuries, from father to son, in the town and valley of Cluny. A few years since, a tomb having been discovered by chance, and supposed to be his, the women and children eagerly contended for the dust it contained, urged by a traditional affection acknowledged throughout the district. Peter the Venerable had held disputes with St. Bernard, whose practice it was to quarrel with all he was unable to control. The abbot of Cluny loved Abelard for his poetry, his eloquence, and above all for his misfortunes. Heloise he looked upon as the wonder of the age, and the ornament of the sanctuary. He had visited the Paraclete, rendered famous by the piety and tears of this widow of a living husband, and carried back from the interview, edification, enthusiasm, and piety, which led him to commence and continue with her an epistolary correspondence. Such was the man of whom the fugitive Abelard solicited the shelter of a night's lodging.

He arrived, broken down by sorrow, fatigue, and sickness, at the gates of the abbey. Prompted by humility, he wished to throw himself at the feet of Peter the Venerable, who received him in his arms, and opened to him his house and his heart. Abelard, overpowered by a reception to which the persecutions of St. Bernard had disaccustomed him, related his recent vicissitudes, his sorrows, his condemnation to the cloister, and his resolve to proceed on foot to Rome, to throw himself on the justice and commiseration of the sovereign pontiff, formerly his personal friend. The abbot of Cluny expressed warm compassion for his misfortunes, and

encouraged his confidence in the pope. But, mistrusting the strength of his guest, weakened as it was by grief and fear, apprehensive lest this glory of France should perish miserably on some snow track while begging his bread across the Alps, or that he might fall a prisoner into the hands of his enemies beyond the mountains, he retained him at the monastery under a variety of pious pretexts. During this interval, Peter the Venerable addressed the pope privately, in a letter full of the tenderest and most disinterested zeal for his friend. "The illustrious Abelard," said he in this epistle, "well known to your Holiness, has passed some days with me at Cluny, coming from France. I questioned him as to where he was going. 'I am pursued,' replied he, 'by the persecutions of certain men, who have applied to me the name of heretic, which I reject and detest. I have appealed from their sentence to the justice of the supreme head of the Church, and in that sanctuary I seek protection against my enemies.' I have approved this project of Abelard, and have strongly encouraged him to repair to your presence, assuring him that neither justice nor kindness would be withheld from such a suppliant, seeing that both are freely accorded to the obscure pilgrim, or the perfect stranger. I added also, that he might rely on indulgence for unintentional errors. While he rested at the abbey, the Abbot of Clairvaux arrived here. We concerted together in all Christian charity, how to reconcile Abelard, my guest, with the Abbot Bernard, who has reduced him to this necessity of appealing to your Holiness. I have used every effort in my power to bring about this accommodation. I have advised Abelard to expunge from his writings, under the supervision of Bernard himself, and other sagacious men, every passage that offends against the

scruples of the true faith. Abelard has given his consent to this. From that moment the reconciliation has been effected by my agency, but much more through the inspiration of Providence. Abelard, our guest, has bade farewell for ever to the agitation of controversy, and the schools; he has selected Cluny for his last and permanent residence. I implore you then, I, the most humble and devoted of your servants, the entire community of the abbey implores you, and Abelard himself joins in the entreaty,—by him, by us, by the messengers who bear these letters, by the letters they carry, we all beseech you to allow him to exhaust at Cluny the few days which remain to him of his life, and his old age; and few indeed those days are likely to number. We all conjure you not to allow persecution *from any quarter* to disturb or drive him forth again from this house, under the roof of which, like the sparrow which seeks a nest, he rejoices to have found an asylum, even as the dove rejoiced when it found a dry spot on which to rest its foot. Refuse not your holy protection to the man whom you once distinguished by the title of your friend!" Such a touching appeal of friendship, and the living memory of the enthusiastic regard which he had formerly felt for the orator and poet of his youth, could not fail to reach the heart of the pope. He granted to the prayer of Peter the Venerable the pardon and protection which he implored for Abelard. In his nominal imprisonment, Abelard had for superior and gaoler the most tender and compassionate of friends.

Heloise, satisfied as to the worldly destiny of her husband, watched at a distance, by letters and prayers, over his declining health and immortal prospects. The last days of this distinguished man, who had inspired and lost the admiration of the world, but who had still

preserved the undivided tenderness of a woman, and the attachment of a friend, passed over in poetical and religious conversations with Peter the Venerable, in the contemplation and study of futurity, in the contempt of those vanities which had not consoled him for the devotion of a single heart, and in the hope of the happy reunion which Heloise assured him would be assigned to them in heaven.

At the extremity of a desert alley, and at the foot of enclosing walls, flanked by the towers of the monastery; on the margin of extensive meadows closed in by woods, close to the murmuring stream, and the reeds of a dried-up marsh, through which the breezes whistle drearily, there is still existing an enormous lime-tree, under the shade of which Abelard was accustomed to sit and meditate, with his face turned towards the direction of the Paraclete. The monks, proud of having afforded the hospitality of their cloisters to the most shining light of the eleventh century, sedulously preserved this tradition. The fury of the French revolution, which destroyed so much, respected this lime-tree and one or two of the spires of the monastery. The last of the ecclesiastics related the legend to the inhabitants of the town, who tell it again to accidental visitors. I myself possess, under a lime of three hundred years old, in my garden at Saint-Point, the bench of grey-stone, sonorous as a bell, on which, according to the tradition, Abelard sat under the more ancient tree of Cluny. I have also carried from thence a large table of the same stone, on which he reposed his head while composing his hymns, or meditating over his misfortunes and his love.

His soul, consumed by the fire of passion and the flame of genius, robbed of happiness by evil destiny, and of fame by persecution, exhausted itself before he

reached an advanced period of life. He expired in the arms of his friend, two years and a few months after he had crossed the hospitable threshold of Cluny.

The disinterested attachment of Peter the Venerable ceased not until he had superintended the interment of his friend. Under the instinct of truly divine charity, he became an accomplice in the love which suffering, repentance, and tears had rendered sacred in his eyes. He felt that Abelard above, and Heloise on earth, demanded of him the last consolation of a re-union in the grave. He could not persuade himself that it was culpable to descend from the height of his sanctity, and participate in the weakness or illusion, which while it was unable to blend two lives into one, might at least be permitted to mingle the mortal dust which once was animated. But dreading even the shadow of scandal, he wrapped up in secrecy the pious theft which he himself was about to commit on the cemetery of St. Marcel, an oratory belonging to the abbey, in which Abelard was interred.

He confided to no deputy the care of accompanying the remains of the deceased, and of remitting them to the guardianship of Heloise. No hands were worthy of touching this sacred deposit, except those of a saint and a wife. He rose in the dead of night, exhumed the coffin, conveyed it to the Paraclete, and inscribed in verse the epitaph of his friend. "The Plato of our age," (thus he designates him in these lines,) "equal or superior to his predecessors, sovereign master of thought, acknowledged throughout the universe for the variety and extent of his genius, he surpassed all men in the strength of his imagination, and the power of his eloquence. His name was Abelard!" The pious abbot then assumed the paternal charge of an only son, who

had been born to the unhappy pair during their temporary union, and before they had pronounced the monastic vows.

Heloise, having received with tears the coffin of Abelard, shut herself up in the cemetery of the Paraclete, in the vault, where she assumed her conjugal place by the couch of death. Peter the Venerable himself performed the funeral rites, and departed after he had placed the mortal relics of his friend under the guardianship of an unextinguishable love. This mutual reverence for the memory of the same object, drew still closer the ties of admiration and gratitude which attached the Abbot of Cluny to the widow of the Paraclete. Heloise, who longed to be assured of the eternal happiness of Abelard, as passionately as she had mourned his earthly sorrows, entreated from the venerable father a written attestation that her anxious desires were accomplished. "I conjure you," she wrote to him after his return, "to send me open documents, stamped with your seal, containing the full absolution of my departed lord, that these evidences of felicity may be suspended over his tomb." "Remember too," she added, "to consider as your own son, the son of Abelard and Heloise."

Peter the Venerable yielded to this last anxious scruple of affection, and forwarded to the Paraclete the letters of absolution demanded from him. He also, with his own hand, in an epistle to Heloise replete with evangelical love, recapitulated every circumstance attending the last days of Abelard, which might tend to console the anguish of an eternal widowhood. "It is not on this day," says he, "oh, my sister, that I begin to love you, for I have loved you long already! I had scarcely past my early youth and reached the age of manhood,

when the fame reached me, not then of your exalted piety, but of your unrivalled genius. It was related everywhere that a young female in the first bloom of youth and beauty, had distinguished herself, unlike her sex in general, by poetry, eloquence, and philosophy. Neither the love of pleasure, nor the attractions of the time, could obtain dominion in her heart over pursuits which were grand in intellect, and beautiful in science. The world, stagnating in base and slothful ignorance, beheld with astonishment, how, not only amongst women, but in the assemblies of men, Heloise exhibited and maintained her vast superiority. Soon (to speak in the words of the Apostle) He who had suffered you to issue from the bosom of your mother, by divine grace, attracted you entirely to himself. You exchanged the study of perishable knowledge for the science of eternity; for Plato you adopted Christ, and in place of the academy you selected the cloister! Would that it had been permitted that Cluny should have possessed you! that you should have shared our sweet imprisonment of Marcigny, with the female servants of the Lord, who pant only for celestial liberty! But although Providence withheld this favour from us, we have been distinguished by receiving him who in life belonged to you: him whom we must ever honour and remember with respect,—the philosopher of the Gospel, the Abelard who, by divine permission, was sent to close his days in our monastery.

"It is no easy task, my sister, to describe in a few short lines the holiness, the humility, the self-denial he exhibited to us, and of which the collected brotherhood have borne witness. If I do not deceive myself, never did I behold a life and deportment so thoroughly submissive. I placed him in an elevated rank in our

community, but he appeared the lowest of all by the simplicity of his dress. It was equally so with his diet, and all that regarded the enjoyment of the senses. I speak not of luxury, which was a stranger to him; he refused everything but what was indispensable to the sustenance of life. His conduct and his words were irreproachable, either as regarded himself, or as an example to others.

" He read continually, prayed often, and never spoke, except when literary controversy or holy discussion compelled him to break silence. What can I tell you more? His mind, his tongue, his meditations, were entirely concentrated on, and promoted, literary, philosophical, and divine instruction. Simple, straightforward, reflecting on eternal judgment, and shunning all evil, he consecrated to God the closing days of an illustrious life.

" To afford him a little recreation, and to recruit his failing health, I despatched him to Saint Marcel, near Châlons. I purposely selected this country, the most attractive in Burgundy, and a convent close to the town, from which it is only separated by the course of the Saône. There, as much as his strength permitted, he resumed the cherished studies of his youth, and as has been also said of Gregory the Great, he suffered not a single moment to pass that was not occupied either in prayer, in reading, in writing, or in dictation.

" While occupied with these holy avocations, death, the missionary of the divine, came to seek him. He found him not asleep, like many others, but awake, up, and ready, and conveyed him joyfully to the marriage feast. He carried with him his lamp replenished with oil, his conscience filled with the testimony of a holy life. A mortal sickness seized and reduced him to extremity; he felt

that he had reached the term of his mortal existence, and was about to render up the common tribute. Then, with what fervent pity, what ardent inspiration, did he make the last confession of his sins! with what fervour did he receive the promise of eternal being! with what confidence did he recommend his body and his soul to the tender mercy of the Saviour! Such was the death of Abelard!—And thus has the man who had rendered himself illustrious throughout the world by the miracles of his knowledge, and his lessons, passed, according to my conviction, into the presence of his Creator.

"And you, my sister, loved and venerated in God; you who were united to him in worldly bonds, before you enter on a second union cemented by divine affection; you who have so long devoted yourself to the Lord with him, and by his direction; remember him ever in your prayers, and in your communion with the Saviour. Christ shelters you both in the asylum of his heart; he warms you again in his bosom; and when his day arrives, announced by the voice of the archangel, he will restore Abelard to you, and never more will you be separated."

Religion should have erected a statue to the man who could indite this letter. Never did divine tenderness unite itself with more indulgence to human affection. Never did sanctity evince greater condescension, or virtue soften into more amiable compassion. We observe, with what delicacy of sentiment and expression, he recals, even in death, the image of an eternal marriage, so inseparably wound up with the aspirations of Heloise. The oil of the Samaritan did not penetrate with more healing influence into the wounds of the body, than these words of true piety alleviate the sufferings of the heart.

The friendship of such a man as Peter the Venerable, and the love of such a woman as Heloise, are of themselves sufficient evidences that Abelard deserved better of his age than posterity is willing to believe.

Heloise survived her husband twenty years, a priestess of God, devoted to the worship of a sepulchre in the solitude of the Paraclete. When she felt the near approach of the death she had so long invoked, she directed the sisterhood to place her body by the side of that of her husband, in the same coffin. The love which had united and separated them during life, by so many prodigies of passion and constancy, appeared to signalize their burial by a fresh miracle. At the moment when the coffin of Abelard was opened, to lay within it the body of Heloise, it was said that the arm of the skeleton, compressed for twenty years under the weight of the lid, stretched itself out, opened, and appeared to be reanimated, to receive the spouse restored by heavenly love to an eternal embrace. This credulity of the age, transformed into an actual occurrence, was related by historians, and sung by poets, and consecrated in the imagination of the people the holiness of the re-united pair.

They reposed for 500 years in one of the aisles of the Paraclete, sometimes separated by the scruples of the abbess, and subsequently united again in compliance with the conjugal desire, strongly expressed in life as in death, and which was repeated even from the tomb.

The French Revolution, which scattered to the winds the dust of the kings and princes of the church, respected the remains of these unfortunate lovers. In 1792, the Paraclete having been sold as ecclesiastical property, the town of Nogent removed the tombs, and sheltered

them in the nave of their own church. In 1800, Lucien Bonaparte, a zealous advocate of letters, and collector of ancient relics, instructed a respectable artist, M. Lenoir, to transport the coffin of Abelard and Heloise to the museum of French monuments in Paris. When the lead was opened, the witnesses present declared "that the two bodies had been of elevated stature and beautifully proportioned." "The head of Heloise," according to M. Lenoir, "is of admirable contour, and the rounded forehead expresses still the most perfect beauty. The recumbent statues carved on the tomb have been moulded from these recomposed remains by the imagination of the sculptor. A few years later, the mortuary chapel in which the tomb was enclosed, became the principal ornament of the garden of the museum." The visitors were frequent and numerous. In 1815, the government of the Bourbons, which carefully preserved all sepulchral vestiges, to bring the people back to the ancient worship, was desirous of removing the coffin of Abelard and Heloise to the abbey of St. Denis, a sanctuary to which it no more belonged than the proscribed does to the proscriber. General opinion protested against this burying within a closed church, a monument which all claimed as public property. It was then finally placed in the great necropolis of Paris, the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. There, may be seen the statues of Abelard and Heloise lying side by side, decked with flowers and funereal coronets, perpetually renewed by invisible hands. Succeeding generations appear to claim an eternal relationship with the illustrious departed. The votive offerings proceed from kindred souls, separated by death, persecution, or worldly impediments, from those to whom they are attached on earth,

or mourn in heaven. They thus mysteriously convey their admiration for truth and constancy; and their sympathy with the posthumous union of two hearts, who transposed conjugal tenderness from the senses to the soul, who spiritualized the most ardent and sensual of human passions, and changed love itself into a holocaust, a martyrdom, and a holy sacrifice.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

A.D. 1492.

PROVIDENCE conceals itself in the detail of human affairs, but becomes unveiled in the generalities of history. No sensible person has ever denied, that the great events which mark the history of man, are connected and linked together by an invisible chain. Supported by the almighty hand of the great Creator of worlds, to give them unity of design and plan, how can he be blind who has given sight to the eye? How can he who has endowed his work with thought, be himself without thought?

The ancients gave to this occult, absolute, and irresistible influence of God over human affairs, the name of Destiny, or Fate; the moderns call it Providence, a more intelligent, more religious, and more affectionate name. In studying the history of humanity, it is impossible not to discern the paramount action of Providence concurrent with, and controlling, the free action of man. This general and collective movement is not in any way incompatible with the freedom of will, in which alone depends the morality of individuals and of nations; it seems to.

let them move, act, and go astray, with complete liberty of intention, and of choice of good and evil, in a certain sphere of action, and with a fixed logical sequence of penalties incurred, or rewards deserved, according to the intention, whether vicious, or good; but it reserves to itself the guidance of the great general results of these acts of individuals or nations. It appears to select them, independently of us, for divine ends with which we are unacquainted, and of which it allows us only an indistinct suspicion, when they are almost attained. Good and evil belong to ourselves and are in our power; but Providence uses our vices and our virtues alike, and with the same unfailing wisdom obtains from evil as from good, the accomplishment of its designs respecting humanity. The hidden, but divine instrument of this Providence, when it thinks fit to make use of men to prepare or accomplish a part of its plans, is inspiration. Inspiration is indeed a human mystery, for which it is difficult to find a cause in man himself. It seems to come from a higher and more distant source. Hence has arisen a name, mysterious also, and not well defined in any language,—*genius*. Providence causes a man of genius to be born; genius is a gift, it is not acquired by labour, nor is it even obtained by virtue; it exists, or it exists not, without its possessor being able to explain its nature or how he came to possess it. To this genius, Providence sends an inspiration. Inspiration is to genius, what the magnet is to steel; it attracts it, irrespectively of all knowledge or will, towards something fatal and unknown, as to its pole. Genius follows the inspiration by which it is attracted, and an ideal or an actual world is discovered.

So was it with Christopher Columbus and the discovery of America.

Columbus aspired in thought to the completion of the globe, which appeared to him to want one of its hemispheres. The idea of the earth's geographical unity incited him. This notion was generally prevalent in his time. There seem to be ideas floating in the air, a species of intellectual miasma, which thousands of men, without concert, breathe at once.

Whenever Providence is preparing the world, unknown to itself, for a religious, moral, or political change, this phenomenon may generally be observed—a tendency or progress more or less complete, to the unity of the earth by conquest, language, religious proselytism, navigation, geographical discovery, or the multiplication of the relations of different countries with each other, by the facilitation of intercourse and frequency of contact between those countries, of which easy means of communication, common necessities, and exchanges, make but one people. This tendency to the unity of the earth at certain periods, is one of the most remarkable instances of providential interference that occurs in history.

Thus, when the great oriental civilization of India and Egypt seems effete from age, and God wishes to call Asia and the West to a younger, more active, and more stirring civilization, Alexander starts, without well knowing why, from the valleys of Macedon, taking with him the enthusiasm and the soldiers of Greece; and before the terror and glory of his name, the known world becomes one, from the Indus to the extremes of Europe.

When He wishes to prepare an immense audience for the transforming word of Christianity in the East and in the West, He spreads the language, the dominion, and the arms of Rome and of Cæsar from the shores of the Persian Gulf to the mountains of Scotland, uniting

under one mind and under a common authority, Italy, the two Gauls, Great Britain, Sicily, Greece, Africa, and Asia.

When He desires, some centuries afterwards, to snatch Arabia, Persia, and their dependencies, from barbarism, and to make the resistless doctrine of the Divine Unity prevail over the idolatries or indifference of these remote or corrupt portions of the world, He arms Mahomet with the Koran and the sword: He permits the religion of Islam in two centuries to conquer all the space comprised between the Oxus and the Tagus, Thibet and Lebanon, Atlas and the Taurus. An immense unity of empire is the sure forerunner of unity of thought.

So with Charlemagne in the West, when his universal monarchy, bestriding the Alps, prepares, even in Scythia and Germany, the vast field in which Christian civilization is to receive and baptize the barbarians.

So also with the French Revolution, that reform of the western world by reason, when Napoleon, as enterprising as Alexander, and more blind, marches his victorious armies over the subjugated continent of Europe, constitutes for a moment the great unity of France, and, hoping to found an empire, only succeeds in sowing the seeds of the language, the ideas, and the institutions of the Revolution.

Thus too, in our days,—no longer in the shape of conquest, but under the form of intellectual, commercial, and peaceful communications amongst all the continents and all the nations of the earth,—science becomes the universal conqueror, to the advantage and honour of all. Providence seems now to have charged the genius of industry and of discovery, with the task of preparing for Him the most complete unity of the terrestrial globe

that has ever condensed time, space, and people into a close, compact, and homogeneous mass. Navigation, printing, the discovery of steam—that cheap and irresistible power which propels man, with his armies and his merchandise, as far and as quick as his thoughts; the construction of railroads, which pass through mountain and over valley, bringing all the earth to one level; the discovery of the electric telegraph, which gives to communications between the two hemispheres the rapidity of lightning; the invention of balloons, to which a helm is still wanting, but which will soon render the air a more simple and more universal element of navigation than the ocean: all these nearly contemporary revelations of Providence through the inspiration of the spirit of industry, are means of concentration, drawing the earth as it were together, and instruments of union and assimilation for the human race. These means are so active and so evident, that it is impossible not to perceive in them a new plan of Providence, a new tendency in an unknown direction,—impossible to avoid the conclusion that God meditates for us or for our descendants, some design still hidden to our narrow sight; a design for which He is taking measures, by causing the world to advance to the most powerful of unities, the unity of thought, which announces some great unity of action in the future.

In like manner was the spirit of the fifteenth century prepared for some great human or divine manifestation, when the illustrious man, whose history we are about to relate, was born. Something was expected; for the human mind has its forebodings, the vague presages of approaching events.

In the spring of the year 1471, at mid-day, beneath

the burning sun that scorched the roads of Andalusia, on a hill about half a league from the little seaport of Palos, two strangers, travelling on foot, their shoes almost worn out with walking, their dress, which still retained the marks of gentility, soiled with dust; and their foreheads streaming with perspiration, stopped to sit down beneath the shade of the outer porch of a little convent called Santa Maria de Rabida. Their appearance and fatigue were a sufficient prayer for hospitality. The Franciscan convents were at that period the hostelries for all pedestrians whose poverty prevented their seeking another refuge. These two strangers attracted the attention of the monks.

One was a man who had scarcely reached the prime of life, tall in stature, powerfully built, of majestic gait, with a noble forehead, open countenance, thoughtful look, and pleasing and elegant mouth. His hair, in his youth of a light auburn, was sprinkled here and there about the temples with the white streaks prematurely traced by misfortune and mental anxiety. His forehead was high; his complexion, once rosy, had been made pale by study, and bronzed by sun and sea. The tone of his voice was deep and sonorous, powerful and impressive, as that of a man accustomed to utter profound reflections. There was nothing of levity or thoughtlessness in his behaviour: everything was grave and deliberate, even in his slightest movement: he seemed to have a modest self-respect, and to retain habitually the controlled demeanour of a pious worshipper, as though he always felt himself to be in the presence of God.

The other was a child of eight or ten years old. His features, more feminine, but already matured by the fatigues of life, bore so strong a resemblance to

those of the other stranger, that it was impossible to avoid taking him for a son or a brother of the elder man.

The two strangers were Christopher Columbus and his son Diego. The monks, interested and moved at the sight of the noble countenance of the father and the elegance of the child, in such strong contrast with the poverty of their condition, invited them into the monastery to partake of the shelter, the food, and the rest, always accorded to wayfarers. While Columbus and his child were refreshing and recruiting their strength with the water, bread, and olives, supplied by their hosts, the monks went to inform the prior of the arrival of the two guests, and of the singular interest inspired by their noble appearance, so little in accordance with their poverty. The prior came down to converse with them.

The superior of this convent of La Rabida was Juan Perez de la Marchenna, formerly confessor to Queen Isabella, who then reigned over Spain with Ferdinand. A man of piety, of science, and of thought, he had preferred the retirement of the cloister to the honours and intrigues of the Court; but this very retirement had secured him great respect in the palace, and great influence over the mind of the Queen. Providence, rather than chance, appeared to have directed the steps of Columbus, as if it had intended to open to him, by a safe, though unseen hand, the readiest approaches to the ear, the mind, and the heart of the sovereigns.

The prior saluted the stranger, caressed the child, and kindly inquired into the circumstances which obliged them to travel on foot through the by-roads of Spain, and to seek the humble roof of a poor and lonely monastery. Columbus related his obscure life, and unfolded

his stirring thoughts to the attentive monk. This life, these thoughts, were but an expectation and a foreboding. This has since been learnt of them.

Christopher Columbus was the eldest son of a Genoese wool-carder, a business now low, but then respectable, and almost noble. In the manufacturing and commercial republics of Italy, the operatives, proud of their discoveries and inventions, formed guilds, which were ennobled by their arts, and influential in the state. Christopher was born in 1436. He had two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, whom he afterwards sent for, to share his labours, his fame, and his adversity. He had also a sister, younger than her brothers. She married a Genoese artizan, and obscurity long sheltered her from the glory and misfortunes of her kindred.

Our tastes depend on the first views which nature presents to our eyes in the places of our birth, especially when these views are majestic and infinite, like mountains, sea, and sky. Our imagination is but the echo and reflection of the scenes which have originally struck us. The first looks of Columbus, while an infant, were upon the heavens and the sea of Genoa Astronomy and navigation soon directed his thoughts to the spaces thus spread before his eyes. He peopled them in his imagination, before he filled their charts with continents and islands. Contemplative, taciturn, and from his earliest years disposed to piety, his genius carried him, while yet a child, far and high through space, not only to vaster discoveries, but to more fervent worship. What, in the divine works, he sought beyond all things, was God himself.

His father, a man of liberal mind, and wealthy in his trade, did not attempt to oppose the studious bent of his son's inclinations. He sent him to Pavia, to study

geometry, geography, astronomy, astrology (an imaginary science of that day), and navigation. His powers soon overstepped the limits of those sciences, in their then incomplete state. He was one of those that always pass beyond the boundary at which the common run of people stop, and cry "Enough." At fourteen years of age he knew all that was taught in the schools, and he returned to his family at Genoa. His mind could not brook the sedentary and unintellectual confinement of his father's business. He sailed for several years in trading vessels and ships of war, and in the adventurous expeditions which the great houses of Genoa launched on the Mediterranean, to contest its waves and its ports with the Spaniard, the Arab, and the Moor; a sort of perpetual crusade, in which trade, war, and religion, made these fleets of the Italian republics, schools of commerce, of wealth, of heroism, and of devotion. At once a sailor, a philosopher, and a soldier, he embarked in one of the vessels which his country lent the Duke of Anjou when he went to conquer Naples, in the fleet which the King of Naples sent to attack Tunis, and the squadrons despatched by Genoa against Spain. He even rose, it is said, to the command of some of the obscure naval expeditions of the city. But history loses sight of him in this, his early career. His destiny was not there; he felt himself trammelled in the narrow seas, and amidst those small events. His thoughts were vaster than his country. He meditated a conquest for the human race, not for the little republic of Liguria.

During the intervals between his expeditions, Christopher Columbus found means of satisfying, by the study of his art, his fondness for geography and navigation, and of increasing his humble fortune. He drew, engraved, and sold nautical charts; and this business

afforded him a scanty livelihood. He looked to it less with a view to gain than to the progress of science. His mind and his feelings, always fixed on the sea and stars, secretly pursued an object known but to himself.

A shipwreck, caused by his vessel taking fire in the roads of Lisbon, after a naval engagement, obliged him to remain in Portugal. He threw himself into the water to escape the fire; and, supporting himself by an oar with one hand, and swimming with the other, he reached the shore. Portugal, then completely occupied with the passion for maritime discovery, was a field suited to his inclinations. He hoped to find in it opportunities and means of sailing where he pleased over the ocean: he only found the unpleasing sedentary labour of the geographer, obscurity and love. As he went each day to attend the religious services in the church of a convent at Lisbon, he became fondly attached to a young recluse, whose beauty had struck him. She was the daughter of an Italian nobleman in the service of Portugal. Her father had confided her to the care of the sisters of this convent before starting on a distant naval expedition. Her name was Filippa da Palestrello. Attracted on her part by the thoughtful and majestic beauty of the young stranger, whom she saw regularly attending divine service in the church, she felt the same passion she had inspired. Both without relations and without fortune, in a foreign land, there was nothing to interfere with their mutual attachment; and they married, relying on Providence and on labour, the only wealth of Filippa and her husband. In order to support himself, with his wife and mother-in-law, he continued the business of making his maps and globes, which were much sought after, on account of their accuracy, by the Portuguese mariners. The papers of his father-in-law, which his wife handed over to him,

and his correspondence with Toscanelli, the famous Florentine navigator, gave him, it is said, precise information about the distant seas of India, as well as the means of rectifying the then confused or fabulous elements of navigation. He was entirely absorbed in his domestic happiness and geographical studies, when his wife gave birth to a son, whom he called Diego, after his brother's name. His intimate associates were only mariners either returned from distant expeditions, or dreaming of unknown lands, and unbeaten paths, in the ocean. His warehouse of charts and globes was a source of ideas, conjectures, and projects, which kept his imagination always fixed on the unsolved problems of the world. His wife, the child and sister of seamen, shared his enthusiasm. While turning his globes under his hand, or dotting his charts with islands and continents, his attention had been seized by the immense void space in the middle of the Atlantic. On that side, the earth seemed to want the counterpoise of a continent. The imaginations of navigators were excited by vague, wondrous, and terrible rumours, of shores indistinctly seen from the mountains of the Azores—said by some to be floating, and by others fixed, appearing at intervals in clear weather—but disappearing or seeming to retire when any venturous pilot endeavoured to approach them. A Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, then regarded as an inventor of fables, and whose veracity time has since shown, related to the West the wonders of the deserts, the states, and the civilization of Tartary, which was then supposed to extend to the longitudes in reality occupied by the Americas. Columbus himself expected to find, on the other side of the Atlantic, those countries of gold, pearls, and myrrh, from which Solomon drew his wealth —the Ophir of the Bible, since veiled by the clouds of

distance and credulity. It was not a new continent, but a lost continent, that he sought. The pursuit of a falsehood was leading him to truth.

His calculations, founded on Ptolemy and the Arabian geographers, led him to suppose that the earth was a globe which it was possible to journey round. He considered this globe less by some thousands of miles than it really is. He therefore concluded that the extent of sea to be passed before reaching these unknown countries of India was less than navigators usually thought. The existence of these lands seemed to be confirmed by the singular testimony of the pilots who had sailed the farthest beyond the Azores. Some had seen, floating on the waves, branches of trees unknown in the West; others, pieces of wood carved, but not with steel tools; others, huge pines hollowed into canoes of a single log capable of carrying eighty rowers; others, gigantic reeds; others, again, had seen corpses of white or copper-coloured men, whose features did not at all resemble the races of western Europe, of Asia, or of Africa.

All these indications, floating from time to time in the ocean, after storms, combined with the vague instinct which always precedes events, even as the shadow goes before one who has the sun at his back, appeared as marvels to the ignorant, but were regarded by Columbus as proofs that other lands existed beyond those engraved by geographers on their maps of the world. He was, however, convinced that these lands were only the prolongation of Asia, which would thus occupy more than a third of the circumference of the globe. This circumference being then unknown to philosophers and geometricians, the extent of the ocean which would have to be crossed in order to reach this imaginary Asia, was

left entirely to conjecture. Some thought it incommensurable; others considered it a species of deep and boundless ether, in which navigators might lose themselves, as aëronauts do now in the wastes of the atmosphere. The greater number, ignorant of the laws of gravity, and of the attraction which draws all things towards the centre, and yet nevertheless admitting the roundness of the globe, thought that vessels and men, if they could ever reach the antipodes, would start away from the earth and fall eternally through the abysses of infinite space. The laws which govern the level and movement of the ocean were alike unknown to them. They considered the sea—beyond a certain horizon bounded by isles already known—as a liquid chaos whose huge waves rose into inaccessible mountains, leaving between them bottomless abysses, into which they rolled down from above in irresistible cataracts, which would swallow any vessels daring enough to brave them. The more learned, while they admitted the laws of gravity and of a certain level in the liquid spaces, thought that the spherical form of the earth would give the ocean a slope towards the antipodes, might carry vessels onwards to nameless shores, but would not allow them to return up this slope to Europe. From these divers prejudices concerning the nature, form, extent, ascents and descents, of the ocean, there resulted a general and mysterious dread, on which only enterprising minds would speculate in thought, and which none but superhuman boldness would venture to brave in ships. It would be a struggle between the mind of man and the illimitable sea; to attempt this, seemed to demand more than a mortal.

The unconquerable predilection of the poor geographer for this enterprise was the real cause that detained

Columbus so many years in Lisbon, the country of his thoughts. It was during the time that Portugal, governed by John the Second—an enlightened and enterprising prince, and imbued with the spirit of colonisation, commerce, and adventure—was making incessant attempts to connect Asia with Europe by sea, and when Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese colonist, was on the point of discovering the Cape of Good Hope. Columbus, convinced that he should find a more open and direct road by dashing straightforward to the West, obtained, after repeated solicitations, an audience of the King, to whom he explained his plans of discovery, and applied for the means of accomplishing them, to the advantage and honour of his states. The King listened to him with interest; he did not think the stranger's faith in his hopes sufficiently devoid of foundation to be classed as chimerical. Columbus, besides natural eloquence, possessed the eloquence of earnest conviction. He induced the King to appoint a council composed of learned men and politicians, to examine the proposals of the Genoese navigator, and report upon the probability of its success. This council, consisting of the King's confessor and of some geographers who enjoyed all the more credit in the King's court from falling in with common prejudices, declared the ideas of Columbus to be chimerical, and contrary to all the laws of nature and of religion.

A second board of examiners, to whom Columbus appealed by the King's permission, confirmed the previous decision. Nevertheless, with a perfidy to which the King was no party, they communicated the plans of Columbus to a pilot, and secretly sent a vessel to try the passage to Asia which he pointed out. This vessel, after cruising about for some days beyond the Azores, came back, with its crew frightened by the immensity of the

void abyss, and confirmed the council in their contempt for the conjectures of Columbus.

Pending these fruitless solicitations at the Portuguese Court, the unfortunate Columbus had lost his wife, the love of his heart, and the consolation and encouragement of his thoughts. His fortune, neglected for these expectations of discovery, was ruined; his creditors seized the produce of his labour, even to his maps and globes, and actually threatened his liberty. Many years had thus been lost in expectation: his age was increasing, his child growing, and the extreme of misery was his only prospect, in place of the New World which he contemplated. He escaped by night from Lisbon, on foot, without any resources for his journey but chance hospitality; and sometimes leading his son Diego by the hand, sometimes carrying him on his stalwart shoulders, he entered Spain, with the determination of offering to Ferdinand and Isabella, who then governed it, the continent or the empire which Portugal had refused.

It was during this tedious pilgrimage to the shifting quarters of the Spanish court, that he reached the gate of the convent of La Rabida, near Palos. He intended first to go to the little town of Huerta, in Andalusia, in which there lived a brother of his wife, with whom he was going to leave his son Diego; and then he would set forth alone to encounter delays, risks, and perhaps unbelief, at the court of Isabella and Ferdinand.

It has been said that, before going to Spain, he had thought it right, as an Italian, and a Genoese, to offer his discovery to Genoa, his country, first; and that he then offered it to the Venetian Senate; but that these two republics, occupied with ambitious projects and rivalries nearer home, had met his repeated applications with cold refusals.

The prior of the monastery of La Rabida was better versed in the sciences relating to his profession than was usual for a man of his class. His convent, within sight of the sea, and near the little port of Palos, then one of the busiest in Andalusia, had thrown the monk into habitual contact with the mariners and armourers of this little town, which was completely dependent on the sea. During his residence in the capital, and at court, he had occupied himself with the study of the natural sciences, and of the problems which were then of interest. He first felt pity, and his daily conversations with Columbus soon produced enthusiasm and confidence, for a man who appeared so superior to his condition. He saw in him one of those sent by God, but thrust from the gates of cities and princes to whom their poverty brings the invisible treasures of truth. Religion understood genius—a species of revelation which, like the other, requires its believers. He felt disposed to be amongst those trusting few, who share in the revelations of genius, not by inventive talent, but by faith. Providence almost always sends to superior men one of these believers, to prevent their being discouraged by the incredulity, the harshness, or the persecutions, of the multitude. They exhibit friendship in its noblest form. They are the friends of disowned truth, believers in the impossible future.

Juan Perez felt himself predestined by Heaven, from the depth of his solitude, to introduce Columbus to the favour of Isabella, and to preach his great design to the world. What he loved in Columbus was not only the design, but the man himself; the beauty, energy, courage, modesty, gravity, eloquence, piety, virtue, softness, grace, patience, and misfortune nobly borne, revealing in this stranger a disposition marked with innumerable perfections by that divine stamp which

prevents our forgetting, and compels us to admire a truly great man. After his first conversation, the stranger won over, not only the opinion, but also the heart of the monk; and, what was more strange, he never lost it. Columbus had gained a friend.

Juan Perez persuaded Columbus to accept, for some days, a refuge, or at least a resting-place for himself and his child, in the poor convent. During this short stay, the prior communicated to some of his friends and neighbours of Palos, the arrival and the adventures of his guest. He begged them to come to the convent to converse with the stranger upon his conjectures, his intentions, and his plans, in order to see how his theories agreed with the practical views of the seamen of Palos. An eminent man, and friend of the prior, the physician Fernandez, and a skilful pilot, Pedro de Velasco, spent, at his invitation, several evenings in the convent; listened to Columbus, felt their eyes opened by his conversation; entered into his plans with all the warmth of earnest minds and simple hearts; and formed that first conclave, in which every new faith is hatched with the cognizance of a few proselytes, under the shadow of intimacy, solitude, and mystery. Every great truth begins as a secret amongst friends, before bursting forth brilliantly to the world. The first adherents won over to his belief by Columbus, in the cell of a poor monk, were perhaps dearer to him than the applause and enthusiasm of all Spain, when success had confirmed his predictions. The first believed on the faith of his word, the others only on seeing his discoveries ascertained.

The monk, confirmed in his opinion, and having tested his impressions by the science of the physician Fernandez, and the experience of the pilot Velasco, was more than ever charmed with his guest. He persuaded Colum-

bus to leave the child in his care at the convent, to go to court to offer the discovery of the New World to Ferdinand and Isabella, and to ask those Sovereigns for the assistance necessary to carry out his plans. Chance made the poor monk a powerful patron and intercessor at the Spanish court. He had lived there long, had governed the conscience of Isabella, and, when his taste for retirement induced him to withdraw from the palace, he had kept up friendly relations with the new confessor whom he recommended to the Queen. The confessor, at that time keeper of the Sovereign's conscience, was Fernando de Talavera, superior of the monastery of the Prado, a man of merit, reputation, and virtue, to whom all the doors in the palace were open. Juan Perez gave Columbus a strong letter of recommendation to Fernando de Talavera, and furnished him with the equipment necessary to appear decently at court,—a mule, a guide, and a purse of zecchins. Then, embracing him at the gates of the monastery, he recommended him and his designs to the care of the God who inspires, and the chances which favour great ideas.

Full of gratitude for the first generous friend, whose eyes and heart never quitted him, and to whom he always ascribed the origin of his good fortune, Columbus set out for Cordova, where the court then resided. He went with that confidence of success which is the illusion of genius, but also its source of fortune. It was not long before this illusion was to be dispelled, and the star to be overshadowed. The moment seemed badly chosen for the Genoese adventurer to offer a new world to the crown of Spain. Far from dreaming of conquering questionable possessions beyond unknown seas, Ferdinand and Isabella were occupied with the recovery of their own kingdom from the Moors in Spain. These

Moslem conquerors of the Peninsula, after a long and prosperous occupation, saw snatched away from them, one by one, the towns and provinces which they had made their country. Vanquished everywhere despite their exploits, all that they now possessed were the mountains and valley surrounding Granada, the capital and the wonder of their empire. Ferdinand and Isabella employed all their power, all their efforts, and all the resources of their united kingdoms, to wrest from the Moors this citadel of Spain. United by a marriage of policy, by mutual affection, and by a glory shared by both alike, one had brought the kingdom of Arragon, and the other the crown of Castile to their double throne. But although the King and Queen had thus united their separate provinces into one country, each still retained a distinct and independent dominion over their hereditary kingdom. They had each a council and ministers, for the separate interests of their own subjects. These councils were only fused into one government on questions of common importance to the two states and the two sovereigns.

Nature seems to have endowed them with beauty, qualities, and excellencies of mind and body, different, but nearly equal; as if one was intended to supply what was wanting to the other for the conquests, the civilization, and prosperity, which were in store for them.

Ferdinand, a little older than Isabella, was a skilful warrior, and a consummate politician. Before the age when sad experience is teaching others to understand men, he could see through them. His only defect was a certain coldness and suspicion, arising from mistrust, and closing the heart to enthusiasm and magnanimity.

But these two virtues, in which he was to some

extent wanting, were supplied to his councils by the tenderness and genius of the full-hearted Isabella. Young, beautiful, admired by all, adored by him, well educated, pious without superstition, eloquent, full of enthusiasm for great achievements, of admiration for great men, of faith in great ideas, she stamped on the mind and policy of Ferdinand the heroism which springs from the heart, and the love of the marvellous which arises from the imagination. She inspired—he executed. The one found her reward in the fame of her husband; the other, his glory in the affection of his wife. This double reign, destined to become of almost fabulous import in the annals of Spain, only awaited, in order to immortalize itself amongst all reigns, the arrival of the destitute foreigner who came to beg admittance within the palace of Cordova, with the letter of a poor friar in his hand.

This letter, read with prejudice and unbelief by the Queen's confessor, opened to Columbus a long vista of delay, exclusion, and discouragement. It is only in solitude and leisure that men give audience to bold ideas. Amidst the tumult of business and of courts, they have neither the kindness nor the time. Columbus was driven off from every door, as the historian Oviedo, his contemporary, relates, "because he was a foreigner, because he was poorly clad, and because he brought the courtiers and ministers no other recommendation than a letter from a Franciscan monk, long since forgotten at the court."

The King and Queen did not even hear of him. Isabella's confessor, either from indifference or contempt, completely belied the expectations Juan Perez had founded upon him. Columbus, with the obstinacy that arises from certainty biding its time, stayed at Cordova, to be near enough to watch for a favourable

moment. After exhausting the scanty purse of his friend, the prior of La Rabida, he earned a slender livelihood by his trade in globes and maps, thus trifling with the images of the world which he was destined to conquer. His hard and patient life during many years, is but a tale of misery, labour, and blighted hope. Young in heart, however, and affectionate, he loved, and was beloved, in those years of trial; for a second son, Fernando, was about this time the offspring of a mysterious attachment, never sanctified by marriage, and of which he records the fact and the repentance in touching language in his will. He brought up this natural son with as much tenderness as his other son Diego.

His external grace and dignity, however, showed themselves, despite his humble profession. The distinguished characters with whom his scientific trade occasionally brought him into contact, received of his person and conversation an impression of astonishment and attraction—the magnetic influence of a great mind in a lowly condition. His trade and conversation by degrees gained him friends in Cordova, and even at court. Amongst the friends whose names history has preserved, as associated by gratitude to the New World, are those of Alonzo de Quintanilla, high-treasurer of Isabella; Geraldini, the tutor of the young princes, her children; Antonio Geraldini, papal nuncio at Ferdinand's court; and lastly Mendoza, Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, who enjoyed such royal favour, that he was called the third king in Spain.

The Archbishop of Toledo—at first alarmed at these geographical novelties, which seemed, from a mistaken idea, to clash with the notions of celestial mechanics contained in the Bible—was soon quieted by the sincere and exalted piety of Columbus. He ceased to fear

blasphemy in ideas which increase the proofs of the wisdom and greatness of God. Persuaded by the system, and delighted with the man, he obtained from his Sovereigns an audience for his protégé. After two years' expectation, Columbus appeared at this audience with the modesty becoming a poor foreigner, but yet with the confidence of a tributary who is bringing his masters more than they can give him in return. "Thinking on what I was," he himself afterwards remarks, "I was overwhelmed with humility; but, thinking of what I brought, I felt myself on an equality with the two Crowns; I perceived that I was no longer my humble self, but the instrument of God, chosen and marked out for the accomplishment of a great design."

Ferdinand listened to Columbus with attention, Isabella with enthusiasm. From his first look and his first tones, she felt for this messenger of God an admiration amounting to fanaticism—an attraction which partook of affection. Nature had given to Columbus the personal recommendations which fascinate the eye, as well as the eloquence which persuades the mind. It might have been supposed that he was destined to have for his first apostle a queen; and that the truth with which he was to enrich his age, was to be first received and fostered in the heart of a woman. Isabella was that woman. Her constancy in favour of Columbus never wavered before the indifference of her court, before his enemies, or his reverses. She believed in him from the day she first saw him: she was his proselyte on the throne, and his friend even to the grave.

Ferdinand, after hearing Columbus, appointed a council of examination at Salamanca, under the presidency of Fernando de Talavera, prior of the Prado. This council consisted of the men the most versed in

divine and human knowledge in the two kingdoms. It assembled in this the literary capital of Spain, in the Dominican convent in which Columbus was received as a guest. At that time priests and monks managed everything in Spain. Civilization was of the sanctuary. Kings were only concerned with acts: ideas belonged to the priest. The inquisition — a sacerdotal police — watched, reached, and struck all that savoured of heresy, even at the foot of the throne.

To this council the King had added the professors of astronomy, of geography, of mathematics, and of all the sciences taught at Salamanca. The audience did not alarm Columbus. He expected to be tried by his peers, but he was only tried by his despisers. The first time he appeared in the great hall of the convent, the monks and so-called wise men, convinced beforehand that all theories surpassing their ignorance or their routine were but the dreams of a diseased or arrogant mind, saw in this obscure foreigner only an adventurer seeking his fortune by these chimeras. None deigned to listen to him, save two or three friars of the convent of St. Stephen of Salamanca, obscure monks without any influence, who devoted themselves in their cells to studies despised by the superior clergy. The other examiners of Columbus puzzled him by quotations from the Bible, the prophets, the psalms, the Gospels, and the fathers of the Church; who demolished by anticipation, and by indisputable texts, the theory of the globe, and the absurd and impious idea of antipodes. Amongst others, Lactantius had expressed himself deliberately on this subject in a passage which was cited to Columbus: "Can anything be more absurd," Lactantius writes, "than to believe in the existence of antipodes having their feet opposed to ours—men who walk with their feet

in the air and their heads down, in a part of the world where everything is topsy-turvy—the trees growing with their roots in the air, and their branches in the earth?" St. Augustine had gone further, branding with impiety the mere belief in antipodes: "For," he said, "it would involve the supposition of nations not descended from Adam. Now, the Bible says, that all men are descended from one and the same father." Other doctors, taking a poetical metaphor for a system of cosmogony, quoted to the geographer the verse of the psalm in which it is said that God spread the sky above the earth as a tent —from which it followed, they said, that the earth was flat.

In vain Columbus replied to his examiners with a piety which did not clash with nature; in vain, following them respectfully into the province of theology, he proved himself more religious and more orthodox than they, because more intelligent and more reverent of the works of God. His eloquence, enhanced by truth, lost all its power and brilliancy amidst the wilful darkness of their obstinate ignorance. A few monks only appeared either doubtful or convinced that Columbus was right. Diego de Deza, a Dominican friar—a man beyond his age, and who afterwards became Archbishop of Toledo—ventured boldly to oppose the prejudices of the council, and to give the weight of his word and his influence to Columbus. Even this unexpected assistance could not overcome the indifference or obstinacy of the examiners. The conferences were many, without coming to a definite conclusion. They still lingered and avoided truth by delay, the last refuge of error. They were interrupted by a fresh contest of Ferdinand and Isabella with the Moors of Granada. Columbus—sorrowful, despised, put off, and dismissed, encouraged only by the favour of

Isabella and the conversion of Diego de Deza to his views—followed in miserable plight the Court and the army, from camp to camp, and from town to town, waiting in vain for an hour's attention, which the din of war prevented him from receiving. The Queen, however, as faithful to him in her secret favour as fortune was cruel, continued to hope well of, and to protect, this disowned genius. She had a house or a tent reserved for Columbus wherever the Court stopped. Her treasurer was instructed to provide for the learned foreigner—not as for an undesired guest who demands hospitality, but as a distinguished stranger, who honours the kingdom by his presence, and whom the Sovereigns wish to retain in their service.

Thus passed several years, in the course of which the Kings of Portugal, England, and France, hearing through their ambassadors of this strange man who promised monarchs a new world, made overtures to Columbus to enter into their service. The deep gratitude he owed to Isabella, and his love for Donna Beatrice Enriquez of Cordova, already the mother of his second son, Fernando, made him reject these offers, and remain a follower of the Court. He reserved to the young Queen an empire in return for her kindness to him. He was present at the siege and conquest of Granada. He saw Boabdil give up to Ferdinand and Isabella the keys of his capital, the palace of the Abencerrages, and the domes of the Alhambra. He took part in the procession which escorted the Spanish Sovereigns in their triumphal entry into this last refuge of Islam. He was already looking beyond the ramparts and vega of Granada to fresh conquests, and other triumphal entries into vaster territories. Compared with the greatness of his ideas, everything seemed small.

The peace which followed this conquest, in 1492, caused a second assembly of examiners of his plans at Seville to give their advice to the Crown. This advice, long opposed, as at Salamanca, by Diego de Deza, was to reject the offer of the Genoese adventurer, if not as impious, at least as chimerical, and as compromising the dignity of the Spanish Crown, which could not undertake an enterprise on such slender prospects. Ferdinand however, influenced by Isabella, in communicating this decision of the Council, softened its harshness, and gave him to understand that as soon as he was in quiet possession of Spain by the complete expulsion of the Moors, the Court would assist him with money and ships in this expedition of discovery and conquest for which he had pressed for so many years.

While waiting, without too sanguine hopes, the ever delayed accomplishment of the King's promises, and the sincere wishes of Isabella, Columbus tried to persuade two great Spanish nobles, the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, and Medina Celi, to carry out this enterprise at their own expense. Each possessed ports and ships on the Spanish coast. They first smiled at these prospects of glory and maritime possessions for their own families, and then abandoned them through incredulity or indifference. Envy preyed on Columbus, even before he had earned it by success: it persecuted him by anticipation and by instinct, even through his hopes; it contested with him even what it termed his follies. He again, with tears, gave up his endeavours. The unwillingness of the ministers to listen to him, the obstinacy of the priests in opposing his ideas as a scientific impiety, the vain promises and eternal delays of the Court, threw him, after six years' trial, into such discouragement, that he finally gave up all idea of again soliciting the govern-

ment of Spain, and resolved to go and offer his undiscovered empire to the King of France, from whom he had already received overtures.

Ruined in fortune, disappointed in hope, worn out by delay, and heart-broken at the necessity of quitting Donna Beatrice, he again set out on foot from Cordova, without any views for the future, except to seek out his faithful friend, the prior Juan Percz, in the convent of Rabida. He intended to fetch his son Diego, whom he had left there, to bring him back to Cordova, and to place him, before leaving for France, under the care of Donna Beatrice, the mother of his natural son Fernando. The brothers, thus brought up together by the care of one woman, would love each other with a fraternal affection, the only inheritance he had to leave them.

Tears flowed from the eyes of the prior Juan Perez, at seeing his friend coming on foot, more miserably clad than at first, to knock at the gate of the convent, sufficiently attesting, by the shabbiness of his clothes and the sadness of his face, the incredulity of men and the ruin of his hopes. But Providence had again hidden the key of Columbus's fortune in the bosom of friendship. The poor friar's faith in the truth and future discoveries of his protégé, instead of discouraging, made him bear up against it, with a kindly indignation at his disappointment. He embraced his guest, condoled and wept with him; but soon, recalling all his energy and resolution, sent to Palos for the physician Fernandez, his old confidant in the mysterious projects of Columbus, Alonzo Pinzon, a rich seaman of that port, and Sebastian Rodriguez, a skilful pilot of Lepi. The ideas of Columbus, again unfolded before this little conclave of friends, raised the fanaticism of his audience still higher than before. They begged of him to stay and try his fortune again,

and to reserve for Spain, though unbelieving and ungrateful, the glory of an enterprise unrivalled in history. Pinzon promised to assist with his wealth and his vessels, the equipment of this memorable flotilla, as soon as the Government should consent to sanction it. Juan Perez wrote, not now to the confessor, but to the Queen herself, to interest her conscience as much as her glory in an enterprise which would convert whole nations from idolatry to religion. He spoke in the name of heaven and of earth: he drew warmth and persuasion from his desire for the greatness of his country and from his personal friendship. Columbus, thoroughly discouraged, refusing to take this letter to a Court of which he had so long experienced the delays and neglect, the pilot Rodriguez undertook to carry it himself to Granada, where the Court then resided. He set out, followed by the vows and prayers of the convent, and of the friends of Columbus at Palos. The fourteenth day after his departure, he came back in triumph to the monastery. The Queen had read the letter of Juan Perez, and while reading it, all her prepossessions in favour of the Genoese mariner had returned. She sent for the venerable prior to come instantly to her Court, and desired Columbus to await, at the convent of La Rabida, the return of the monk and the decision of the Council.

Juan Perez, delighted with his friend's good fortune, saddled his mule without losing an hour, and set out by night, alone, to cross a country infested with Moors. He felt that in him Heaven protected the great design which he held in trust for his friend. He arrived: the gates of the palace were opened to him; he saw the Queen, and aroused in her, by the strength of his own conviction, the faith and zeal which she herself felt for this great work. The Marchioness of Maya, Isabella's favourite, interested

herself from enthusiasm and pity in the holy friar's protégé. The hearts of two women, involved by the eloquence of a monk in the projects of an adventurer, triumphed over the opposition of the Court. Isabella sent Columbus a sum of money from her private treasury to purchase a mule and clothes, and directed him to come at once to Court. Juan Perez remained with her, to support his friend by his exertions and influence, and forwarded the news and the pecuniary succours to Rabida by a messenger, who gave the letter and the money to the physician, Fernandez of Palos, to be handed over to Columbus.

Having bought a mule and hired a servant, Columbus went to Granada, and was admitted to discuss his plans and requirements with the ministers of Ferdinand. "Then was seen," says an eye-witness, "an obscure and unknown follower of the Court, classed by the ministers of the two Crowns amongst the troublesome applicants, feeding his imagination in the corners of the ante-chambers with the magnificent project of discovering a new world; grave, melancholy, and depressed amidst the public rejoicing, he seemed to look with indifference upon the completion of the conquest of Granada, which filled with pride a nation and two courts. This man was Christopher Columbus!"

This time, the obstacles were raised by Columbus. Certain of the Continent which he offered Spain, he wished, even out of respect to the greatness of the gift he was about to make to the world and to his sovereigns, to obtain for himself and his descendants conditions worthy, not of his position, but of his work. If he had been wanting in proper pride, he would have thought himself wanting in faith in God and the worthiness of his mission. Poor, unsupported, and dismissed, he

treated of possessions which he as yet only saw in thought, as if he had been a monarch. "A beggar," said Fernandez de Talavera, president of the Council, "stipulates with kings for royal conditions." He demanded the title and privileges of admiral, the rank and power of viceroy over all the lands which his discoveries might annex to Spain, and the perpetuity of the title, for himself and his descendants, with all the revenues of these possessions. "Singular demands for an adventurer," said his enemies in the Council: "they secure to him beforehand the command of a fleet, and, if he succeeds, an unlimited viceroyalty, while he undertakes nothing in case of failure, because, in his present poverty, he has nothing to lose."

These requirements at first excited astonishment, and at last indignation: he was offered conditions less burthensome to the Crown. Notwithstanding his indigence and his misery, he refused all. Wearied, but not overcome, by eighteen years of expectation from the day that he had conceived his idea and offered it in vain to the Christian powers, he would have blushed to abate one jot of his price for the gift that God had given him. He respectfully retired from the conference with Ferdinand's commissioners, and mounting his mule, the gift of the Queen, alone and unprovided, he took the road to Cordova, to proceed from thence to France.

Isabella, hearing of her protégé's departure, seemed to have a presentiment that these great prospects were deserting her with this man of destiny. She was indignant at the commissioners, who, she said, were haggling with God for the price of an empire, and especially of millions of souls whom their fault would leave to idolatry. The Marchioness of Maya, and Quintanilla, Isabella's treasurer, shared and encouraged these feelings. The

King, cooler and more calculating, hesitated: the expense of the undertaking, and an empty treasury, made him hold back. "Well!" said Isabella, in a transport of generous enthusiasm, "I will undertake the enterprise alone, for my own crown of Castille. I will pawn my diamonds and jewels to meet the expenses of the expedition."

This womanly burst of feeling triumphed over the King's economy, and, by a nobler estimate, acquired incalculable treasures in wealth and territory to the two kingdoms. Disinterestedness, inspired by enthusiasm, is the true economy of great minds, and the true wisdom of great politicians.

The steps of the fugitive were followed. The Queen's messenger overtook him a few leagues from Granada on the bridge of Pinos, in the famous defile where the Moors and Christians had so often mixed their blood in the torrent which separates the two races. Columbus, much moved, returned to the feet of Isabella. Her tears obtained from Ferdinand the ratification of his conditions. While serving the hopeless cause of this great man, she thought she was serving the cause of God himself, unknown to that part of the human race, which he was to bring over to the faith. She thought of the kingdom of heaven in the possessions which her favourite was to acquire for the empire. Ferdinand only saw the earthly kingdom. The champion of Christendom in Spain, and conqueror of the Moors, as many of the faithful as he brought over to the faith of Rome, so many subjects had the Pope added to his rule. The millions of men whom he was to rally round the Cross by the discoveries of this stranger, had been by anticipation given over to his exclusive dominion by the Court of Rome. Every one, who was not a Christian, was in its

eyes a slave as of right. Every portion of the human race, not stamped with the seal of Christianity, stood without the pale of humanity. It gave or exchanged them away in the name of its spiritual supremacy on earth and in heaven. Ferdinand was sufficiently credulous, and, at the same time, sufficiently cunning, to accept them.

The treaty between Ferdinand and Isabella, and this poor Genoese adventurer who had arrived in their capital on foot some years before, and had no other refuge than the hospitality of the convent porch, was signed in the plain of Granada, on the 17th of April, 1492. Isabella took upon herself, on behalf of her kingdom of Castile, all the expenses of the expedition. It was right that she, who had first believed in the enterprise, should encounter the greatest risk; and it was also right that the glory and honour of success should be attached to her name rather than to any other. The little haven of Palos in Andalusia was assigned to Columbus as the place of equipment for his expedition, and the port from which his squadron was to sail. The idea conceived at the convent of La Rabida, near Palos, by Juan Perez and his friends, in their first interview with Columbus, thus returned to the place of its birth. The prior of the convent was to take charge of the arrangements, and to see from his retreat the first sails of his friend spread for that new world which they had both beheld with the eye of genius and of faith.

Numberless unforeseen impediments, to all appearance insurmountable, now crossed the favours of Isabella, and the fulfilment of Ferdinand's promises. The royal treasury was short of money. Vessels were leaving the Spanish ports on more urgent expeditions. The

seamen refused to engage for so long and mysterious a voyage, or deserted after enlistment. The towns of the sea-coast, ordered by the Court to supply the vessels, hesitated to obey, and unrigged their ships, which were commonly considered as devoted to certain destruction. Unbelief, fear, envy, ridicule, avarice, and even mutiny, again and again rendered useless to Columbus, even in spite of the royal officers, the means of equipment which the favour of Isabella had placed at his disposal. It seemed as though some evil genius, obstinately struggling against the genius of the world's unity, tried to keep separate for ever these two continents which the mind of one man wished to unite.

Columbus superintended everything from the monastery of La Rabida, where he was again the guest of his friend the prior, Juan Perez. Without the intervention and influence of the poor monk the expedition would again have failed. The orders of the Court were powerless and disobeyed. The monk had recourse to his friends at Palos. They yielded to his conviction, his entreaties, and his advice. Three brothers, wealthy mariners at Palos, the Pinzons, were at last imbued with the faith and spirit which inspired the friend of Columbus. They imagined they heard the voice of God in that old man. They volunteered to join in the undertaking: they found the money, they equipped three vessels of the kind then called *Caravellas*, hired seamen in the little harbours of Palos and Moguer, and, in order to give an impulse and an example of courage to their sailors, two of the three brothers, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vincent Yanes Pinzon, resolved to embark and to take command in person of their own vessels. Thanks to this generous assistance from the Pinzons, three ships, or rather boats,

the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Nina*, were ready to put to sea on Friday the 3d of August, 1492.

At break of day, Columbus, escorted down to the shore by the prior and monks of the convent of La Rabida, who blessed the sea and his vessels, embraced his son, whom he left under the care of Juan Perez, and embarked in the largest of his three barks, the *Santa Maria*, on board of which he hoisted his flag as admiral of an unknown sea, and viceroy of undiscovered lands. The people of the two harbours and of the coast came down to the shore in crowds to be present at their departure on a voyage from which it was commonly supposed that there would be no return. It was a mourning procession rather than an augury of a happy result: there was more sorrow than hope, more tears than hurrahs. The mothers, wives, and sisters of the seamen, secretly cursed the fatal stranger, whose enchanted words had seduced the mind of the Queen, and who risked so many men's lives on the accomplishment of a dream. Columbus, unwillingly followed, like all men who lead a nation beyond the pale of its prejudices, launched upon the unknown expanse amidst maledictions and complaints. Such is the law of human nature. All that surpasses humanity, even to conquer an idea, a truth, or a world, makes it complain. Man is like the ocean, with a restlessness tending to movement, and an inertia inclining to repose. From these two opposite tendencies arises the equilibrium of his nature. Woe to him that disturbs it!

The appearance of this little flotilla, scarcely equal to a fishing or coasting squadron, offered a strong contrast in the people's eyes to the magnitude of the dangers it was so rashly going to brave. Of the three vessels, only one was decked, that on board of which he himself

was; a crank and narrow trading craft, already very old and weather-beaten. The others were open boats, which a heavy breaker might have swamped. But the poop and forecastle of these vessels, raised high out of the water like the ancient galleys, had two half decks, under which the sailors could find shelter in bad weather, and would prevent the caravella from foundering if she shipped a sea. They had two masts, one amidships, and the other aft. On the foremast they carried one great square sail, and on the other a triangular latteen sail. In calm weather, long sweeps, used but seldom and then with difficulty, fixed in the low gunwale of the caravella's waist, could, in case of need, give slow motion to the vessel. These three ships of unequal size, contained the 120 men of whom the crews were composed. He alone went on board with a calm face, a firm countenance, and a courageous heart. His conjectures had assumed in his mind, after the lapse of eighteen years, the shape of certainty. Although he was even then past the term of middle life, being in his fifty-seventh year, he looked upon the years that had gone by as though they were nothing. In his idea, all his life was to come. He felt the youthfulness of hope and his future immortality. As if to take possession of those worlds for which he spread his sails, he wrote and published before embarking, a solemn account of all the vicissitudes his mind and fortunes had passed through up to that period, in the conception and execution of his design; he added an enumeration of all the titles, honours, and dignities, with which he had been invested by his sovereigns in respect of his future possessions; and he invoked God and man to support his faith and bear witness to his constancy. "And it is for this purpose," he says, in concluding his proclamation to the

old and new worlds," that I have determined never to sleep during this navigation, and until these things shall have been accomplished."

A favourable wind from Europe wafted them towards the Canaries, the last resting-place of those who sailed into the Atlantic. Although he gave thanks to God for these auguries which calmed the minds of his crew, he would have preferred that a gale had swept him in full sail out of the beaten track of vessels. He feared, with reason, that the sight of land so far from Spain, might recal the fond idea of home to the minds and hearts of his sailors who had hesitated to embark. In momentous enterprises, no time must be given to men for reflection, and no opportunity for repentance. Columbus knew this, and he burned to pass the limits of the well-known waters, and to lock in his own breast the possibility of returning, and the secret of the track, of his charts and his compass. His impatience to lose sight of the coasts of the old world was but too well-founded. One of his ships, the *Pinta*, which had the rudder broken and leaked in the hold, obliged him, much against his inclination, to put into the Canaries to change this vessel for another. He lost three weeks in these ports, without being able to find any craft fit for his long voyage. All he could do was to repair the *Pinta's* damage, and procure a new sail for the *Niña*, his third vessel, a heavy and slow sailer which delayed his voyage. He took in fresh provisions and water, for the small stowage in his open vessels only allowed him to carry victuals for his crews, of 120 men, for a limited number of days.

On quitting the Canaries, the appearance of the Peak of Teneriffe, whose eruption illumined the heavens, and was reflected in the sea, cast terror into the minds of his

seamen. They thought they saw in it the flaming sword of the angel who expelled the first man from Eden, driving back the children of Adam from the entrance to the forbidden seas and lands. The admiral passed from ship to ship to disperse this general panic, and to explain scientifically to these simple people, the physical laws of the phenomenon. But the disappearance of the volcano's peak, as it sank below the horizon, caused them as much sadness as the eruption had caused them fright. It was their last beacon, the farthest sea-mark, of the old world. Losing sight of it seemed to be losing the last traces of their road through immeasurable space. They felt as if they were detached from earth, and sailing in the atmosphere of a new planet. They were seized with a general prostration of mind and body, like spectres who have lost even their tombs. The admiral again called them round him in his own ship, infusing his own energy into their minds; and giving way, like the prophet of the future, to the inspiring eloquence of his hopes, he described to them, as if he had already beheld them, the lands, the islands, the seas, the kingdoms, the riches, the vegetation, the sunshine, the mines of gold, the sands covered with pearls, the mountains shining with precious stones, the plains loaded with spice, that to his mind's eye already loomed in sight, beyond the expanse of which each wave carried them nearer to these wonders and enjoyments. These images, tinged with the brilliant colours of their leader's rich imagination, infused hope and spirit into their discouraged minds; and the trade-winds, blowing constantly and gently from the east, seemed to second the impatience of the seamen. The distance alone could now terrify them. To deceive them as to the space across which he was hurrying, Columbus used to subtract a certain number

of leagues from his reckoning, and made his pilots and seamen think they had only gone half the distance they had actually traversed. Privately, and for himself alone, he noted the true reckoning, in order that he alone might know the number of waves he had crossed and the track of his path, which he wished to keep unknown to his rivals. And, indeed, the crews, deceived by the steadiness of the wind, and the long roll of the waves, thought they were slowly crossing the farthest seas of Europe.

He would also have wished to conceal from them a new phenomenon, which began to disconcert his own science, at about 200 leagues from Teneriffe. It was the variation of the magnetic compass, his last, and, as he thought, his infallible guide, but which now began to vacillate before its approach to an untracked hemisphere. For several days he kept to himself this terrible doubt; but the pilots, who watched the binnacle as closely as he did himself, soon discovered this variation. Seized with the same astonishment as their chief, but less firm in their resolution to brave even Nature itself, they imagined that the very elements were troubled, or changed the laws of their existence, on the verge of infinite space. The supposed giddiness of Nature affected their minds. The evil tidings passed from one pale face to another, and they left their vessels to the direction of the winds and waves, now the only guides that remained. The hesitation of the pilots paralysed all the sailors. Columbus, who endeavoured in vain to explain to himself a mystery of which science still seeks the cause, had again recourse to his fertile imagination, the internal guide with which nature had endowed him. He invented an explanation, false, but specious enough to uneducated minds, of the variation of the magnetic

needle. He attributed it to new stars revolving round the pole, whose alternating motion in the sky was followed by the compass. This explanation, according with the astrological notions of the day, satisfied the pilots, and their credulity renewed the faith of the sailors. The sight of a heron, and of a tropical bird, which came next day, and flew round the masts of the squadron, acted upon their senses, as the admiral's explanation had swayed their minds. They appeared two witnesses who came to confirm by ocular demonstration the reasoning of Columbus. They sailed with more courage, on the faith of these birds. The mild, equable, and serene climate of this part of the ocean, the clearness of the sky, the transparency of the waves, the dolphins playing across their bows, the warmth of the air, the perfumes which the waves brought from afar, and seemed to exhale from their foam, the greater brilliancy of the stars and constellations by night,—everything in these latitudes seemed to breathe a feeling of serenity, bringing conviction to their minds. They felt the presentiment of the still invisible world. They recalled the bright days, the clear stars, and the shining nights of an Andalusian spring. "It only wanted the nightingale," says Columbus.

The sea also began to bring its warnings. Unknown vegetations were often seen floating on its surface. Some, as the historians of this first voyage across the Atlantic relate, were marine substances, which only grow on the shallows near the coast; some were rock plants, that had been swept off the cliffs by the waves; some were fresh-water plants; and others, recently torn from their roots, were still full of sap; one of them carried a live crab—a little sailor afloat on a tuft of grass. These plants and living creatures could not have passed many days in the

water without fading and dying. One of those birds, which never settle on the waves, or sleep on the waters, crossed the sky. Whence came he? Where was he going? And could the place of his rest be far off? Further on, the sea changed its temperature and its colour, a proof of an uneven bottom. Elsewhere it resembled immense meadows, and the prow cut its way but slowly amongst its weed-strewn waves. At eve and morning, the distant, waning clouds, like those which gather round the mountain-tops, took the form of cliffs and hills skirting the horizon. The cry of land was on the tip of every tongue. Columbus was unwilling either to confirm or entirely to extinguish these hopes, which served his purpose by encouraging his companions. But he thought himself still only 300 leagues from Teneriffe, and he calculated that he had 700 or 800 more to go, before he should reach the land he sought for.

Nevertheless, he kept his conjectures to himself; finding amongst his companions no friend whose heart was firm enough to support his resolution, or sufficiently safe to entrust with his secret fears. During the long passage he conversed only with his own thoughts, with the stars, and with God, whom he felt to be his protector. Almost without sleep, as he undertook to be in his farewell proclamation to the Old World, he occupied the days in his after-cabin, noting down, in characters intelligible to none but himself, the degrees of latitude, and the space which he thought he had traversed. The nights he passed on deck with his pilots, studying the stars, and watching the sea. Alone, like Moses conducting the people of God in the desert, his thoughtful gravity impressed upon his companions, sometimes

respect, and sometimes a mistrust and awe that kept them aloof,—an isolation or distant bearing generally observable in men superior to their fellows in conception and determination, whether it be that the inspired genius requires more solitude and quiet for reflection, or whether the inferior minds whom they overawe, fear to approach too near them, lest they may invite a comparison, and be made to feel their littleness, as contrasted with the great men of the earth.

The land, so often pointed out, was seen to be only a mirage deceiving the sailors. Each morning the bows of the vessels plunged through the fantastic horizon, which the evening mist had made them mistake for a shore. They kept rolling on through the boundless and bottomless abyss. The very regularity and steadiness of the east wind which drove them on, without their having had to shift their sails once in so many days, was to them a source of anxiety. They fancied that this wind prevailed eternally in this region of the great ocean which encircled the world, and that after carrying them on so easily to the westward, it would be an insurmountable obstacle to their return. How should they ever get back against this current of contrary wind, but by beating across the immense space? And, if they had to make endless tacks to reach the shores of the Old World, how would their provisions and water, already half-consumed, hold out through the long months of their return-voyage? Who could save them from the horrible prospect of dying of hunger and thirst in this long contest with the winds which drove them from their ports? Several already began to count the number of days, and the rations fewer than the days, and they murmured against the fruitless obstinacy of their

chief, and blamed themselves secretly for persevering in an obedience which sacrificed the lives of 120 men to the madness of one.

But each time that the murmurs threatened to break out into mutiny, Providence seemed to send them more convincing and more unexpected signs, which changed their complaints to hope. Thus, on the 20th September, these favourable breezes, whose steadiness caused such alarm, veered round to the south-west. The sailors hailed this change, though opposed to their course, as a sign of life and motion in the elements, which made them feel the wind stirring in their sails. At evening, little birds, of the most delicate species, that build their nests in the shrubs of the garden and orchard, hovered warbling about their masts. Their delicate wings and joyous notes bore no marks of weariness or fright, as of birds swept far away to sea by a storm. Their song, like those which the sailors used to hear amidst the groves of myrtles, and orange-trees of their Andalusian home, reminded them of their country, and invited them to the now neighbouring shore. They recognised sparrows, which always dwell beneath the roof of man. The green weed on the surface of the waves looked like the waving corn before the ear is ripe. The vegetation beneath the water seemed the forerunner of land, and delighted the eyes of the sailors, tired of the endless expanse of blue. But it soon became so thick that they were afraid of entangling their rudders and keels, and of remaining prisoners in the forests of ocean, as the ships of the northern seas are shut in by the ice. Thus each joy soon changed to fear, so terrible to man is the unknown. Columbus, like a guide seeking his way amidst the mysteries of the ocean, was obliged to appear to understand what surprised himself, and to invent

an explanation for every cause that astonished his seamen.

The calms of the tropics alarmed them. If all things, including even the wind, perished in these latitudes, whence should spring up the breeze to fill their sails and move their vessels? The sea suddenly rose without wind: they ascribed it to submarine convulsions at the bottom. An immense whale was seen sleeping on the waters: they fancied there were monsters which would devour their ships. The roll of the waves drove them upon currents which they could not stem for want of wind: they imagined they were approaching the cataracts of the ocean, and that they were being hurried towards the abysses into which the deluge had poured its world of waters. Fierce and angry faces crowded round the mast; the murmurs rose louder and louder; they talked of compelling the pilots to put about, and of throwing the Admiral into the sea, as a madman who left his companions no choice but between suicide and murder. Columbus, to whom their looks and threats revealed these plans, defied them by his bold bearing, or disconcerted them by his coolness.

Nature at length came to his assistance, by giving him fresh breezes from the east, and a calm sea under his bows. Before the close of day, Alonzo Pinzon, in command of the *Pinta*, which was sailing sufficiently near the Admiral to hail him, gave the first cry of "Land ho!" from his lofty poop. All the crews, repeating this cry of safety, life, and triumph, fell on their knees on the decks, and struck up the hymn, "Glory be to God in heaven and upon earth."

This religious chant, the first hymn that ever rose to the Creator from the bosom of the new ocean, rolled slowly over the waves. When it was over, all climbed

as high as they could up the masts, yards, and rigging, to see with their own eyes the shore which Pinzon had discovered to the south-west. Columbus alone doubted; but he was too willing to believe, to think of contradicting the fond hopes of his crews. Although he himself only expected to find land to the westward, he allowed them to steer south through the night, to please his companions, rather than lose the temporary popularity caused by their illusion. The sunrise destroyed it but too quickly. The imaginary land of Pinzon disappeared with the morning mist, and the Admiral resumed his course to the westward.

Again the surface of the sea was still, and the unclouded sun was shining on it as brightly as in the blue sky above. The rippling waves were foaming round the bows. Numberless dolphins were bounding in their wake. The water was full of life; the flying-fish leaped from their element, and fell on the decks of the ships. Everything in nature seemed to combine with the efforts of Columbus in raising the returning hopes of his sailors, who almost forgot how the days passed. On the 1st of October, they thought they were only 600 leagues beyond the usual track of ships; but the secret reckoning of the Admiral gave more than 800. The signs of approaching land became more frequent around them, yet none loomed in the horizon. Terror again took possession of the crews. Columbus himself, notwithstanding his apparent calmness, felt some anxiety. He feared lest he might have passed amongst the isles of an archipelago without seeing them, and have left behind him the extremity of that Asia which he sought, to wander in another ocean.

The lightest vessel of his squadron, the *Niña*, which led the way, at length, on the 7th of October, hoisted

the signal of land in sight, and fired a gun to announce it to her companions. On nearing it, they found that the *Niña* had been deceived by a cloud. The wind, which dispersed it, scattered their fond hopes, and converted them to fear. Nothing wearies the heart of man so much as these alternations of false hope and bitter disappointment. They are the sarcasms of fortune. Reproaches against the Admiral were heard from all quarters. It was now no longer for their fatigues and difficulties that they accused him, but for their lives hopelessly sacrificed: their bread and water were beginning to fail.

Columbus, disconcerted by the immensity of this space, of which he had hoped already to have reached the boundary, abandoned the ideal route he had traced upon the map, and followed for two days and nights the flight of the birds, heavenly pilots seemingly sent to him by Providence when human science was beginning to fail. The instinct of these birds, he reasoned, would not direct them all towards one point in the horizon, if they did not see land there. But even the very birds seemed to the sailors to join with the expanse of ocean, and the treacherous stars, to sport with their vessels and their lives. At the end of the third day, the pilots, going up the shrouds when the setting sun shows the most distant horizon, beheld him sink into the same waves from whence he had risen in vain for so many mornings. They believed in the infinite expanse of waters. The despair which depressed them changed to fury. What terms had they now to keep with a chief who had deceived the Court of Spain, and whose titles and authority, fraudulently obtained from his sovereigns, were about to perish with him and his expectations? Would not following him further make them the accom-

plices of his guilt? Did the duty of obedience extend beyond the limits of the world? Was there any other hope, if even that now remained, but to turn the heads of their ships to Europe, and to beat back against the winds that had favoured the Admiral, whom they would chain to the mast of his own vessel as a mark for their dying curses, if they were to die, or give him up to the vengeance of Spain, if they were ever permitted to see again the ports of their country?

These complaints had now become clamorous. The Admiral restrained them by the calmness of his countenance. He reminded the mutineers of the authority, sacred to a subject, with which their sovereigns had invested him. He called upon Heaven itself to decide between him and them. He flinched not: he offered his life as the pledge of his promises; but he asked them with the spirit of a prophet who sees himself what the vulgar only see through him, to suspend for three days their unbelief and their determination to put back. He swore a rash, but necessary oath, that if, in the course of the third day, land was not visible on the horizon, he would yield to their wishes and steer for Europe. The signs of the neighbourhood of a continent or islands were so obvious to the Admiral, that, in begging these three days from his mutinous crew, he felt certain of being able to attain his end. He tempted God by fixing a limit to his revelation; but he had to manage men. These men reluctantly allowed him the three days, and God, who inspired him, did not punish him for having hoped much.

At sunrise on the second day, some rushes recently torn up were seen near the vessels. A plank evidently hewn by an axe, a stick skilfully carved by some cutting instrument, a bough of hawthorn in blossom; and lastly, a

bird's nest built on a branch which the wind had broken, and full of eggs, on which the parent bird was sitting amidst the gently rolling waves, were seen floating past on the waters. The sailors brought on board these living and inanimate witnesses of their approach to land. They were a voice from the shore, confirming the assurances of Columbus. Before the land actually appeared in sight, its neighbourhood was inferred from these marks of life. The mutineers fell on their knees to the Admiral whom they had insulted but the day before, craved pardon for their mistrust, and struck up a hymn of thanksgiving to God for associating them with his triumph.

Night fell on these songs of the Church welcoming a new world. The Admiral gave orders that the sails should be close reefed, and the lead kept going; and that they should sail slowly, being afraid of breakers and shoals, and feeling certain that the first gleam of day-break would discover land under their bows. On that last anxious night none slept. Impatient expectation had removed all heaviness from their eyes; the pilots and the seamen, clinging about the masts, yards, and shrouds, each tried to keep the best place and the closest watch to get the earliest sight of the new hemisphere. The Admiral had offered a reward to the first who should cry land, provided his announcement was verified by its actual discovery. Providence, however, reserved to Columbus himself this first glimpse, which he had purchased at the expense of twenty years of his life, and of untiring perseverance amidst such dangers. While walking the quarter-deck alone at midnight, and sweeping the dark horizon with his keen eye, a gleam of fire passed and disappeared, and again showed itself on the level of the waves. Fearful of being deceived by the

phosphorescence of the sea, he quietly called a Spanish gentleman of Isabella's Court, named Guttierez, in whom he had more confidence than in the pilots, pointed out the direction in which he had seen the light, and asked him whether he could discern anything there. Guttierez replied that he did indeed see a flickering light in that quarter. To make still more sure, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, another in whom he had confidence. Sanchez had no more hesitation than Guttierez in pronouncing that there was a light on the horizon. But the blaze was hardly seen before it again disappeared in the ocean, to show itself anew the next moment, whether it was the light of a fire on a low shore alternately appearing and disappearing beyond the broken horizon, or whether it was the floating beacon of a fisherman's boat now rising on the waves and now sinking in the trough of the sea. Thus both land and safety appeared together in the shape of fire to Columbus and his two friends, on the night between the 11th and 12th of October, 1492. The Admiral enjoining silence to Rodrigo and Guttierez, kept his observation to himself, for fear of again raising false hopes, and giving a bitter disappointment to his ship's companies. He lost sight of the light and remained on deck until two in the morning, praying, hoping, and despairing alone, awaiting the triumph or the return on which the morrow was to decide.

He was seized with that anguish which precedes the great discoveries of truth, like the struggle which anticipates the liberation of the soul by death, when a cannon shot, sounding over the sea a few hundred yards in advance of him, burst upon his ear; the announcement of a new-born world, which made him tremble and fall upon his knees. It was the signal of land in sight!

made by firing a shot, as had been arranged with the *Pinta*, which was sailing in advance of the squadron, to guide their course and take soundings. At this signal a general shout of "Land ho!" arose from all the yards and rigging of the ships. The sails were furled, and daybreak was anxiously awaited. The mystery of the ocean had breathed its first whisper in the bosom of night. Daybreak would clear it up openly to every eye. Delicious and unknown perfumes reached the vessels from the dim outline of the shore, with the roar of the waves upon the reefs and the soft land breeze. The fire seen by Columbus indicated the presence of man and of the first element of civilization. Never did the night appear so long in clearing away from the horizon; for this horizon was to Columbus and his companions a second creation of God.

The dawn, as it spread over the sky, gradually raised the shores of an island from the waves. Its distant extremities were lost in the morning mist. It ascended gradually, like an amphitheatre, from the low beach to the summit of the hills, whose dark-green covering contrasted strongly with the clear blue of the heavens. Within a few paces of the foam of the waves breaking on the yellow sand, forests of tall and unknown trees stretched away, one above another, over the successive terraces of the island. Green valleys and bright clefts in the hollows, afforded a half glimpse into these mysterious wilds. Here and there could be discovered a few scattered huts, which, with their outlines and roofs of dry leaves, looked like beehives, and thin columns of blue smoke rose above the tops of the trees. Half-naked groups of men, women, and children, more astonished than frightened, appeared amongst the thickets near the shore, advancing timidly, and then drawing back, exhi-

biting, by their gestures and demeanour, as much fear as curiosity and wonder, at the sight of these strange vessels, which the previous night had brought to their shores.

Columbus, after gazing in silence on this foremost shore of the land so often determined by his calculations, and so magnificently coloured by his imagination, found it to exceed even his own expectations. He burned with impatience to be the first European to set foot on the sand, and to plant the Cross and the flag of Spain,—the standard of the conquest of God and of his sovereigns, effected by his genius. But he restrained the eagerness of himself and his crew to land, being desirous of giving to the act of taking possession of a new world, a solemnity worthy of the greatest deed, perhaps, ever accomplished by a seaman; and, in default of men, to call God and his angels, sea, earth, and sky, as witnesses of his conquest of an unknown hemisphere.

He put on all the insignia of his dignities as Admiral of the Ocean, and viceroy of these future realms; he wrapped himself in his purple cloak, and, taking in his hand a flag embroidered with a cross, in which the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella were interlaced like their two kingdoms, and surmounted by a crown, he entered his boat, and pulled towards the shore, followed by the boats of Alonzo and Yanès Pinzon, his two lieutenants. On landing, he fell on his knees, to acknowledge, by this act of humility and worship, the goodness and greatness of God in this new sphere of his works. He kissed the ground, and, with his face on the earth, he wept tears of a double import and of a double meaning, as they fell on the dust of this hemisphere now for the first time visited by Europeans—tears of joy for Columbus; the overflowing of a proud spirit,

grateful and pious,—tears of sadness for this virgin soil, seeming to foreshadow the calamities and devastation, with fire and sword, and blood and destruction, which the strangers were to bring with their pride, their knowledge, and their power. It was the man that shed these tears; but it was the earth that was destined to weep.

"Almighty and eternal God," said Columbus, as he raised his forehead from the dust, with a Latin prayer which his companions have handed down to us, "who by the energy of thy creative word hast made the firmament, the earth and sea; blessed and glorified be thy name in all places! May thy majesty and dominion be exalted for ever and ever, as Thou hast permitted thy holy name to be made known and spread by the most humble of thy servants in this hitherto unknown portion of thy empire."

He then baptized this land with the name of Christ,—the island of San Salvador.

His lieutenants, his pilots, and his seamen, full of gladness, and impressed with a superstitious respect for him whose glance had pierced beyond the visible horizon, and whom they had offended by their unbelief,—overcome by the evidence of their eyes, and by that mental superiority which overawes the minds of men, fell at the feet of the Admiral, kissed his hands and his clothes, and recognised for a moment the power and the almost divine nature of genius; yesterday the victims of his obstinacy—now the companions of his success, and sharers in the glory which they had mocked. Such is humanity, persecuting discoverers, yet reaping the fruits of their inventions.

During the ceremony of taking possession, the inhabitants of the island, first kept at a distance by fear,

afterwards attracted by that instinctive curiosity which forms the first connexion between man and man, had drawn near. They were talking with each other about the wonderful events of the night and morning. These vessels, working their sails, yards, and masts, like huge limbs opening and closing at will, seemed to them animated and supernatural beings, descended during the night from the crystal firmament which surrounded their horizon, inhabitants of heaven floating on their wings, and settling upon the shores of which they were the tutelar deities. Struck with respect at the sight of the boats landing on their island, and of men in brilliant clothing, and covered with armour gleaming in the sun, they at last came close, as if fascinated by almighty power. They worshipped and adored them with the simplicity of children, unsuspicious of the approach of evil under a pleasing appearance. The Spaniards, on examining them, were in their turn astonished at not finding in these islanders any of the physical characteristics, or even the colour, of the African, Asiatic, or European races with which they usually came in contact. Their copper complexion, their lank hair falling loose over their shoulders, their eyes dark as their sea, their delicate and almost feminine features, their open and confiding countenances, and lastly their nakedness, and the coloured patterns with which they stained their skins, marked them as a race completely distinct from any of the human families spread over the ancient hemisphere; a race still preserving the simplicity and the gentleness of infancy, lost for centuries in this unknown portion of the world, and retaining, through sheer ignorance of wrong, the mildness, truthfulness, and innocence of the world's youth.

Columbus, satisfied that this island was but an

outpost of India, towards which he still thought he was sailing, gave them the imaginary name of Indians, which they retained until their extermination; the verbal error having lasted long after the physical mistake was explained.

The Indians, soon becoming accustomed to their stranger-guests, showed them their springs, their houses, their villages, and their canoes, and brought them as offerings their eatable fruit, their cassava bread, which replenished the provisions of the Spaniards, and some ornaments of pure gold, which they wore in their ears and nostrils, or as bracelets, necklaces, or anklets amongst the women. They were ignorant of commerce or of the use of money, that mercenary but indispensable substitute for the virtue of hospitality, and they were delighted to receive the merest trifles from the Europeans in exchange for their valuables. In their eyes, novelty was value. *Rare* and *precious* are equivalent words in all countries. The Spaniards, who sought the country of gold and precious stones, asked by signs whence this metal came. The Indians pointed to the south; the Admiral and his companions understood them to mean that in that direction there was an island or continent of India, corresponding by its riches and its arts with the wonders related by the Venetian Marco Polo. The land which they now thought themselves near, was, they supposed, the fabulous island of Zipangu, or Japan, the sovereign of which walked on a pavement of gold. Their impatience to resume their course towards this object of their imagination or of their covetousness, made them return quickly to their ships. They had supplied themselves with water from the springs of the island, and their decks were loaded with fruit, cassava cakes, and roots, which the poor but happy Indians had given them.

They took one of the aborigines with them to learn their language, and to act as interpreter.

On getting clear of the island of St. Salvador, they found themselves as it were lost in the channels of an archipelago, composed of more than a hundred isles of various sizes, but all with an appearance of the most luxurious freshness and fertility of vegetation. They landed on the largest and most populous. They were surrounded by canoes, hollowed from the trunk of a single tree; they traded with the inhabitants, exchanging buttons and trinkets. Their navigation and their stoppages amidst this labyrinth of islands, were but a repetition of the scene at their landing at San Salvador. They were everywhere received with the same inoffensive curiosity. They were enchanted with the climate, the flowers, the perfumes, the colours, and the plumages of unknown birds, which each of these oases of the ocean offered to their senses; but their minds, impressed with the sole idea of discovering the land of gold at what they supposed to be the extremity of Asia, rendered them less attentive to these natural treasures, and prevented their suspecting the existence of the new and immense continent, of which these isles were the outposts on the sea. Guided by the signs and looks of the Indians, who pointed out to him a region still more splendid than their own archipelago, Columbus steered for the coast of Cuba, where he landed after three days' pleasant sailing, without losing sight of the beautiful Bahamas which enamelled his path.

Cuba, with its long terraces stretching away into the far distance, and backed by cloud-piercing mountains, with its havens, estuaries, gulfs, bays, forests, and villages, reminded him, on a more majestic scale, of Sicily. He was uncertain whether it was a continent or an island.

He cast anchor in the shady bosom of a mighty river, and, going ashore, strolled about the shores and forests, the groves of oranges and palm-trees, and the villages and dwellings of the inhabitants. A dumb dog was the only living thing he found in these huts, which had been abandoned at his approach. He re-embarked, and ascended the river, shaded by broad-leaved palms, and gigantic trees bearing both fruit and flowers. Nature seemed to have bestowed, of her own accord, and without labour, the necessities of life, and happiness without work, on these fortunate races. Everything reminded them of the Eden of Holy Writ. Harmless animals, birds with azure and purple plumage, parrots, macaws, and birds of paradise, shrieked and sang, or flew in coloured clouds from branch to branch; luminous insects lighted the air by night; the sun, softened by the breeze of the mountain, the shade of the trees, and the coolness of the water, fertilized everything without scorching; the moon and stars were reflected in the river with a mild light which took away the terror of darkness. A general enthusiasm had seized upon the minds and senses of Columbus and his companions; they felt that they had reached a new country, more fresh and yet more fruitful than the old land which they had left behind. "It is the most beautiful isle," says Columbus, in his notes, "that ever the eye of man beheld. One would wish to live there always. It is impossible to think of misery or death in such a place."

The scent of the spices which reached his vessels from the interior, and his meeting with pearl oysters on the coast, satisfied him more and more that Cuba was a continuation of Asia. He fancied that beyond the mountains of this continent or island (for he was still uncertain whether Cuba was or was not a portion of the

main-land,) he should find the empires, the civilization, the gold mines, and the wonders which enthusiastic travellers had attributed to Cathay and Japan. Being unable to seize any of the natives, who all fled the coast on the approach of the Spaniards, he sent two of his companions, one of whom spoke Hebrew and the other Arabic, to look for the fabulous cities in which he supposed the sovereign of Cathay to dwell. These envoys were loaded with presents for the inhabitants. They had orders to exchange them for nothing but gold, of which they thought there were inexhaustible treasures in the interior.

The messengers returned to the ships without having discovered any other capital than huts of savages and an immense wilderness of vegetation, perfumes, fruits, and flowers. They had succeeded, by means of presents, in encouraging some of the natives to come back with them to the Admiral. Tobacco, a plant of slightly intoxicating quality, which they made into little rolls, lighting them at one end to inhale the smoke at the other; the potato, a farinaceous root, which heat converted at once into bread; maize, cotton spun by the women, oranges, lemons, and other nameless fruits, were the only treasures they had found about the houses scattered in the glades of the forest.

Disappointed of his golden dreams, the Admiral, on some misunderstood directions of the natives, unwillingly quitted this enchanting country, to sail on to the east, where he still placed his imaginary Asia. He took on board some men and women from Cuba, bolder and more confident than the rest, to serve as interpreters for the neighbouring countries which he was going to visit, to convert them to the true faith, and to offer to Isabella these souls which his generous enterprise had saved.

Convinced that Cuba, of which he had not ascertained

the limits, was a part of the main-land of Asia, he sailed several days at a short distance from the coast of the true American continent without seeing it. He was not yet to discover the truth so close to his eyes. Yet envy, which was to be the poison of his life, had arisen in the minds of his companions on the very day that his discoveries had crowned the hopes of his whole existence. Amerigo Vespucci, an obscure Florentine, embarked in one of his vessels, gave his name to this new world, to which Columbus alone had been the guide. Vespucci owed this good fortune entirely to chance and to his subsequent voyages with Columbus in the same latitudes. A subaltern officer, devoted to the Admiral, he had never sought to rob him of his glory. The caprice of fortune gave it to him without his having sought to deceive Europe, and custom has retained it. The chief was deprived of his due honour, and the name of the inferior prevailed. Thus is human glory set at nought; but though Columbus was the victim, Amerigo was not guilty. Posterity must bear the blame of the injustice and ingratitude, but a wilful fraud cannot be laid to the charge of the fortunate pilot of Florence.

Envy, which arises in the heart of man in the very hour of success, already began to prey upon the mind of Columbus's lieutenant, Alonzo Pinzon. He commanded the *Pinta*, the second vessel of the squadron, a faster sailer than either of the others. Pinzon pretended to lose them in the night, and got away from his commodore. He had resolved to take advantage of Columbus's discovery, to find out other lands by himself, without genius and without trouble, and after giving them his name, to be the foremost to return to Europe, to reap the produce of the glory, and to gather the rewards due to his master and guide.

Columbus had for some days past noticed the envy and insubordination of his second in command. But he owed much to Alonzo Pinzon; for, without his encouragement and assistance at Palos, he would never have succeeded in equipping his vessels or in engaging seamen. Gratitude had prevented him from punishing the first acts of disobedience of a man to whom he was so deeply indebted. The modest, magnanimous, and forgiving character of Columbus made him avoid all harshness. Full of justice and virtue himself, he expected to find equal justice and virtue in others. This goodness, which Alonzo Pinzon took for weakness, served as an encouragement to ingratitude. He boldly dashed between Columbus and the new discoveries of which he had resolved to deprive him.

The Admiral understood and regretted the fault, but pretended to believe that the *Pinta's* separation was accidental, and steered with his two vessels to the south-east, towards a dark shade that he perceived over the sea, and made the island of Hispaniola, since called San Domingo. Had it not been for this cloud on the mountains of San Domingo, which induced him to put about, he would have reached the main-land. The American archipelago, by enticing him to wander from isle to isle, seemed to keep him as if purposely, from the goal which he almost touched without seeing it. This phantasm of Asia, which had led him to the shores of America, now stood between America and him, to deprive him of the reality by the substitution of a chimera.

This vast new country, pleasant and fruitful, surrounded by an atmosphere as clear as crystal, and bathed by a sea with perfume in its waves, appeared to him to be the marvellous island, detached from the continent of India, that he had sought through such

voyages and dangers, under the fabulous name of Zipangu. He named it Hispaniola, to mark it as his adopted country. The natives, simple, mild, hospitable, open-hearted and respectful, crowded round them on the shore, as though they were beings of a superior order, whom a celestial miracle had sent from the verge of the horizon or the bottom of the ocean to be worshipped and adored as gods. A numerous and happy population then covered the plains and valleys of Hispaniola. The men and women were models of strength and beauty. The perpetual peace which reigned amongst these nations, gave their countenances an expression of gentleness and benevolence. Their laws were only the best instincts of the heart, passed into traditions and customs. They might have been supposed to be a young race, whose vices had not yet had time to develop themselves, and whom the natural inspirations of innocence sufficed to govern. Of agriculture, gardening, and the other arts of life, they knew enough for their government, their building, and the first necessities of existence. Their fields were admirably cultivated, and their elegant cottages were grouped in villages on the edges of forests of fruit-trees, in the neighbourhood of rivers or springs. In a genial climate, without either the severity of winter or the scorching heat of a tropical summer, their clothing consisted only of personal ornaments, or of belts and aprons of cotton cloth, sufficient to protect their modesty. Their form of government was as simple and natural as their ideas. It was but the circle of the family, enlarged in the course of generations, but always grouped round an hereditary chief, called the Cacique. These caciques were the heads, not the tyrants, of their tribes. Their customs, laws unwritten, yet inviolable as divine ordinances, governed these petty princes: an authority pater-

nal on the one side, and filial on the other, rebellion against which seemed out of the question.

The Cuban natives, whom Columbus had brought with him to serve as guides and interpreters on these seas and islands, already began to comprehend Spanish. They partly understood the language of the inhabitants of Hispaniola, a detached branch of the same race. They thus established an easy and ready means of communication between Columbus and the people whom he had just reached.

The supposed Indians fearlessly conducted the Spaniards into their houses, and presented them with cassava bread, unknown fruits, fish, sweet roots, tame birds with rich plumage and melodious notes, flowers, palms, bananas, lemons, all the gifts of their sea, sky, earth, and climate. They treated them as guests, as brothers, almost even as gods. "Nature," says Columbus, "is there so prolific, that property has not produced the feeling of avarice or cupidity. These people seem to live in a golden age, happy and quiet amidst open and endless gardens, neither surrounded by ditches, divided by fences, nor protected by walls. They behave honourably towards one another, without laws, without books, without judges. They consider him wicked who takes delight in harming another. This aversion of the good to the bad seems to be all their legislation." Their religion also was but the sentiment of their own inferiority, and of gratitude and love for the invisible Being who had granted them life and happiness.

What a contrast between the state of these happy races when the Europeans first discovered them and brought them the spirit of the old world, and the condition into which these unfortunate Indians fell a few years after this visit from those who assumed to civilize them!

What a mystery of Providence was this unexpected arrival of Columbus in a new world, to which he thought he was bringing liberty and life, but in which, without knowing it, he was sowing tyranny and death!

As Columbus was exploring the bays and havens of the island, the pilot ran the vessel aground while the Admiral was asleep. The ship, threatened with instant destruction by the heavy breakers, was abandoned by the pilot and part of the crew, who, under pretence of taking an anchor ashore, pulled to the other vessel, thinking Columbus doomed to inevitable death. The Admiral's energy again saved, not the ship, but the lives of his companions. He faced the breakers as long as a plank held, and having placed his men on a raft, he landed as a shipwrecked mariner on the same shore that he had just visited as a conqueror. He was soon joined by the only vessel he had remaining. His shipwreck and his misfortunes did not cool the hospitality of the Cacique, whose guest he had been some days previously. This Cacique, named Guacanagari, the first friend and afterwards the first victim of these strangers, shed tears of compassion over Columbus's disaster. He offered his house, his provisions, and assistance of every kind to the Spaniards. The riches of the Europeans, rescued from the waves and spread out upon the beach, were preserved, as if sacred, from all pillage, and even from troublesome curiosity. These men, who knew no property as between each other, seemed to recognise and respect it in their unfortunate guests. Columbus, in his letters to the King and Queen, is loud in his praise of the easy generosity of this race. "There is nowhere in the universe," he exclaims, "a better nation or a better country. They love their neighbours as themselves; their language is always soft and gracious, and the smile

of kindness is ever on their lips. They are naked, it is true, but veiled by modesty and frankness."

Columbus, having established with the younger Cacique, relations of the closest and most confiding intimacy, was presented by him with some gold ornaments. At the sight of gold, the countenance of the Europeans suddenly expressed such passionate avidity and fierce desire, that the Cacique and his subjects instinctively took alarm, as if their new friends had, on the instant, changed their nature and disposition towards them. It was but too true. The companions of Columbus were only coveting the fancied riches of the east, while he himself was seeking the mysterious remnant of the world. The sight of gold had recalled their avarice: their faces had become stern and savage as their thoughts. The Cacique, being informed that this metal was the god of the Europeans, explained to them, by pointing to the mountains beyond the range they saw, the situation of a country from which he received this gold in abundance. Columbus no longer doubted that he had reached the source of Solomon's wealth, and, preparing everything for his speedy return to Europe, in order to announce his triumph, he built a fort in the Cacique's village, to afford security to a party whom he left behind. He selected from his officers and seamen, forty men, whom he placed under the command of Pedro de Arana. He instructed them to collect information about the gold region; and to keep up the respect and friendship of the Indians for the Spaniards. He then set out on his return to Europe, loaded with the gifts of the Cacique, and bringing away all the ornaments and crowns of pure gold that he had been able to procure during his stay from the natives, either by gift or exchange.

While coasting round the island, he met his faithless

companion, Alonzo Pinzon. Under pretence of having lost sight of the Admiral, Pinzon had taken a separate course. Concealed in a deep inlet of the island, he had landed, and instead of imitating the mildness and gentle policy of Columbus, had marked his first steps with blood. The Admiral having found his lieutenant, appeared satisfied with his excuses, and willing to attribute his desertion to the night. He ordered Pinzon to follow him to Europe with his vessel. They set sail together, impatient to announce to Spain the news of their wonderful navigation. But the ocean, on which the trades had wafted them gently from wave to wave towards the shores of America, seemed with adverse winds and waters to drive them resolutely back from the land to which they were so anxious to return. Columbus alone, through his knowledge of navigation, and his reckoning, the secret of which he concealed from his pilots, knew the course and the true distances. His companions thought they were still thousands of miles from Europe, while he was already aware of being near the Azores. He soon perceived them. Tremendous squalls of wind, — cloud heaped on cloud,—and lightning such as he had never before seen flash across the heavens and disappear in the sea,—huge and foaming waves driving his vessels helplessly about without aid from helm or sails, seemed alternately to open and close the gates of death to him and his companions even on the very threshold of their country. The signals, which the two vessels made reciprocally at night, disappeared. Each, while driving before the unceasing tempest, between the Azores and the Spanish coast, believed the other lost. Columbus, who did not doubt that the *Pinta* with Pinzon was buried beneath the waves, and whose own torn sails and damaged rudder would no longer steer his barque,

expected every instant to founder beneath one of these mountains of water that he laboured up, to be swept down again from their foaming crests. He had risked his life freely, but he could not bear to sacrifice his glory. To feel that the discovery, which he was bringing to the Old World, was to be buried for ages with him even when so near his port, seemed such a cruel sport of Providence, that he could not make even his piety bend to it. His soul revolted against this slight of fortune. To die when he had but touched with his foot the soil of Europe, and after having placed his secret and his treasure upon the records of his country, was a destiny that he could joyfully accept; but to allow a second world to perish (so to speak) with him, and to carry to the grave the solution, at last found, of the earth's problem, which his brother men might perhaps be seeking for as many ages as they had already been without it, was a thousand deaths in one. In his vows to all the shrines of Spain, he only asked of God, that he might carry to the shore, even with his wreck, the proof of his return and of his discovery. Meanwhile storm followed storm; the vessel became water-logged, and the savage looks, the angry murmurs, or the sullen silence, of his companions, reproached him for the obstinacy which had driven or persuaded them to this fatal cruise. They considered this continued wrath of the elements as the vengeance of ocean, angry that the boldness of man should have penetrated its mystery. They talked of throwing him into the sea, in order, by a grand expiation, to still the waves.

Columbus, heedless of their anger, but completely taken up with the fate of his discovery, wrote upon parchment several short accounts of his voyage, and closed up some in rolls of wax, and others in cedar

cases, and threw them into the sea, in hopes that perchance after his death they might be carried upon the shore. It has been said that one of these cases, thus thrown to the winds and waves, drifted about for three centuries and a half upon or beneath the sea, and that not very long since a sailor from a European vessel, while getting ballast for his ship, on the African coast, opposite Gibraltar, picked up a petrified cocoa-nut, and brought it to his captain as a mere natural curiosity. The captain, on opening the nut to see whether the kernel had resisted the action of time, found that the hollow shell concealed a parchment which contained, in a Gothic character, deciphered with difficulty by a scholar at Gibraltar, these words,—"We cannot survive the storm one day longer. We are between Spain and the newly-discovered Eastern Isles. If the caravel founders, may some one pick up this testimony!—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

The ocean kept this message for 358 years, and did not give it to Europe, until America—colonised, flourishing, and free—already rivalled the old continent. A freak of fortune, to teach men what might have remained concealed so long, if Providence had not forbidden the waves to drown, in Columbus, its great announcer!

The next day, "Land, ho!" was cried. It was the Portuguese isle of St. Mary, the last of the Azores. Columbus and his companions were driven from it by the jealous persecution of the Portuguese. Again given up to the sufferings of hunger and tempest for many long days, it was not until the 4th of March that they entered the Tagus, where they at length anchored off a European shore, though of a rival kingdom. Columbus, on being presented to the King of Portugal, related his

discoveries, without explaining his course, lest this prince might anticipate the fleets of Isabella. The nobles of the Court of John the Second of Portugal advised this prince to have the great navigator assassinated, in order to bury with him his secret, as well as the rights of the Spanish Crown over these new lands. John was indignant at this cowardly advice. Columbus was treated with honour, and permitted to send a courier to his sovereigns, to announce his success, and his approaching return by sea to Palos.

He landed there on the 15th of March, 1493, at sunrise, in the midst of a crowd frantic with joy and pride, which even rushed into the water, to carry him triumphantly ashore. He threw himself into the arms of his friend and protector, the poor prior of the convent of La Rabida, Juan Perez, who alone had believed in him, and whom a new hemisphere rewarded for his faith. Columbus walked barefoot at the head of a procession, to the church of the monastery, to return thanks for his safety, for his glory, and for the acquisition to Spain. The whole population followed him with blessings, to the door of this humble convent, at which he had some years before, alone with his child, and on foot, craved hospitality as a beggar. Never has any amongst men brought to his country or posterity such a conquest since the creation of the globe, except those who have given to earth the revelation of a new idea;—and this conquest of Columbus had until then cost humanity neither a crime, a single life, a drop of blood, nor a tear. The most delightful days of his existence were those which he passed while resting from his hopes and his glory in the monastery of La Rabida, in the arms of his children, and in the company of his friend and host, the prior of the convent.

And as if Heaven had thought fit to crown his happiness and to avenge him on the envy which was pursuing him, Alonzo Pinzon, the commander of his second vessel, brought the *Pinta* next day into the harbour of Palos, where he hoped to arrive before his commander, and to rob him of the first-fruits of his triumph. But foiled in his evil design, and fearing lest the Admiral might report and punish his desertion, Pinzon died of vexation and disappointment on seeing the vessel of Columbus at anchor in the port. Columbus was too generous to rejoice, much more to have punished him; and the malice that pursues the steps of the great seemed to expire at his feet.

Ferdinand and Isabella, having been informed of the return and discoveries of their admiral, by the messenger whom he had despatched from Lisbon, awaited him at Barcelona with honour and munificence worthy the greatness of his services. The Spanish nobility came from all the provinces to meet him. He made a triumphal entry, as a prince of future kingdoms. The Indians brought over by the squadron, as a living proof of the existence of new races of men in these newly discovered lands, marched at the head of the procession, their bodies painted with divers colours, and adorned with gold necklaces and pearls. The animals and birds, the unknown plants, and the precious stones collected on those shores, were exhibited in golden basins, carried on the heads of Moorish or Negro slaves. The eager crowd pressed close upon them, and wondrous tales were circulated around the officers and companions of Columbus. The Admiral himself, mounted on a richly caparisoned charger presented by the King, next appeared, accompanied by a numerous cavalcade of courtiers and gentlemen. All eyes were directed to-

wards the man inspired of Heaven, who first had dared to lift the veil of Ocean. People sought in his face for a visible sign of his mission, and thought they could discern one. The beauty of his features, the thoughtful majesty of his countenance, the vigour of eternal youth joined to the dignity of riper age, the combination of thought with action, of strength with experience, a thorough appreciation of his worth, combined with piety towards God, who had chosen him from amongst others, and with gratitude towards his sovereigns, who awarded him the honour which he brought them as a conqueror, made Columbus then appear (as those relate who saw him enter Barcelona) like a prophet, or a hero of Holy Writ or Grecian story.

"None could compare with him," they say; "all felt him to be the greatest or the most fortunate of men."

Ferdinand and Isabella received him on their throne, shaded from the sun by a golden canopy. They rose up before him as though he had been an inspired messenger. They then made him sit on a level with themselves, and listened to the solemn and circumstantial account of his voyages. At the end of his recital, which habitual eloquence had coloured with his exuberant imagination, and impregnated with his fervid enthusiasm, the King and Queen, moved even to tears, fell on their knees and repeated the *Te Deum*, a hymn of thanksgiving for the greatest conquest that the Almighty had ever yet vouchsafed to sovereigns.

Couriers were instantly despatched, to carry the wondrous news and fame of Columbus to all the courts of Europe. The obscurity with which he had until then been surrounded, changed to a brilliant renown, filling the earth with his name. The discovery of the poor

geographer of Cordova became the subject of conversation for the world. Columbus neither suffered his mind to be elated by the honour decreed to his name, nor his pride to be humiliated by the jealousy which began to arise of his glory.

One day, when he was dining at the table of Ferdinand and Isabella, one of the guests, envious of the honour paid to the woolcomber's son, asked him sneeringly, whether he thought no one else would have discovered the new hemisphere if he had not been born. Columbus did not answer the question, for fear of saying too much or too little of himself; but he took an egg between his fingers, and, addressing the whole company present, asked them if they could make it stand upright. None could manage this. Columbus then crushed the egg at one end, and placing it erect on the broken extremity, showed his detractors that, if there were no merit in a simple idea, yet none could find it out before some inventor showed others the example; thus rendering to God the honour of the discovery, but taking to himself the credit of being the first by whom it was made. This apologue has since become the answer of every man whom Providence has selected to point out a way for his fellows, and to tread it before them, without, however, being greater, but only more inspired, than his brethren.

Honours, titles, and territorial rights over the lands of which he should hereafter complete the discovery and conquest, became, by formal treaty with the Court, the reward of Columbus. He obtained the viceroyalty and the government, with one-fourth of the riches and produce of the seas, the islands and the continents on which he should plant the cross of the Church and the flag of Spain. The Archdeacon of Seville, Fonseca,

received the title of Patriarch of the Indies, and was charged with the preparations and armaments of the new expedition, which Columbus was preparing to guide to new conquests. But, from that day, Fonseca became the secret rival of the great navigator; and, as if he had been desirous of crushing the genius which it was his duty to second, while appearing to procure aid for Columbus, was really raising obstacles. His delays and false pretences, reduced to seventeen sail the fleet which was to escort the Admiral back across the Atlantic.

The adventurous disposition of the Spaniards of that day, the ardour of religious proselytism, and the spirit of chivalry, collected in these vessels a great number of priests, gentlemen, and adventurers; some anxious to spread the faith, others desirous of winning renown and fortune by being the first to settle in these new countries in which their imagination revelled. Workmen of all trades, labourers from all climates, domestic animals of all races, seeds, plants, vine-shoots, slips of fruit-trees, sugar-canes, and specimens of all the arts and trades of Europe, were embarked on these ships, to try the climate and soil, to tempt the inhabitants of the new realms, and to rob them of the gold, pearls, perfumes, and spices of India, in return for worthless trifles from Europe. It was the crusade of religion, war, industry, glory, and avidity;—for some, heaven; for others, earth; for all, the unknown and the marvellous.

The most illustrious of the companions who embarked with Columbus was Alonzo de Ojeda, formerly a page of Queen Isabella, and the handsomest, bravest, and most adventurous cavalier of her Court. His mind and body were so overflowing with courage, that he carried his hardihood to the verge of madness. One day, when Isabella had ascended the lofty tower called the Giralda

of Seville, to enjoy its wonderful height, and look down from its summit on the streets and houses of the town, appearing like an open ant-heap at her feet, he sprung on to a narrow beam which projected over the cornice, and balancing himself on one foot at the end of it, executed the most extraordinary feats of boldness and activity to amuse his sovereign, without being in the least alarmed or dizzy at the fear of imminent death.

On the 25th September, 1493, the fleet left the Bay of Cadiz. Shouts of joy from the shore accompanied this second departure, which seemed destined to a continued triumph. The two sons of Columbus accompanied their father on board his flag-ship. He gave them his blessing and left them in Spain, that at least the better half of his existence might remain sheltered from the perils he was going to encounter. His squadron consisted of three large ships, and fourteen caravellas. The fleet discovered on the 2d of November the island of Guadaloupe, and cruised amongst the Carribbee islands, to which he gave names derived from his pious recollections; and soon afterwards making the point of Hispaniola now called Hayti, Columbus set sail for the gulf where he had built the fort in which he had left his forty companions. Night concealed the shore from his view, when, full both of hope and of anxiety, he cast anchor in the roadstead. He did not wait for dawn to announce his arrival to the colony. A salute from his guns boomed over the waves to acquaint the Spaniards with his return; but the cannon of the fort remained silent, and this salute to the new world was only answered by the echo from the lonely cliffs. Next morning, with day-break, he discovered the beach deserted, the fort destroyed, the guns half buried under its ruins, the bones of the Spaniards

bleaching on the shore, and the village of the Caciques abandoned by its inhabitants. The few natives who appeared in the distance, at the edge of the forest, seemed afraid to come near, as if they were withheld by a feeling of remorse, or by the dread of revenge. The Cacique, more confident in his innocence and in the justice of Columbus, whom he had learnt to esteem, at length advanced, and related the crimes of the Spaniards who had abused the hospitality of his subjects by oppressing the natives, carrying off their wives and daughters, reducing their hosts to slavery, and, at length, rousing the hatred of the tribe. After having slaughtered a great number of Indians, and burnt their huts, they had themselves been killed. The ruined fort covering their bones, was the first monument of the contact of these two human races, one of which was bringing slavery and destruction on the other. Columbus wept over the crimes of his companions, and the misfortunes of the Cacique. He resolved to seek another place to disembark and colonise the island.

The most beautiful amongst the young Indian girls captured from the neighbouring isles, and kept prisoners in the ships, named Catalina, had attracted the attention of a Cacique, who visited Columbus on board his ship. A plan of escape was arranged between the Cacique and the object of his love, by signs which the Europeans did not understand. The night that Columbus set sail, Catalina and her companions, foiling the watchfulness of their guards, sprang into the water. They swam, pursued in vain by the boats of the Europeans, towards the shore, where the young Cacique had lighted a fire to guide them. The lovers, united by this feat of skill and strength, took shelter in the forests, and concealed themselves from the vengeance of the Europeans.

Columbus landed again on virgin soil, at some distance further on, and founded the town of Isabella. He established friendly relations with the natives, built, cultivated, and governed the first European colony, the nucleus of so many others, and sent around detachments to scour the plains and mountains of Hispaniola. He first enticed, then attracted, and finally subjected, by mild and equitable laws, the various tribes of this vast island. He built forts, and marked out roads towards the different parts of the empire. He searched for gold, which he discovered to be less abundant than he expected in these regions, which he still took for India; but he only found the inexhaustible fertility of a rich land, and a people as easy to govern as to subdue. He sent back the greater part of his vessels to Spain, to ask his sovereign for fresh supplies of men, animals, tools, plants, and seeds, required by the immensity of the countries which he was going to win over to the customs, religion, and arts of Europe. But the disaffected, the jealous, and the envious, were the first to rush on board his fleet, to raise murmurs, accusations, and calumnies against him. He himself remained behind, afflicted with the gout, suffering excruciating pain; condemned to inactivity of body and unceasing mental anxiety, and harassed, in his rising colony, by the rivalries, the seditions, the plots, the disgraceful insubordination, and the famine of his companions.

Always indulgent and noble-minded, Columbus triumphed, through sheer force of character, over the turbulence of his countrymen and the disobedience of his lieutenants, and was satisfied with confining the mutineers on board the vessels. On recovering from his long illness, he traversed the island with a picked body of men, seeking in vain for the gold mines of Solomon, but

studying the natural history and peculiarities of the soil, and spreading, throughout his journey, respect and affection for his name.

He found, on his return to the colony, the same disorder, mutiny, and vice. The Spaniards made a bad use of the superstition and fear with which they and their horses inspired the natives. The Indians took them for monstrous beings—horse and rider forming but one creature—striking down, crushing, and blasting with fire, the enemies of the Europeans. By the influence of this dread, they subdued, enslaved, violated, abused, and tortured, this gentle and obedient race. Columbus again interfered to punish the tyranny of his companions. He desired to bring the Indian tribes the religion and arts of Europe, not its yoke, its vices, and its sins. After re-establishing some sort of order, he embarked to visit the scarcely discovered island of Cuba. He reached it, and sailed for a long time past its shores, without discovering the extremity of the land, which he took for a continent. He sailed from thence towards Jamaica, another island of immense extent, whose mountain peaks he saw amongst the clouds. Then, crossing an archipelago, which he called the Garden of the Queen, from the richness and sweet perfume of the vegetation on its isles, he returned to Cuba, and succeeded in establishing relations with the natives. The Indians looked on with respect at the ceremonies of Christian worship which the Spaniards celebrated in a recess amongst the palm-trees by the shore. One of their old men came up to Columbus, after the ceremony, and said, in a solemn tone, "What thou hast done is well, for it appears to be thy worship of the universal God. They say that thou comest to these lands with great might and power beyond all resistance. If that be so, hear

from me what our ancestors have told our fathers, who have repeated it to ourselves. When the souls of men are separated by the divine will from their bodies, they go, some to a country without sun and without trees, others to a region of beauty and delight, according as they have acted ill or well here below, by doing evil or good to their fellows. If therefore, thou art to die like us, have a care to do no wrong to those who have never injured thee."

This discourse of the old Indian, related by Las Casas, showed that they had a religion rivalling Christianity in the simplicity of its precepts and purity of its morality—either a mysterious emanation or primitive nature untarnished by depravity and vice, or the tradition of an ancient civilization long since worn out and exhausted.

After a long and fatiguing voyage of discovery, Columbus returned in a dying state to Hispaniola. His fatigue and anxiety, added to suffering and to the approach of age, unfelt by his mind, but weighing upon his body, for a time triumphed over his genius. His sailors brought him back to Isabella insensible and exhausted. But Providence, which had never abandoned him, watched over him during the abeyance of his faculties. On recovering from his long unconsciousness, he found his beloved brother, Bartholomew Columbus, sitting by his bedside. He had come from Europe to Hispaniola, as though he had felt a presentiment of his brother's danger and need. Bartholomew was endowed with the strength of the family, as Diego had the gentleness, and Christopher the genius. The vigour of his body equalled the energy of his mind. Of athletic frame and iron nerve, with robust health, a commanding aspect, and a powerful voice, that could be heard above wind

and waves; a sailor from his youth, a soldier and an adventurer all his life; gifted by nature and by habit with the boldness that secures obedience, and the integrity which ensures submission; as fit for command as for contest; he was the very man whom Columbus most wanted in the dangerous extremity to which anarchy had reduced his kingdom; and more than all this, he was a brother imbued with as much respect as attachment for the head and honour of his house. His near relationship made Columbus certain of the fidelity of his lieutenant. The attachment of the brothers to each other was the best pledge of confidence on one side, and submission on the other. Columbus, during the long months throughout which exhausted nature compelled himself to inaction and rest, gave up the government and authority to him, under the title of Adelantado, or superintendent and vice-governor of the lands under his rule. Bartholomew, a severer administrator than Christopher, commanded more respect, but raised more opposition, than his brother.

The rashness and treachery of the young Spanish warrior, Ojeda, raised a war of despair between the Indians and the colony. That intrepid adventurer, having advanced with some horsemen into the most distant and independent portions of the island, persuaded one of the Caciques to return with him to Isabella, with a great number of Indians, to see the grandeur and wealth of the Europeans. The Cacique was induced to follow him. After some days' march, when they halted on the bank of a river, Ojeda, practising on the simplicity of the Indian chief, showed him a pair of handcuffs of polished steel, whose brilliancy dazzled him. Ojeda told him that these irons were bracelets, which the kings of Europe wore on grand

days when they met their subjects. His host was induced to ask to wear them, and to ride on horseback like a Spaniard, that his subjects might see him in this pretended dress of the sovereigns of the Old World. The Cacique had scarcely put on the handcuffs, and mounted behind the cunning Ojeda, when the Spanish horsemen galloped off with their prisoner, crossed the island, and brought him in chains to the colony, where they kept him in the irons which his childish vanity had induced him to put on.

A vast insurrection roused the Indians against this perfidy of strangers, whom they had at first considered as guests, friends, benefactors, and gods. This insurrection brought down upon them the vengeance of the Spaniards. They reduced the Indians to a state of slavery, and sent four vessels to Spain, loaded with these victims of their avarice, to make an infamous traffic in human cattle; thus, making up, by the price of slaves, for the gold which they expected to pick up like dust, in countries where they found nothing but blood, the war degenerated into a man hunt. Dogs brought from Europe, and trained to this chase in the forests, tracking down, throttling, and worrying the natives, assisted the Spaniards in this inhuman devastation of the country.

Columbus, at length recovered from his long illness, on re-assuming the reins of government, was himself drawn into the wars which had broken out during his illness. He became a warrior and then a peace-maker, after his sailor's life. He gained some decisive battles over the Indians, obliged them to submit to the yoke which gentleness and policy made easy, and merely subjected them to a small tribute of gold and the fruits of their country, rather as a token of alliance than of slavery. The island again flourished under his moderation; but

the unhappy and confiding Cacique, Guacanagari, who had been the first to receive the strangers, ashamed and vexed even to despair at having been the involuntary accomplice of his country's ruin, fled into the inaccessible mountains of the interior, and died there a freeman, rather than live a slave under the laws of those who had taken a shameful advantage of his kindness.

During the sickness of Columbus, and the troubles in the island, his enemies at Court had injured him in the favour of Ferdinand. Isabella, more firm in her admiration of this great man, tried in vain to interpose her protection. The Court sent to Hispaniola a magistrate invested with secret powers, authorizing him to take informations concerning alleged crimes of the viceroy, and to dispossess him of his authority and send him back to Europe, if the accusations were confirmed. This partial judge, named Aguado, arrived at Hispaniola, while the viceroy was at the head of the troops in the interior of the island, employed in pacifying and managing the country. Forgetting the gratitude which he owed Columbus, as the first cause of his wealth, Aguado, even before collecting information, declared Columbus guilty, and provisionally deprived him of his sovereign authority. Surrounded and applauded on landing by the malcontents of the colony, he ordered Columbus to come to Isabella, the Spanish capital, and to acknowledge his authority. Columbus, surrounded by his friends and his devoted soldiery, might easily have refused obedience to the insolent commands of a subordinate. He, however, bowed before the mere name of his sovereign, went unarmed to Aguado, and giving up all his authority, allowed him to carry on the infamous trial to which his calumniators had subjected him.

But at the very moment when his fortune was thus waning before persecution, it bestowed on him the favour of all others the most sure to reconcile him with the Court. One of his young officers, named Miguel Diaz, having killed one of his companions in a duel, fled away, for fear of chastisement, into one of the back parts of the island. The tribe that inhabited that district was governed by the widow of a Cacique, a young Indian of great beauty. She became deeply enamoured of the Spanish fugitive, and married him. But Diaz, though loved and presented with a crown by the object of his affection, could not forget his country, or conceal the sadness which his exile threw over him. His wife, questioning him as to the cause of his melancholy, was informed that gold was the passion of the Spaniards, and that they would come and live with him in that country if they could hope to find the precious metal. The young Indian, overjoyed at having the means of retaining the man she loved, acquainted him with the existence of inexhaustible mines, hidden amongst the mountains. Having learnt this secret, and being certain that it would procure his pardon, Diaz hastened to inform Columbus of the discovery of this treasure. The brother of the viceroy, Bartholomew, went off with Diaz and an armed escort to verify the discovery. In a few days they reached a valley in which a stream rolled down gold dust amongst its sand, and where the rocks in the bed of the river were covered with shining particles of the metal. Columbus established a fort in the neighbourhood, worked and enlarged mines opened long before, and collected immense wealth for his sovereigns, becoming more and more convinced that he had discovered the fabulous land of Ophir. Diaz, grateful and true to the young Indian to whom he owed his pardon, his fortune, and his happi-

ness, had his marriage with her blessed by the priests of his own faith, and governed her tribe in peace.

After this discovery, Columbus yielded without hesitation to the orders of Aguado, and embarked with his judge for Spain. He arrived, after a voyage of eight months, more like a criminal led to execution than a conqueror returning with trophies. Calumny, incredulity, and reproach, met him at Cadiz. Spain, which expected wonders, saw nothing come back from the land of its dreams, but broken adventurers, accusers, and naked slaves. The unfortunate Cacique, still confined in the fetters of Ojeda, and taken over as a living trophy for Ferdinand and Isabella, died at sea, cursing his confidence in the Europeans, and their treachery.

Columbus, adapting his dress to the sadness and misery of his situation, went to Burgos, where the Court then was, in a Franciscan's dress, with nothing over it but a cord for a girdle; his head bowed down with years, care, and affliction; white-haired, and bare-footed. He represented Genius kneeling to Glory for pardon. Isabella alone received him with kind compassion, and persisted in giving credit to his virtue and his services. This constant, though secret favour of the Queen, sustained the Admiral against the detractions and calumnies of the Court. He proposed new voyages, and vaster discoveries. They consented to trust him with more vessels, but they made him waste, by systematic delays, the few years for which his advanced age left him strength. The pious Isabella, while granting Columbus fresh titles and powers, stipulated on behalf of the Indians for conditions of liberty and humanity far in advance of the ideas of her time. The instinct of a woman's heart condemned that slavery which religion and philosophy could not abolish until 400 years later. At length Columbus was

acquitted, and again allowed to embark and set sail for his new country; but hatred and envy followed him even on board the vessel on which he hoisted his flag as Admiral of the Ocean. Breviesca, the treasurer of the patriarch of the Indies, and Fonseca, the enemy of Columbus, outrageously abused the Admiral, just as he was heaving anchor. Columbus, who until then had been restrained by his own strength of character, his patience, and his feeling of the greatness of his mission, now, for the first time, gave vent to his wrath. At this last insult of his enemies, he at length gave way to human passion, and striking with all the vigour of his spirit, and all the strength of his arm, redoubled by anger, at his vile persecutor, he felled him to the deck, and trampled him under foot in his scorn. Such was the farewell to the jealousy of Europe, of him who seemed too great or too fortunate for a mortal. This sudden vengeance of the Admiral raised a new cause of hatred in the heart of Fonseca, and gave his enemies a new point of attack. The wind which sprung up carried him out of reach of the insults, and out of sight of the shore, of his country.

In this voyage he changed his course, and reached the island of Trinidad, which he named. He rounded this island, and coasted the true shore of the American continent, near the mouth of the Orinoco. The freshness of the sea-water, which he tasted in this neighbourhood, ought to have convinced him that a river which poured a sufficient flood upon the ocean to freshen its waves, could only come from the bosom of a continent. He landed, however, on this coast without suspecting that it was the shore of the unknown world. He found it deserted and silent as a land waiting for inhabitants. A distant column of smoke rising over its vast forests,

an abandoned hut, and some traces of bare feet on the sand, were all that he beheld of America. He did but plant his footstep there, and pass a single night under the sail which served him for a tent; but even this short landing ought to have been sufficient to bequeath his name to the new hemisphere.

He quitted the Gulf of Paria, and after a laborious survey of these seas, revisited the coasts of Hispaniola. His afflictions of mind and body, his long delay in Spain, the ingratitude of his fellow-countrymen, the coldness of Ferdinand, the hatred of his ministers, his want of sleep during his voyages, and the infirmities of age, had affected him more than fatigue. His eyes were inflamed from want of rest, and from gazing upon maps and stars; his limbs, stiffened and aching with the gout, could scarcely support him. His mind alone was vigorous; and his genius, piercing into the future, carried him in thought beyond his sufferings, and beyond his time. Bartholomew Columbus, his brother, who had continued to govern the colony during his absence, was again his consolation and succour. He came to meet the Admiral as soon as his scouts signalled a sail in sight.

Bartholomew related to his brother the vicissitudes of the colony during his absence. He had scarcely finished the exploration and subjugation of the country, when the disorders of the Spaniards and the conspiracies of his own lieutenants, undid the effects of his wisdom and energy. A superintendent of the colony, named Roldan, popular and cunning, got together a party amongst the sailors and adventurers, the refuse of Spain, thrown off by the mother country upon the colony. He established himself with them on the opposite shore of San Domingo, and leagued against Bartholomew, with the Caciques of the neighbouring tribes. He built or

captured forts, in which he defied the authority of his legitimate chief. The Indians, seeing these divisions amongst their tyrants, took advantage of them to rise in insurrection, and to refuse the tribute. The new settlement was in complete anarchy. The heroism of Bartholomew alone retained some fragments of power in his hands. Ojeda freighted vessels on his own account for Spain; he cruised and made a descent on the southern shore of the island, and leagued himself with Roldan. Then Roldan betrayed Ojeda, and ranged himself again under the authority of the governor. During these disturbances of the colony, a young Spaniard, of remarkable beauty, Don Fernando de Guerara, won the love of the daughter of Anacoana, the widow of the Cacique whom Ojeda had sent to Spain, but who died on the voyage. Anacoana herself was still young, and celebrated amongst the tribes of the island for her incomparable beauty, her natural genius, and her poetical talent, which made her the adored Sibyl of her countrymen. Notwithstanding the misfortunes of her husband, she entertained a great admiration, and an unconquerable predilection, for the Spaniards. The numerous tribes which she and her brother governed, afforded a safe asylum to these strangers. She extended to them hospitality, money, and protection in their disgrace. Her subjects, more civilised than the other Indian tribes, lived in peace, rich and happy under her government.

Roldan, who ruled over that part of the island which was under the beautiful Anacoana, became jealous of the sojourn and influence of Fernando de Guerara at the court of this princess. He forbade him to marry her daughter, and ordered him to embark. Fernando, influenced by love, refused to obey, and conspired against Roldan, but was surprised and taken prisoner by Rol-

dan's soldiery in the house of Anacoana, and sent to Isabella to be tried. An expedition left the capital of the colony under pretence of surveying the island, and was received with great kindness in Anacoana's capital. The perfidious chief of this expedition, abusing the confidence and hospitality of this queen, had induced her to invite thirty caciques from the south of the island to see the festivities she was preparing for the Spaniards. The Spaniards, during the dances and feasts that they attended, arranged to fire the house, and kill their generous hostess, with her family, her guests, and her people. They persuaded Anacoana, her daughter, and the thirty caciques, to see from their balcony the evolutions of their horse, and a sham fight amongst the cavaliers of their escort. The cavalry suddenly fell upon the unarmed populace that curiosity had collected in the square; they sabred them, and rode them down under the horses' feet; then, throwing a body of infantry round the palace, to prevent the escape of the queen and her guests, they fired the building, still containing the remains of the feast at which they had themselves been seated; and beheld, with a cruelty only equalled by their ingratitude, the beautiful and unhappy Anacoana, forced back into her palace, expire amongst the flames, imprecating upon her murderers the vengeance of her gods.

This crime against hospitality, innocence, royalty, beauty, and genius, of which Anacoana was the type amongst the Indians, threw the island into a horror and commotion, which Columbus, with all his policy and all his virtue, was for a long while unable to subdue. The flames of the palace, and the blood of this queen, whose dazzling beauty and national poetry filled her people with affection and enthusiasm, roused the oppressed against the oppressors: the island became a field of

carnage, a prison, and a grave, to the unhappy Indians. The Spaniards, as fanatical in their proselytism as they were barbarous in their avarice, now entered in Hispaniola upon the career of crime and cruelty which was shortly afterwards to depopulate Mexico. The embrace of the two races was fatal to the weakest.

While Columbus was trying to separate and pacify these different portions of the population, King Ferdinand, informed by his enemies of the misfortunes of the island, imputed them to the governor. Columbus had asked the Court to send him a magistrate of high rank, whose decision might command the respect of his undisciplined companions. The Court sent him Bobadilla, a man of unimpeachable morality, but fanatical, and of excessive pride. The ill-defined power with which the royal decree had invested him, while it made him a subordinate officer, raised him at the same time, above all authority. On arriving at Hispaniola, prejudiced against the Admiral, he summoned him to appear before him as a prisoner, and, having had chains brought, ordered the soldiers to confine their general. The soldiers, accustomed to respect and love their chief, whom age and glory had made more venerable in their eyes, refused, and remained still, as if they had been desired to commit a sacrilege. But Columbus himself, holding out his hands to receive the chains his king had sent him, allowed himself to be fettered by one of his own domestics, —a volunteer executioner, a vile ruffian in his own pay and household service—called Espinosa, and whose name Las Casas has preserved as the type of servile insolence and ingratitude.

Columbus himself ordered his two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, who still commanded the army in the interior, to submit without resistance, and without

a murmur, to his judge. He was shut up in the dungeon of fort Isabella for several months, while the informations were being taken for his trial, in which his rebellious subjects and all his enemies, now his accusers and jury, vied with each other in charging him with the most absurd and most hateful imputations. An object of public scorn and detestation, he heard from his prison the savage jests and boasts of his persecutors, who assembled round him every evening to insult his misfortunes. He expected hourly to see the order for his execution. But Bobadilla did not venture upon this last crime. He ordered the Admiral to be banished the colony and sent to Spain, there to meet the justice or mercy of the King. Alonso de Villejo was appointed to guard him during the passage — a man of honour, obedient from a sense of military duty; but, though obedient, disgusted at his orders and merciful to his prisoner. Columbus, seeing him enter his dungeon, did not doubt that his last hour had come. His innocence, and prayer, had prepared him to meet death. Human nature, however, made him feel some anxiety. "Where are you going to take me?" said he to the officer, with an inquiring look as well as tone. "To the vessel in which you are to embark, my Lord," said Villejo. "To embark?" said Columbus, hesitating to believe in this message, which implied that his life was safe; "do not deceive me, Villejo!" "No, my Lord," replied the officer, "I swear, before God, that nothing is more true." He assisted the tottering steps of the Admiral, and placed him on board, loaded with irons, and pursued by the hooting of a vile populace.

The vessel had hardly set sail, when Villejo and Andreas Martin, commanders of the ship which had become the floating dungeon of their chief, respectfully

addressed him, at the head of the crew, and desired to take off his irons. Columbus, to whom these fetters were both a sign of obedience to Isabella, and a symbol of the wickedness of men, from which he suffered in body, but at which he rejoiced in mind, thanked them, but obstinately refused to take off his gyves. "No," said he, "my sovereigns have written to me to submit to Bobadilla. It is in their names that I have been put in these irons, which I will wear until they themselves order them to be removed; and I will afterwards preserve them," he added, with an allusion to his services and innocence, "as a reminiscence of the reward bestowed by men upon my labours."

His son and Las Casas both relate that Columbus faithfully kept this promise; that he always had his chains hung up in his sight wherever he lived; and that, in his will, he ordered them to be placed with him in his coffin; as if he had desired to appeal to God against the injustice and ingratitude of his contemporaries, and to take with him to heaven a material proof of the wickedness and cruelty with which he had been treated on earth.

But party hatred did not cross the ocean. The spoliation, the imprisonment, and the fetters of Columbus, roused the pity and the indignation of the people of Cadiz. When they saw the old man who had presented a new empire to their country—himself brought back from that empire as a vile miscreant, and repaid for his services with disgrace—all exclaimed against Bobadilla. Isabella, who was then at Granada, shed tears over this indignity; and commanded that his fetters should be changed for rich robes, and his gaolers for an escort of honour. She sent for him to Granada; he fell at her feet, and sobs of thankfulness for some time interrupted his speech. The King and Queen did

not even deign to examine the accusations which were laid to his charge. He was acquitted as much in consequence of their respect as of his own merits. They kept the Admiral some time at their Court, and sent out another governor, named Ovando, to replace Bobadilla. Ovando had the principles which make a man honest, rather than the virtues which produce generosity of character. He was one of those with whom everything is narrow, even to their sense of duty, and in whom honesty seems rather to have arisen from contracted scruples than from a feeling of honour. Least of all was he fitted to understand and replace a great man. He was ordered by Isabella to protect the Indians, and was forbidden to sell them as slaves. The share in the revenue, guaranteed by treaty to Columbus, was to be remitted to him in Spain, as well as the treasures of which he had been deprived by Bobadilla. A fleet of thirty sail escorted the new governor to Hispaniola.

Columbus, unaffected by old age, and recruited from his sufferings, was impatient of rest and even of the honours of the whole country. Vasco de Gama had just discovered the road to India by the Cape of Good Hope. The world was full of admiration at this discovery of the Portuguese mariner. A noble spirit of rivalry occupied the mind of the Genoese navigator. Convinced of the circularity of the earth, he thought to reach the prolongation of the eastern Continent by sailing on a straight course westward, and he solicited of the Spanish Court the command of a fourth expedition. He embarked at Cadiz, on the 19th May, 1502, for the last time, accompanied by his brother Bartholomew Columbus, and his son Fernando, then fourteen years of age. His squadron consisted of four small vessels adapted for cruising on the coast, and exploring without danger the

gulfs and estuaries which he wished to examine. His crews only mustered 150 strong. Although nearly seventy, his vigorous old age had, from his mental energy, resisted the waste of years: neither his severe illnesses, nor the approach of death, could turn him aside from his purpose. "Man," he would say, "is an instrument that must work until it breaks, in the hands of Providence, which uses it for its own purposes. As long as the body is able, the spirit must be willing."

He had intended to touch at Hispaniola to refit, and had authority from the Court to do so. He crossed the ocean in stormy weather, and arrived off Hispaniola with broken masts and torn sails, short of water and provisions. His nautical experience made him foresee a hurricane more terrible than he had yet encountered. He sent a boat to ask Ovando's leave to take shelter in the roads of Isabella. Aware of the impending danger, Columbus, in his letter, warned Ovando to delay the departure of a numerous convoy ready to start from Hispaniola for Spain, laden with all the treasures of the new world. Ovando mercilessly refused Columbus a brief refuge in the very port that he himself had discovered. He bore away indignantly, and seeking a shelter under the remotest cliffs of the island beyond the jurisdiction of Ovando, waited for the tempest that he had foretold. It destroyed the governor's whole fleet, with all its treasures, and cost the lives of 1,000 Spaniards. Columbus felt its effects even in this distant roadstead, in which he had taken shelter. He sighed over the misfortunes of his countrymen, and, leaving this inhospitable island, revisited Jamaica, and at length landed on the Continent in the bay of Honduras. He encountered sixty days of continued tempest, buffeted about from cape to cape and isle to isle, on the unknown

shore of that America whose conquest the elements seemed to dispute with him. He lost one of his vessels, and the fifty men who composed its crew, at the mouth of a river which he named Desastro.

As the sea seemed resolutely to obstruct the road to the Indies, which he always had in his mind, he cast anchor between the continent and a charming island. He was visited by the Indians, and kept seven of them on board with him, in order that he might learn their language, and obtain intelligence. He cruised with them along a shore where the natives had gold and pearls in abundance. At the beginning of the year 1504, he ascended the river Veragua, and sent his brother Bartholomew, at the head of sixty Spaniards, to visit the villages on its banks, and search for gold mines. He found nothing but forests and naked savages. The Admiral quitted this river, and sailed up another of which the banks were peopled by Indians, who exchanged gold with his crews for the commonest trifles of Europe. He thought he had attained the object of his hopes. He had reached the climax of his misfortunes. War broke out between this handful of Europeans and the numerous population of these shores. Bartholomew Columbus struck down with his own hand the most powerful and most dreaded Cacique of the Indians, and made him prisoner. A village which the companions of Columbus had built on the coast to establish a trade with the interior, was surprised and burnt by the natives. Eight Spaniards, pierced by arrows, perished under the ruins of their cabins. Bartholomew rallied the boldest of his company, and drove back the savages into their forest; but the blood that had been shed increased the mutual hatred of the races, and the Indian canoes in great force attacked a boat from the squadron, which

was trying to pull further up the river. All the Europeans on board were massacred. During this sanguinary struggle, Columbus, who was confined to his ship by his bodily infirmities and sickness, kept the Cacique and the Indian chiefs prisoners on board the vessel. These chiefs, being made acquainted with the wasting of their territories, and the capture of their wives, tried to escape during a dark night by lifting up the hatch that covered their floating dungeon. The crew, aroused by the noise, drove them down below, and fastened the scuttle with an iron bar. The next day, when the scuttle was opened to give them food, they were all found dead. They had all killed one another in despair, to escape slavery.

Columbus was shortly afterwards separated by the breakers from his brother Bartholomew, who had remained ashore with the remainder of the expedition, and his only means of communication was owing to the courage of one of the officers, who swam to and fro across the surf, with news that became worse and worse every day. He could not leave his companions, or abandon them in their misfortunes. Anxiety, sickness, hunger—the prospect of a shipwreck without relief, and unwitnessed, on the much-desired but fatal continent—were warring in his breast with his heroic constancy and pious submission to the commands of God, of whom he felt that he was at once the messenger and the victim. He thus described the state of his mind during his vigils:—"I was tired, and had fallen asleep, when a sad and piteous voice spoke these words to me,—'Weak man, slow to believe and to serve thy God, the God of the Universe! How otherwise did God unto Moses and David his servants? From the time of thy birth, he has had great care of thee. As soon as thou reachedst

man's estate, he made thy obscure name wonderfully known throughout the world; he gave thee possession of the Indies, the favoured part of his creation; he let thee find the key of the gates of the unmeasured ocean, until then an impassable barrier. Turn thee toward Him and bless his mercies to thee; and if there is yet a great enterprise to be accomplished, thy age will be no obstacle to his designs. Was not Abraham more than a hundred years of age when he begat Isaac, or was Sarah young? Who caused thy present afflictions, God or the world? The promises he made thee he hath never broken. He never told thee, after thou hadst done his bidding, that thou hadst not understood his orders. He renders all that he owes, yea, and more besides. What thou sufferest to-day is thy payment for the labour and danger thou hast undergone for other masters. Fear nothing, therefore; take courage even in thy despair. All thy tribulations are engraven on marble, and not without reason, for surely will they be accomplished,'—and the voice which had spoken to me left me full of consolation and of courage."

A change of season at length brought about a change of weather, and the two brothers, so long separated, again met on board. They sailed slowly towards Hispaniola. One of the three remaining caravels foundered from utter decay as they neared the shore. He had now only two crazy old vessels for himself and his three crews. His companions, depressed in spirits, without provisions and without strength, his anchors lost, his vessels leaky, and all their planks worm-eaten, and completely honeycombed; the pitiless storms driving him back from Haspaniola towards Jamaica, he had just time to run his water-logged vessels aground upon the sand of an unknown bay. He tied them together into one

mass with cables, and, joining their decks by a platform of planks, over which he spread an awning for his crew, he waited, in this dreadful situation of a shipwrecked company, for the help of Providence.

The Indians, attracted by the shipwreck and the singular fortress built by the strangers upon their beach, exchanged provisions for worthless objects, to which novelty gave value in their eyes. But months passed away, provisions were getting scarce, and fear for the future, and the seditious murmurs of the crews, gave rise to great anxiety in the mind of the Admiral. The only hope of safety left, was in making Ovando, the Governor of Hispaniola, acquainted with his position. But fifty leagues of sea rolled between Hispaniola and Jamaica. An Indian canoe was the only craft he could set afloat; and who would be sufficiently generous to risk his life for his companions upon such a long and perilous voyage in a hollow tree, and without any guidance but a paddle? Diego Mendez, a young officer of the squadron, who had already shown, on other occasions, that disregard of self which makes heroes and accomplishes wonders, presented himself to the Admiral's mind. He had him secretly called to his bed, to which he was confined by the gout, and said to him, "My son, of all that are here, you and I alone understand the present danger, in which our only prospect is death. There still remains an experiment to be tried—for one of us to expose himself to death in the endeavour to save all. Will you be that one?" Mendez answered, "My Lord, I have several times risked my life for my companions; but some of them murmur, and say that your favour always singles me out when there is any daring exploit to be attempted. Call upon the whole crew tomorrow morning for one of them to undertake the duty you offer me. If no one volunteers, I will accept it."

The Admiral did as Mendez desired. All the crew said it was unreasonable to require them to make such a long passage in a mere morsel of wood, the sport of the winds and waves. Mendez then stepped forward modestly, and said, "I have but a single life to lose; but I am ready to risk it in your service, and in the hope of saving all. I confide myself to the protection of God." He set off, and soon disappeared in the dimness of the horizon, from the Spaniards whose lives depended upon his.

But hopeless expectation, absolute isolation from the known world, and excess of misery, excited his companions against the Admiral, to whom they attributed their misfortunes. Two of his favourite officers, Diego and Francesco de Porras, whom he had treated as his own sons, and entrusted with the principal command under himself, were the first to raise against him murmurs and abuse, and at last open sedition. They took advantage of a crisis of his complaint, which confined their benefactor to his bed, and, drawing after them half the sailors and soldiers, they seized on a portion of the provisions and arms, assembled their accomplices to the cry of "Castile! Castile!" and abused and insulted the Admiral. Columbus, whose illness made him helpless, and who could scarcely raise his hands to heaven to pray, in vain begged of them to return to their duty. They despised alike his entreaties and his orders. They reproached him with his age, his white hairs, his personal sufferings, and even raised their weapons against him. Bartholomew Columbus seized his lance and rushed between the mutineers and the Admiral, who was supported in the arms of his servants. Assisted by a part of the crew, he succeeded in saving the life and maintaining the authority of his brother on board the vessels. The two Porras, and fifty of their accomplices, quitted the

ships, ravaged the country, raised the enmity of the natives by their excesses, and tried unsuccessfully to build vessels to enable them to reach Hispaniola—an attempt in which part of them perished. They then came back and attacked Columbus and their fellow-countrymen on board the ships, but were repulsed by the stalwart arm of Bartholomew, who killed their chief, Francesco Porras; and the remainder at length submitted to their duty, begging Columbus to forgive their ingratitude and their rebellion.

Meanwhile, the messenger of Columbus in his frail bark, guided by Providence across the waste of waters, had at length been thrown, a remnant of a distant wreck, upon the rocks of Hispaniola. Guided across the island by the natives, he had succeeded, after endless fatigue and dangers, in reaching the governor Ovando. He gave him the Admiral's message, and added to the interest of his mission by the pity which his account of the desperate situation of Columbus and his companions ought to have inspired in his countrymen. But, whether from incredulity, or indolence, or a secret hope of effecting the ruin of a rival too great for his presence not to be embarrassing, the Spanish authorities of Hispaniola allowed, under various pretences, days, and even months, to pass. Then they sent, as it were unwillingly, a small vessel commanded by Escobar, merely to reconnoitre the position of the shipwrecked vessels, without landing on the coast or speaking with the crews. This vessel had appeared at a distance one night to Columbus and his sailors, and again disappeared from their eyes so mysteriously, that their superstition had made them take it for a phantom-ship, which came to mock their hopes or to announce their death.

Ovando at length made up his mind to send ships to

the Admiral, to rescue him from sedition, famine, and death. After a sixteen months' shipwreck, the Admiral, overcome with age and infirmities, increased by his misfortunes, revisited, for a short season, the island which he had made an empire, and from which jealousy and ingratitude had driven him. He remained for some months in the house of the governor, well received in appearance, but deprived of all influence in the government, seeing his enemies in favour, and his friends banished or persecuted for their fidelity to him; grieving over the ruin and slavery of the land which he had found a garden, and now left a grave to his beloved Indians. His own property confiscated, his revenues plundered, his estates depopulated or wasted, exposed him in his old age to poverty, want, and sickness. He, and his son and brother, with a few servants, were at length put on board a vessel bound for Europe, and a continued tempest swept him on through storm after storm to San Lucar, where he disembarked on the 7th of November. He was thence removed to Seville, where he arrived broken down in health, in a dying state, but unsubdued in spirit, unconquerable in will, and still full of hope for the future.

The possessor of so many islands and continents had not where to lay his head. "If I want to eat or to sleep," he writes to his son, "I must knock at the door of an inn, and oftentimes I have not the money to pay for a meal or a bed." His misfortunes and his poverty were less burthensome to him than the misery of his companions and servants, whom his expectations had induced to follow his fortunes, and who reproached him with their want. He wrote to the King and Queen on their behalf. But the ungrateful Porras, a defeated rebel, who owed his life to the magnanimity of Columbus, had

preceded him at Court, and prejudiced Ferdinand against his benefactor. "I have served your Majesty," Columbus wrote to the King and Queen, "with as much zeal, and constancy as I would have worked for the hope of heaven, and if I have failed in anything, it is because my skill or power could not reach it."

He relied with reason on the justice and favour of his protectress Isabella, but this support of his cause was also about to fail him. Domestic misfortune had reached her also; she was languishing, inconsolable for her favourite daughter's death. While dying, she wrote in her will this evidence of her humility in her exalted station, and of constant love for the husband to whom she wished to remain united even in death. "I desire that my body be buried in the Alhambra of Granada, in a grave level with the ground and trodden down, and that my name be engraved on a flat tombstone. But if my lord the king chooses a burial-place in some other temple, or in some other part of our dominions, then I desire that my body be exhumed, and removed, and buried by the side of his, in order that the union of our bodies in the grave may signify and attest the union of our hearts during our lives, and I hope, by the mercy of God, the union of our souls in heaven."

On hearing of the death of his benefactress, Columbus wrote to Diego in these words:—"O, my son, let this serve to teach you what is now your duty. The first thing is to recommend the soul of our sovereign lady piously and affectionately to God. She was so good and so holy, that we may feel sure of her eternal glory, and of her being now sheltered in the bosom of God from the cares and tribulations of this world. The second thing that I have to desire is, that you will watch and labour with all your might for the King's service: he is

the chief of Christendom. Remember, with regard to him, that when the head suffers, all the limbs feel it. All the world ought to pray for the peace and preservation of his life, but especially we who are his servants."

Such were Columbus's feelings of gratitude and fidelity, even at the height of his disappointments. But the death of Isabella affected not only his fortunes, but his life. Obliged to stop at Seville, for want of means and by increasing infirmities, his only comforters were his brother Bartholomew and his second son Fernando. This son, now sixteen years of age, exhibited all the serious qualities of middle life, with all the graces of youth: "Love him as a brother," Columbus writes to his eldest son Diego, then at Court; "you have no other. Ten brothers would not be too many for you. I never had better friends than my brothers." He desired Bartholomew to take the youth to Court, and commend him to the care of his legitimate son, Diego. Bartholomew started with Fernando for Segovia, where the Court then resided. He in vain solicited attention and justice for Columbus. When the approach of spring made the air more genial, Columbus, accompanied by his brother and his sons, set out himself for Segovia. His presence was troublesome to the King, and his poverty was felt as a reproach. The judgment on his conduct, and the question of restoring his property, were referred to courts of conscience, which, without venturing to deny his rights, wore out his patience by delay. They were at the same time wearing out his life. His mental anxiety, and his sense of the poverty in which he was likely to leave his brothers and sons, added to his bodily sufferings. From his sick-bed he wrote to the King: "Your Majesty does not think fit to keep the promises which I have received from you, and from the Queen,

who is now in glory. To struggle with your will would be wrestling with the wind. I have done my duty. May God, who has always been good to me, accomplish what remains, according to his divine justice!"

He felt that life, and not his firmness, was about to fail him. His brother Bartholomew, and his son Diego, had gone by his order to petition the Queen Juana, Isabella's daughter, who was returning from Flanders to Castile. Physical sufferings and mental anguish; the feeling that his days, of which too few remained to leave him a hope of seeing justice done, were drawing to a close; the triumph of his enemies at Court, the contempt of the courtiers, the coldness of the prince, the approach of death, the loneliness in which he was left in a forgetful or ungrateful town by the absence of his brother and sons; the remembrance of a life of which one-half was spent in waiting for the advent of a great destiny, and the other half in brooding over the uselessness of genius; doubtless, also, pity for the innocent and happy race of Indians, whom he had found free and infantile in their garden of delight, and whom he left slaves, despoiled and outraged, in the hands of their oppressors; his brothers without support, and his sons without inheritance; doubts as to the judgment of posterity on his fame; the agony of genius misunderstood; —all these afflictions of his limbs, body, soul, and mind— of the past, the present, and the future—united in weighing upon the spirit of the old man in his lone chamber in Segovia, during the absence of his brothers and his sons. He asked one of his servants—the old and last remaining companion of his voyages, his glory, and his misfortunes—to bring to his bedside a little breviary, a gift made him by Pope Alexander the Sixth, at the time when sovereigns treated him as a sovereign.

He wrote his will, with a weak hand, on a page of this book, to which he attributed the virtue of divine consecration.

Strange sight for his poor servant! An old man, abandoned by the world, and dying on a pauper's bed in a hired chamber at Segovia, distributing, in his will, seas, hemispheres, islands, continents, nations, and empires! He appointed, as his principal heir, his legitimate son Diego: in case of his dying without issue, his rights were to pass to his natural brother, the young Fernando; and lastly, if Fernando also died without leaving children, the inheritance passed to his uncle, Don Bartholomew, and his descendants. "I pray my sovereigns and their successors," he continued, "to maintain for ever my wishes in the distribution of my rights, my goods, and my charges—for I, a native of Genoa, came to Castile to serve them, and have discovered in the far West the continent and the isles of India! . . . My son is to inherit my office of Admiral of the seas to the westward of a line drawn from one pole to the other! . . ." Passing from this to the distribution of the revenue guaranteed to him by his treaty with Isabella and Ferdinand, the old man divided, with liberality and wisdom, the millions which were to accrue to his family, between his sons and his brother Bartholomew. He assigned one-fourth to this brother, and two millions a-year to Fernando, his second son. He remembered the mother of this child, Donna Beatrice Enriquez, whom he had never married, and with whose abandonment, during his long wanderings on the ocean, his conscience reproached him. He charged his heir to make a liberal pension to her who had been the companion of his days of obscurity, when he was struggling at Toledo, against the hardship of his former lot. He

even seemed to accuse himself of some ingratitude or neglect towards this his second love, for he appends to the legacy on her behalf, these words, which must have hung heavy on his dying hand,—"and let this be done for the relief of my conscience, for her name and recollection are a heavy load upon my soul."

Then, reverting to that first country which the adoption of another can never efface from remembrance, he called to mind the city of Genoa, in which time had swept away all his father's house, but where he still had some distant relatives, like the roots which remain in the ground when the trunk is hewn down. "I command Diego, my son," he writes, "always to maintain in the city of Genoa a member of our family, who may reside there with his wife, and to secure him an honourable sustenance, such as befits a relative of ours. I desire that this relative may retain his domicile and the citizenship of that city; for there was I born, and thence did I come."

"Let my son," he adds, with that chivalrous sentiment of his own vassalage and allegiance to the sovereign, which at that time constituted almost a second religion, —"Let my son serve, in remembrance of me, the King and Queen and their successors, even to the loss of the goods of this life, since, after God, it was they who furnished me with the means of making my discoveries."

"It is very true," he goes on to say, with an involuntary bitterness of expression, like an ill-repressed feeling of injury, "that I came from afar to make the offer, and that much time elapsed before any one would believe in the gift I brought their Majesties: but this was natural; for it was for all the world a mystery, which could not fail to excite unbelief! Wherefore I must share the

glory with these sovereigns, who were the first to put faith in me."

Columbus's thoughts next reverted to God, whom he had always looked upon as his only true suzerain, as if he had been the immediate vassal of that Providence, whose instrument and minister above all others he felt himself to be. Resignation and enthusiasm, the two mainsprings of his life, did not fail him in the hour of death. He humbled himself beneath the hand of nature, and was exalted by the hand of God, whom he had always held in sight through all his triumphs and reverses, and of whom he had a nearer view at the moment of his departure from earth. He was full of repentance for his faults, and of hope in his double immortality. A poet in his heart, as may be seen in his discourses and writings, he took from the sacred poetry of the Psalms the last yearnings of his soul, and the last utterance of his lips. He pronounced in Latin his last farewell to this world, and yielded up aloud his soul to the Creator. A servant satisfied with his work, and dismissed from the visible world, which his labours had extended, he departed for the invisible world, to take possession of the immeasurable expanse of the infinite universe.

The envy and ingratitude of his age and of his King, vanished with the last breath of the great man whom they had made their victim. His contemporaries seemed anxious to make amends to the dead for the persecutions they had inflicted on the living. They gave Columbus a royal funeral. His body, and afterwards that of his son, after having successively occupied several monuments in various Spanish cathedrals, were removed and buried, according to their wishes, in Hispaniola, as conquerors in the land they had won. They now rest in

Cuba. But, by a singular decision of Providence, or an ungrateful caprice of man, of all the lands of America which disputed the honour of retaining his ashes, not one retained his name.

All the characteristics of the truly great man are united in Columbus. Genius, labour, patience, obscurity of origin, overcome by energy of will; mild, but persisting firmness, resignation towards heaven, struggle against the world; long conception of the idea in solitude, heroic execution of it in action; intrepidity and coolness in storms, fearlessness of death in civil strife; confidence in the destiny—not of an individual, but of the human race—a life risked without hesitation or retrospect in venturing into the unknown and phantom-peopled ocean, 1,500 leagues across, and on which the first step no more allowed of second thoughts than Cæsar's passage of the Rubicon!—untiring study, knowledge as extensive as the science of his day, skilful but honourable management of Courts to persuade them to truth; propriety of demeanour, nobleness and dignity in outward bearing, which affords proof of greatness of mind, and attracts eyes and hearts; language adapted to the grandeur of his thoughts; eloquence which could convince kings, and quell the mutiny of his crews; a natural poetry of style, which placed his narrative on a par with the wonders of his discoveries and the marvels of nature; an immense, ardent, and enduring love for the human race, piercing even into that distant future in which humanity forgets those that do it service; legislative wisdom and philosophic mildness in the government of his colonies; paternal compassion for those Indians, infants of humanity, whom he wished to give over to the guardianship—not to the tyranny and oppression—of the old world; forgetfulness of injury, and magnanimous

forgiveness of his enemies; and, lastly, piety, that virtue which includes and exalts all other virtues, when it exists as it did in the mind of Columbus—the constant presence of God in the soul, of justice in the conscience, of mercy in the heart, of gratitude in success, of resignation in reverses, of worship always and everywhere.

Such was the man. We know of none more perfect. He contained several impersonations within himself. He was worthy to represent the ancient world before that unknown continent on which he was the first to set foot, and to carry to these men of a new race all the virtues, without any of the vices, of the elder hemisphere. So great was his influence on the destiny of the earth, that none more than he ever deserved the name of a *Civilizer*.

His influence on civilization was immeasurable. He completed the world; he realized the physical unity of the globe. He advanced, far beyond all that had been done before his time, the work of God—the SPIRITUAL UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE. This work, in which Columbus had so largely assisted, was indeed too great to be worthily rewarded even by affixing his name to the fourth continent. America bears not that name; but the human race, drawn together and cemented by him, will spread his renown over the face of the whole earth.

BERNARD DE PALISSY,

THE POTTER.

A.D. 1510—1589.

"THE number of my years hath given me courage to tell you, that, a short time since, I was considering the colour of my beard, which caused me to reflect on the few days still remaining before my race should end; and this made me admire the lilies and corn in the fields, and several sorts of plants, which change their green colour to white, when they are about to bear fruit. Thus, also, certain trees burst into flower when they feel that their natural vegetative vigour is like to cease. . . . . Wherefore, it is a just and reasonable thing that each should endeavour to multiply the talent which he hath received from God. . . . . Therefore have I endeavoured to bring to light those things which it hath pleased God to make me understand, to the profit of posterity."

In these terms does a poor potter, nearly ninety years of age, express himself in the preface to his writings and conversations with himself, in which he treats of his trade, his afflictions, and his life, for his own amuse-

ment and for the encouragement of others. The passage might be taken for an extract from the confessions of St. Augustine, or of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or of a writer and a philosopher, great both in ideas and style. This writer, this philosopher, is but a workman who has grown old between the trowel and the furnace, with his hands still soiled by the clay that he moulded all his days. We never felt more strongly, than in studying the life of this man, that greatness does not depend upon position, but is a gift of nature.

The potter was Bernard de Palissy. While young, he kneaded marl and burnt bricks at his father's kiln, in the village of Chapelle-Biron, in Périgord. But the youth was moved by that desire of doing well whatever we do, which leads the reflecting man to surpass what he sees done by others, and which, at length, gives him the key to all discoveries in intellectual or manual labour. While moulding his coarse clay, and gazing on the brick that had become hard and red in the fire of the furnace, he was thinking of the forms, the reliefs, the handles, the ornaments, and the figures of the vases, which already presented themselves to his imagination, and of the glazes and enamels with which he was one day to cover his masterpieces of earthenware.

Pottery—that is to say, the business of tempering, moulding, and baking earth, either in the sun or in the fire—is one of the earliest of human occupations. The mud, which retains the foot-mark, offers itself naturally as an element ready, either for the sport or utility of the first inhabitants of the earth. Vases and cups, to hold the liquids necessary to quench thirst, were used by man as a substitute for the hollow of the hand, as soon as he had left off drinking at the pool like the beasts of the field. An improved kind of earthenware, fit for

cooking victuals, must have closely followed the invention of fire. From the first clay jar, or earthen cup, to the coloured glaze of the Etruscan vases, the enamelled porcelain of China or Japan, or the indelible pictures fixed by fire on the surface of the fine ware of Sèvres, we may trace each step of the immense scale which separates the rude handicraft from the exquisite art.

The earliest records of antiquity bear witness that this occupation employed numberless hands. Babel was a mountain of bricks. Moses delivered his people from the slavery of Egypt, because the Hebrews, who were condemned to this servile labour, were not furnished with the straw required to bind the bricks they were making for the pyramids. The Greeks—whose religious feeling was entirely based upon the adoration of the beautiful, in every line and shape, and of whom the type was Plato, the worshipper of the ideal—esteemed so highly the apparently vulgar art of the potter, that they erected statues, and struck medals, in honour of the first makers of earthenware. Corœbus of Athens, the inventor of pottery; Dibutades of Sicyon, the inventor of earthenware baked in the fire; and Talus, the inventor of the wheel by which round vases are fashioned; owe their fame to this craft. Phidias himself, the divine sculptor, gave designs for vases to the potters of his day.

Greece has, doubtless, produced masterpieces in this material; but the lapse of ages, social convulsions, invasions, and fires, have destroyed them. They have returned to the earth from which they sprung. As a general rule, the only specimens of their pottery which have reached us, have been found in tombs. Sepulchres have always been the safest of depositories.

The Etruscans—the inhabitants of Etruria, now called Tuscany—carried this art to such perfection, and made such myriads of vases, cups, amphoræ, and cinereal urns, that they are found by thousands wherever they have been discovered; and one might almost think that this nation, which supplied all the world with earthenware, was a people of potters.

The Romans imitated without equalling them. There is still to be seen at one of the gates of Rome, an artificial mound, called Monte Testaccio, formed entirely of the fragments of Roman pottery, which had been deposited in heaps upon this spot—a witness to the future of the vastness of their capital, and the eternity of its duration.

On the fall of the Roman Empire, the art of tempering, moulding, ornamenting, sculpturing, varnishing, and painting earthenware, disappeared with the other arts. Christianity, at its commencement, opposed all these, as being too intimately allied with idolatry. Temples, statues, tombs, urns, vases, and pagan vessels, —it proscribed all, that it might model the world anew. The Greeks of Byzantium alone preserved some of the traditional processes of this art of their fathers, and exercised them at Damascus, the greatest manufacturing city of the Levant; and of which the glazed and painted vases were spread over all the world as articles of regal luxury. These wares were, however, clumsy and tasteless; they evinced the decay of an art that was lost.

But while the West was successively creating, losing, and endeavouring to recover the art of pottery, the ancient nations of the extreme East had been, unknown to us, for thousands of years making that painted, glazed, and semi-transparent porcelain, which has been for ages the delight of the Chinese and Japanese. They had reached such a perfection of material, form, and

colour, that even to this day our imitations can hardly compete with them; and if artistic civilization were to be measured by superiority in the manufacture of earthenware, the West must bow before the East. Even the most ancient annals of China, mention as unknown the date of the invention of porcelain. There is a mysterious antiquity in a tea-cup, or a little statuette of a god or goddess of the Celestial Empire. The first Arabian geographers who mention China, which was but indistinctly known one thousand years ago to these navigators of the eastern seas, relate that in the towns of this wonderful empire, "there is no art more esteemed than that of the potter, and the designers of landscapes on porcelain. They fill the markets of India, Persia, and Arabia, with transparent earthen vases of incomparable beauty; and several millions of men have, from time immemorial, had no other occupation or glory than the manufacture of porcelain. Japan even surpasses the Chinese in a varnish which is called *Lake*. This varnish exudes from a tree the bark of which is split in spring, and of which the sap is collected in small shells. It is afterwards dried on cotton sieves, pressed between heavy stones, and mixed with purified oil: it is then rubbed and polished until it becomes as brilliant as crystal. On this varnish, when solid, gold figures or flowers are painted, and the picture is then covered with another transparent and fire-proof coating."

The material of which these vases are moulded is as great a proof of ingenuity and perseverance as their forms; and the figures, sculptures, and paintings, with which they are ornamented are evidences of taste, imagination, and mental and manual dexterity. The handles of the cups are sometimes branches of trees with their

leaves, and sometimes reptiles, like living caryatides, with their paws holding the rim, and their tails winding round the foot of the vase. Here we have a cat and her kitten, crouched on a hollow rock, whose cavity holds water or liquid perfume. There we have a beggar who seems to ask alms, and to receive the drop of tea which would fall from the edge of the cup into the drinker's hand; elsewhere, we have poultry perched on a tree in blossom; a sitting bird, from whose beak the liquid flows; a woman with her children round her, in the midst of fruit and flowers; a monkey playing with an orange, which is falling from his hand; a cup like an opening bud, with the stalk for a handle; an old man, like a Tantalus, with his head stretching over the edge of the cup, from which the water flows, without wetting his lips; another, like an expanded lotus flower, buoyed up by its leaves on the water; or a bunch of grapes gnawed by a little squirrel; with a thousand other decorative conceits that make a china-cupboard a complete museum of art and imagination, in which all the caprices of nature are reproduced in porcelain. How many ages must it have required for a trade, apparently so vulgar, to become the taste and the principal occupation of so many millions!

But these wonders of the extreme East were still unknown in the West in the fourteenth century. Glazed earthenware appears for the first time in the pavement of the Alhambra of Granada, and in the mosques of the Moors in Spain. The art was introduced into Europe through Arabia. It was not until a century later that the famous Luca della Robbia, the Palissy of Tuscany, became celebrated for enamelled earthenware in Italy. A moulder of clay, he succeeded, after persevering labour, in covering and varnishing his works with a

white glaze, unaffected by what destroys the surface of unglazed earthenware. The manufacturing cities of Florence and of Faenza, from which last is derived the French word "*Faïence,*" owed to him their trade and their celebrity. Painting soon took possession of his enamel as of an imperishable canvass, and the pictures of the great masters were copied, fired, and made everlasting, on these disks of porcelain. Sculpture endeavoured to rival its sister art, and grouped its statuettes and bas-reliefs round the vases, cups, ewers, and plates of baked earthenware.

Such was the condition of the earthenware manufacture, when Bernard de Palissy was making tiles, bricks, and earthen bottles, to hold water, wine, and oil. But how much of these artistic secrets could be known to the poor ignorant workman, without models, without books, and without instructors, in a village where the peasants were as rough as himself, amidst the marshes and woods of the Saintonge? Yet artistic taste—which always, in the first instance, connects itself with religious worship, as if it were anxious to return to its source and exalt itself by its association with things divine—dawned on the mind of the young potter from the splendid Gothic designs of the coloured windows of his cathedral. He knew that this glass, which allowed the sunbeams to pass into the church, and exhibited the wonderful scenes of the Bible and the Gospel, consisted only of earth and sand most carefully tempered by the hand of man, purified and hardened in the fire, and made transparent as rock-crystal by processes resembling magic. From that day, the earth he loved so well seemed to him mere mud: his imagination put before him a wonder to imitate and other wonders to discover. He quitted his father's kiln, and apprenticed himself to some workmen

in glass, who at that time ranked almost with the nobility, on account of the science and dignity of their art.

The glass manufacture then included, not only melting the glass, but cutting it into the panes necessary to fit the spaces between the mullions of the cathedral or chapel windows, and covering these panes with paintings representing landscapes, animals, figures, and the mysteries of the Christian heaven. The glass windows were a poetical lesson-book for the people that frequented the churches. They brought home to the minds of the peasantry the creation of the world, the delights of the terrestrial paradise, with its rivers, trees, lions, lambs, and birds, the companions of men; the miracles of revealed religion, the sufferings of the Crucifixion, the martyrdoms in the circus, the resurrection and the assumption of the victims of the new faith;—then the Heavens open, with the Father eternal, the Son, the Word and the mercy of God, and the Holy Spirit under the form of a dove flying from the one to the other, to denote the unity of the Trinity, and giving forth rays from its glowing breast, to spread everywhere light and love. Lastly, the souls of the blessed, represented by numberless winged faces, scattered about like the stars in the sky, and rejoicing in the divine radiance in the dwelling of the Father.

Bernard de Palissy, to render himself better fitted for the art which he had adopted, spent the hours of the night, and what money he could spare from his wages, to obtain all the scientific knowledge and manual skill relating to his trade. His mind, both ardent and persevering, became trained as well as his hand. He soon acquired geometry, drawing, painting, and the elementary part of sculpture. The search for subjects of design soon led him to study sacred and profane literature, as he turned

over the pages of books to find scenes, descriptions, and allegories. He thus became unwittingly a man of letters, a poet, a theologian, a philosopher, and a politician. While studying a single business, with the view of extending his knowledge to its utmost limits, he learnt a little of everything. It is the characteristic of real genius always to aspire to universality: the limits which are said to separate one science from another are simply the limits of our knowledge. Genius always overleaps them to reach the infinite, the true field of human thought. In the infinite, all things are united completely and harmoniously into one great whole. The universe is but infinite art, which sketches, carves, draws, paints, writes, and sings the revelation of the Beautiful, which is God. Thus it was understood by Palissy. It will be seen that, towards the close of his life, he moulded thoughts in his mind, just as, when young, he moulded clay in his hands; and that his style, founded on nature, was as strongly marked and coloured, as vigorous and graceful, as his groups or his paintings. While studying pottery, he had become a poet and a writer.

There is a vague instinct which leads the child of genius, and the workman who aims at perfection, to leave his native country, and to travel, in early life. Each thinks, no doubt, that beyond his visual horizon there lies a new moral space, in which they shall discover things they knew not before. Change of place seems to suit that natural restlessness of spirit, ever yearning for perfection; and every town and district has become specially associated with some department of the art, the industry, or the trade of man. One place is famous for its workers in iron, another for its coppersmiths; the south is known for its silks, the north for its linen, the centre for its porcelain, the east for its metals, the west

for its wools, the Pyrenees for its crystal, Lyons for its factories. The climate, the natural productions, the weather, the water, the customs and habits of each place, are peculiarly adapted to some particular branch of human industry; secrets descend from father to son; the art becomes local, and, to be seen in its perfection, must be seen upon the spot. Thence sprang the custom of that voyage round the world, or of that tour through France, in which, from the time of Homer and Pythagoras downwards, the mere labourer of each profession, before he begins the life of the philosopher, the poet, and the workman, goes forth to see the world, from town to town, from people to people, previous to holding himself forth as an example and a teacher of his art.

Bernard de Palissy worked his way from town to town until he reached Tarbes, built on a table-land facing the Pyrenees, and in which glass-painting then flourished. Soon, attracted by the picturesque scenes which were spread before his eyes, he felt himself a painter at the sight of this picture of nature, and left for a time his glass and clay, to wander amongst the gorges and cliffs of the mountains, in which the Divine Artist seems to have sported with peaks and ravines amidst the grandest and most beautiful scenes of nature. If Bernard de Palissy was a mere workman when he entered the labyrinth of the Pyrenees, he left it a painter and a poet. He soon tired of the dull routine of the workshop at Tarbes, and travelled as a draughtsman and modeller of images; thus gaining his livelihood, and at the same time acquiring dexterity of hand, and enlarging his mind. He thus passed through all the provinces of France, from Marseilles to Flanders and the banks of the Rhine. His wanderings over the Alps and Pyrenees, and the great interest he took in the various qualities of the earths,

rocks, sands, and waters, on account of the relation they bore to his business, had made him a naturalist. He employed his leisure hours in wandering over the woods and meadows; in searching the beds of springs; in catching the reptiles, beetles, and insects, which inhabit the marsh amongst the rushes and tall water-plants; in climbing the mountains, and finding his way to the precipitous ravines and deep caverns, as if to spy into the secrets of God. The vast view within the distant horizon of the mountain-top, the varying hues of the sky, the changes of the leaf and of the greensward of the meadows, made a pleasing and a lasting impression on his sight, hereafter to be reproduced under his hand. To the solitary child of genius, Nature was both a teacher and a store. He revelled in the ecstasy, the truth, and the simplicity of his feelings; and the want of an interpreter in these conversations between Palissy and Nature afterwards gave rise to a new art.

But if there be an instinct which drives the workman from his home in his early youth, there is another instinct which draws him back when he has seen what he desired to see. Although man is a wandering creature, he has, nevertheless, like a tree, invisible fibres in his heart or memory, which attach or recal him to his birthplace. These fibres are the recollections, the attachments, the regrets, and the gratitude, which bind him (as a branch to its stock) to his family and country. There is his native soil. There he remembers his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, the companions of his youth, the faces, voices, and smiles, which he loved before he roamed the world, and which nothing has since been able to efface from his memory. These thoughts of the workman and traveller at last become a pleasing distemper of mind, of which the only cure is

in the country of his love. They draw him imperceptibly, and in a constantly decreasing circle, to the village or roof of his birth, which he at last revisits for the peace of his mind. This desire is the more difficult to conquer in proportion as he who feels it is more sensitive. Ideas become passions in the breasts of poets and artists.

Palissy had brought away, when he commenced his tour through France, one of those idols which recal man to his home. His mind, reflecting and religious, was not one of those which allow the first flower of love to be blighted by the breath of the world. He married, and established a family on a little property acquired by persevering labour. In his first years of quiet his genius found repose in this domestic happiness The man who possesses what he loves, easily forgets glory. Ambition is the craving of emptiness; a full heart is seldom disquieted. But his children increased as rapidly as the date of the year; and the ambition, which he no longer felt on his own account, returned for them, and with them. It was necessary to provide for a family in which there were so many young people sitting at the table, and so many old ones by the fire-side. His first attempt to make this provision was by procuring employment as a surveyor in measuring land in the Saintonge, under the officers of the revenue, who came, in the King's name, to mark out and measure estates for the land-tax. This work did not take him away from the constant object of his study—the earth. While surveying, he tried the clay, felt the sand, crushed the stones, and thought upon the mixtures and combinations of ingredients most likely to lead to those fortuitous discoveries of material, ground, colour, and glaze, which had been the object of his thoughts from the day when he first

handled a trowel. A fragment of earthenware of Luca della Robbia, which he had picked up amongst the sweepings of some mansion during his travels, set his mind to work, as the fall of an apple did Newton's; or as the ivy-branch floating on the ocean, with its leaves still green, led the first navigators of the Atlantic, the companions of Columbus, to suspect that land was near.

Tired of this lucrative, but temporary and monotonous employment of surveying, he returned home to his wife, with a determination to try all and risk all for her sake and the sake of his children—to complete his invention, or perish in the attempt. The recital of his meditations by night and labour by day, at this period of his life, exhausting as the throes of child-birth, should be read in his own pages, which are impressed with all the fire of his love, and all the strength of his will:—

"Alas," he says, in his book entitled *The Art of Pottery*, "it is true that I had not much wealth, but I had the reputation of being a good draughtsman, and I used to draw the plans and maps for law-suits and divisions of property. I was pretty well skilled in the manufacture of glass, and only applied myself to earthenware, after having laid by enough to live upon for some time without labour. I have endured many troubles and much misery in this study, encumbered as I was with a wife and children. I had no means of learning the said art in any shop, or of keeping any servant to assist me. . . . . Know that twenty-five years ago I was shown an earthenware cup, turned and enamelled, of such beauty, that, from that time forth, I communed with myself how I could discover an enamel; and I began to search for enamels, without knowing of what materials they were composed, as a man that gropes his way in the dark. On that day I pounded up all the

materials I could think of, and, having pounded and ground them, I bought a quantity of earthen pots, and breaking them to pieces, I covered them with the substances I had ground, making a memorandum of the drugs that I had used in each; then, having built a furnace according to my fancy, I put these pieces to bake, to see if my drugs would give any colour. Now, because I had never seen earthenware baked, I never could succeed, even when the mixtures were good, because sometimes the work was too much heated, and at other times not enough. . . . So, being oftentimes thus disappointed, with great cost and labour, I was all day pounding and grinding new materials, and building new furnaces at a great expense in money, and much consumption of wood and time. . . .

"When I had imprudently spent several years in these attempts, with much sorrow and sighing, because I could not succeed in my desire, I again bought several earthen vessels, and, having broken them up, covered three or four hundred of the pieces with experimental enamels, and carried them to a pottery distant a league and a half from my residence, with a request to the potters to allow me to bake these experiments therein.

"God willed it, that thus, as I was beginning to lose courage, and, as a last attempt, had gone to a glass-house, having with me a man loaded with more than three hundred different samples, there was found one of these samples which became melted within four hours after being in the furnace; the which gave me such joy, that I thought I had become another creature, and believed that I had then discovered the perfection of white enamel. But my thoughts were still far from the truth, this trial being very successful in one point of view, and very bad in another: successful, in so far as it gave me an insight into the knowledge I have since

attained; bad, in that it was not in proper dose or measure. I was so great a fool in those days, that, as soon as I had produced the white, which was of singular beauty, I set about making earthen vessels, although I had never learnt the earthenware manufacture; and, having spent seven or eight months in constructing these vessels, I began to build a furnace like a glass-furnace, the which I built with unspeakable toil, for I had to do the masonry by myself, and to mix my mortar, and draw the water for tempering the same: also I had to carry the bricks on my own back; for that I had no means of keeping a man to assist me in the said business. I baked my ware for the first firing; but at the second firing I had such sorrow and such work as no man would believe. For, instead of resting from my past labours, I had to work for the space of more than a month, night and day, to grind the materials of which I had made this beautiful white at the glass-house; and when I had ground these materials, I covered therewith the vessels that I had made. Which done, I lighted my furnace at the two doors, as I had seen the glassmen do; but it was unfortunate for me; because, although I was six days and six nights at the furnace without ceasing to throw wood in at the two mouths, I could not make the enamel melt, and I was reduced to despair. Yet, although I was exhausted with fatigue, I began to consider that in my enamel there was too little of the material which was to flux the others; which seeing, I began to pound and grind the said material, without, however, allowing my furnace to cool. Wherefore I had double labour, pounding, grinding, and heating the said furnace.

" When I had thus mixed my enamel, I was obliged to go and purchase more pots, in order to try the said

enamel, inasmuch as I had consumed all the vessels I had made; and having covered the pots with the enamel, I put them into the furnace, still keeping up the full heat of the fire. But thereupon I met with another misfortune, which gave me great vexation; for, my wood having run short, I was obliged to burn the stakes from my garden fence, which being consumed, I had to burn the tables and boards of my house, in order to melt my second composition. I was in such anguish as I cannot describe, for I was all shrivelled and dried up with the work and the heat of the furnace. It was more than a month since I had had a dry shirt on. Then, for my consolation, my neighbours laughed at me, and even those who ought to have helped me, reported about the town that I burnt my flooring-boards, and by such means they made me lose my credit and pass for a fool.

"Others said that I sought to coin false money, which was an evil report that made me shake in my shoes; and I would then walk through the streets stooping, like a man that is ashamed. I was in debt in several places, and had usually two children at nurse, without being able to pay the wages. No person helped me, but on the contrary they laughed at me, saying, 'Serve him right to die of hunger, for he neglects his business.' All these news came to my ears when I walked through the street. Nevertheless, there remained some hope which encouraged and sustained me, inasmuch as the last trials had turned out pretty well; and I then thought that I knew enough to gain my livelihood at it, although I were very far therefrom (as thou shalt know hereafter); and think it not amiss if I discourse thereof at length, in order that thou mayest attend to what may be of use to thee.

"When I had rested for some time, regretting that

no one had pity upon me, I said to my soul, What saddens thee, seeing that thou hast thy desire? Work now, and shame thy detractors. But, on the other hand, my mind would say, Thou hast no means of pursuing thy object: how, then, wilt thou keep thy family, and buy the things necessary for the four or five months that must pass before thou canst enjoy the fruits of thy labour? Now, while I was in such sadness and hesitation of spirit, hope gave me a little courage; and, having thought that I should be far too long in making the whole charge for the furnace with my own hands—in order to gain time and bring out more quickly the discovery which I had made of the secret of this enamel—I hired a common potter, and gave him some drawings for him to make vessels from, to my order; and while he was doing this, I worked at some medallions. But it was a wretched affair; for I was obliged to keep the said potter at a tavern on credit, because I could not have him in my house. When we had worked for the space of six months, and the work we had got through was ready to be fired, it became necessary to build a furnace and dismiss the potter, to whom, for want of money, I had to give some of my clothes by way of payment.

"Now, as I had nothing with which to build my oven, I set to work pulling down the one that I had made after the fashion of a glass-furnace, that the materials might serve for the new one. But whereas the said furnace had been so very hot for six days and nights, the bricks and mortar thereof had fused and vitrified in such manner that, in breaking it down, my fingers were cut and gashed in so many places, that I was obliged to eat my porridge with my hands wrapped in a cloth. When I had pulled down the furnace, I had to build

the other, which was not done without great trouble; and the more so, because I had to carry the stones and mortar, without any assistance or rest.

"This done, I gave the aforesaid work the first firing, and then, by borrowing and otherwise, I found means to procure the materials for the enamels to cover it, as it had borne the first firing well. But when I had bought these materials, there remained a work which had well-nigh made me give up the ghost; for, after having tired myself during several days by pounding and calcining my ingredients, I had to grind them, without any assistance, in a hand-mill, which usually required two powerful men to turn it. The desire which I felt to succeed in my undertaking made me do things which I should have otherwise thought impossible.

"When the colours were ground, I covered all my vessels and medallions with the enamel; then, having arranged the whole of it in my furnace, I began to heat it, expecting to make a profit of three or four hundred livres by the charge. I continued the firing until I had some sign and hope that my enamels had melted, and that the baking was going on well. The next day, when I came to draw the charge, having first extinguished the fire, my grief and sadness were so increased that I lost all command. For, although my enamels were good and the work sound, nevertheless an accident had happened to the furnace, which had spoilt all; and in order that thou mayest guard against it, I will describe it; also, after that, I will tell thee a number of other things, that my misfortune may be thy benefit, and my loss thy gain. It was because the mortar with which I had cemented my furnace was full of pebbles, the which, feeling the heat of the fire, split into several pieces, making sundry detonations and

reports in the said oven. Now when the splinters of the said stones flew against my work, the enamel, which had already melted and become sticky, held these stones, and fastened them all over the said vases and medallions, which would otherwise have been beautiful.

" I was more vexed than I could tell thee, and not without cause; for my charge cost me more than six-score crowns. I had borrowed the wood and the materials, as I also had a part of my household necessaries, while I was doing this work. I had kept off my creditors with the hope of payment from the money to arise from the sale of the goods, wherefore several of them came in the morning when I was going to take the goods out of the oven, thereby redoubling my vexation, because in taking out the work I gained nothing but shame and confusion. For every article was sprinkled with little bits of flint, which were so strongly fastened round the vessels, and stuck in by the enamel, that when I rubbed my hand over it, the said flints cut like razors; and, although the work was in this manner spoiled, yet some desired to purchase it at a low price. But because this would have been a disgrace and a cheapening of my credit, I completely destroyed the whole of the said articles, and went to bed for very sadness, seeing that I had no means of supporting my family. I met with nothing but reproaches at home: instead of consolation, I found curses. My neighbours, who had heard of the business, said I was a madman, and that I might have received more than eight francs for what I had broken. And all these remarks were added to my troubles.

" When I had lain some time in bed, and had considered with myself, that, if a man falleth into a ditch, it is his duty to try to get out of it; such being my case,

I betook myself to painting, and by several means was at pains to earn a little money; then I said to myself, that all my losses and risks were past, and that there was no longer anything to prevent my producing good articles: so I set to work, as before, at the former art.

"I had a great number of earthen crocks made by certain potters, to enclose my vases when I put them into the oven; the idea proved a good one, and I have adhered to it up to the present time. But I was such a novice that I could not distinguish between too much and too little firing: when I had learnt to guard against one danger, another presented itself, which I should never have thought of. At length I found out how to cover vessels with divers enamels mixed like jasper: this supported me for some time. But when I had discovered the means of making rustic pieces, I was more troubled and confounded than before. For, having made a certain number of basins, and fired them, some of my enamels turned out beautiful and well fused, others badly fused, and others burnt, because they were composed of various materials which were fusible at different heats: the green of the lizards was burnt before the colour of the serpents was melted; also the colour of the serpents, tortoises, cray-fish, turtles, and crabs, was melted before the white had acquired any beauty.

"All these defects caused me so much labour and sadness of spirit, that before I could make my enamels fusible at the same degree of heat, I thought I should have passed even the doors of the grave: for from working at such matters, in the space of more than ten years, I had so fallen away in my person, that there was no longer any form or appearance of calf to my legs or roundness in my arms; insomuch that my legs were all of one thickness, in such manner that, as soon as I began

to walk, the strings with which I fastened the bottom of my hose dropped about my heels, together with my stockings. I frequently used to walk in the meadow of Xaintes, considering my vexation and afflictions; and above all, that I could meet with no peace in my own house, or do anything that was thought right. I was despised and scorned by all. Nevertheless I always contrived to make some ware of divers colours which afforded me some sort of a living. The hope which supported me gave me such a manly courage for my work, that oftentimes, to entertain persons who came to see me, I would endeavour to laugh, although within me I felt very sad. . . .

"I was all night at the mercy of the wind and rain, without having any succour, help, or consolation, unless from the owls screeching on one side, and the dogs howling on the other. Sometimes there arose storms and tempests which blew in such manner up and down my furnaces that I was obliged to leave them altogether, with loss of my labour. And it has happened to me several times, that, having left my work, and having nothing dry about me, on account of the rain which had fallen, I would go to bed at midnight or daybreak, in the condition of a man that has been dragged through all the puddles of the town; and thus, beginning to undress, I would go staggering about without a light, and tumbling from side to side, like one drunk with wine, full of great sorrow, inasmuch as having been long at work, I saw my labour lost. Now, going to bed thus dirty and wet, I found in my room a persecution worse than the first, which now makes me wonder that I did not die of vexation."

Science and art—which must be overcome by the patience and industry of man—at length, in his advanced

age, yielded him the victory. His renown spread with his works; and the price that he received for his enamelled earthenware—his sculpture in clay—raised his house and his family from their misery. Glory and wealth visited together, although late, his furnaces. His productions—rough at first, and imperfect, but in which we may see the rising vigour of a new art, born of itself, and not tramelled by traditions—soon adorned mansions and palaces. Paris—to which Catherine de' Medici had called the genius, the arts, and the ideas of Italy—attracted him, as it had attracted the great sculptors of the age—Jean Cousin, Germain Pilon, and Jean Goujon, the heirs of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo. Great men received him; little men envied him. The Marshal de Montmorency became his patron, and Catherine de' Medici gave him a site for his furnaces on a portion of the ground now occupied by the palace of the Tuileries. She used to visit him at his work, like the princes of her family at Florence, who spent much of their time in the studios and society of artists—those princes of nature, of labour, and of genius.

It was at a happy and honoured period of his life that he made his numberless masterpieces of porcelain in relief, and dishes ornamented with figures, beasts, reptiles, insects, beetles, plants, and flowers; which, after having been dug up at the end of three centuries, from their burial-places in the mansions of the rich, now make their appearance, and sell for their weight in gold, as treasures of art, full of grace, beauty, and simplicity, to take their places in the museums of palaces, and in the cabinets of the wealthy, who do honour to their riches by making their houses the repositories of art.

One room in the Louvre is almost entirely devoted to the delicate wonders of Palissy. The neighbourhood of

the paintings of Raffaelle, and of the marbles of Michael Angelo, does not eclipse the glory of the potter. The loveliness of simplicity and truth induces us to linger by these sculptured plates, in which adders in high relief, with their scaly folds, make our fingers creep, attractive by their brilliancy, and repulsive by their truthfulness. Beside the sleeping snake, with its neck bent down to rest its head upon the folds of its tail, we see the black cray-fish, the spider of the waters, stretching its long claws as if to gripe the rocks, and shrink into their crevices. Beside it, the silver fish, with open fins, seem to spring forward spontaneously, darting across the rushes with the slight tremor of their tails, the helm of the living ship. The shell with its channelled volutes, like a petrifaction of animal life, or half animated stone, cleaves to the bottom of the water, as if to close its solitary dwelling against its foes. The frog gathers in its elastic limbs, its greenish hue rendering it scarcely perceptible amongst the plants at the edge of the brook: its great eyes are open, and its head erect; and it seems ready to bound away from the snake. On the edge of the plate, the young lizards with their feet spread apart and their long tails, winding to and fro like their path through the grass, turn their heads as if to listen to the chafing of the herbage, or the rolling of the gravel. The edges and bottom of the water are fringed with dank mosses, or covered with the broad leaves of the plants, flattened and bent down to the surface by the dew-drops gleaming like diamonds on their faces. It is the sub-aqueous world of waters, betrayed to the eye of man by holding apart the leaves, stems, and flags of the marsh; and transferred to clay, as true in form, as delicate in its shades, as brilliant in its colours, as if a housewife, washing her china, had dipped one of her plates in

the stream, and drawn it out filled to the brim with sand, shells, fragments of plants, and aquatic animals—the net of a fisher emptied of its wet and quivering load on the sand, and scooped up in a china basin—such are the dishes of Palissy.

Sometimes he carves and paints, in coloured groups, scenes from history, or fable, from the Bible or the New Testament; sometimes the simple scenes of rural life; the nurse giving the breast and laughing to the child, delighted and satiated with the living fountain of life. Sometimes we have Venus playing with the loves; again, a little girl has found a litter of puppies, and is taking them to exhibit in the lap of her pinafore, with their little heads peeping out astonished over the sides of the cloth; while the mother, fondly and anxiously following its young, has playfully seized the skirt of her dress, as she turns with a smile to quiet its anxiety.

The masterpieces of Palissy, after he had become a more consummate artist, by seeing great pictures and fine sculpture during his stay in Paris under the patronage of Catherine de' Medici, adorn the private collections of Prince Soltikoff, in Paris; of Baron Rothschild, in London; of M. Sauvageot; M. Rallier; and lastly, of M. Sellières, who has devoted himself to the memory of this great artist, and has made his house a museum of his works. M. de Sellières is the possessor of the great basin of the elements, in which clay vies with the sharpness of metal; of the battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, an unrivalled masterpiece of the hand of Palissy; a relief of Perseus and Andromeda; another of the woman taken in adultery; a group of the vintage; and some dishes of open work festooned with arabesques, whose edges are enamelled, and as it were perfumed, with daisies (*marguerites*) in bloom, the evident device

of some royal or chivalrous attachment of the artist. It is pleasing to see the disinterested passion for art, in men of wealth, thus attach enormous value to bits of baked earth merely because moulded by the hand of a poor workman. Work thus becomes gold, and gold becomes art, to the credit of the man of taste, and to the advantage of the artisan—a mutual intercourse between luxury and labour, which does honour to them both.

We owe to M. de Sellières our acquaintance with the collections of the works of Palissy.

But his renown, the favour of the Court, the popularity of his works all over France, and even in Spain and Italy, his fortune, the quiet of his old age, and the inheritance of his children, did not suffice for the old potter. He felt he had something more to fashion—his soul. Like Socrates, the sculptor in marble, it was within himself that he endeavoured to carve his statue, by his resemblance to the divine model of all perfection, by the holiness of his life, and if necessary, by martyrdom. As he advanced in years, he thought more of the life hereafter than of the life below. From his infancy, and during all the course of his apprenticeships, and of his laborious experiments, the love of God had worked upon him, and sustained and consoled him. It was this love that made him enjoy the solitude of the forest, the mountain-peak, and the sea-shore. It drove him into the wilderness that he might contemplate in silence the forms and organization of rocks, the structure and vegetation of plants, the course of the subterranean streams, the habits and manners of animals. He had learnt the wonderful secrets of Nature, to the glory of Him whom he calls the great mechanician, the great constructor, the great life-giver of the universe. This fond and pious contemplation of the things of this world, necessarily led

so perfect a mind to guess at things above. Real genius always rises, and, in rising, it finds God.

Palissy thought that he had found God, and he lived in perpetual converse with the Invisible Spirit which afforded the only possible explanation of things visible. It was at this time that the Reformation, arising from the abuses introduced by the Medici into the Catholic Church, opened the way for liberty of thought, while still desirous of remaining faithful to the principal dogma of Christianity, and in which the faith of authority and the faith of reason fought with fire and sword, the one to retain, and the other to conquer the spiritual world. Palissy and his family belonged to the Reformed religion, and were subjected to the tyranny of the dominant persuasion. There is in man a natural tendency to servitude: when he can no longer serve princes, he desires to serve God. It is not until he has suffered from frequent attacks on his own liberty, that he learns to respect that of others. The preachers of the new religion were hunted down like wild beasts in the provinces of the west and south, and driven to assume various disguises and occupations to conceal their real business as fishers of men: they were tracked by spies, shut up and imprisoned, dragged along the roads and through the towns, to be burnt at the stake—a gloomy prelude to the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Sublime instances of faith, resignation, devotion, and courage, marked this persecution. One man, escaping from his prison the night before his execution, and finding that he was not followed by his companions, less skilful or less fortunate than himself, returned to pray with them until their last hour. Another, on the morning fixed for his death, woke the friend who was sleeping in the same cell, and said, pointing with his hand to the

splendid sunrise of summer on the horizon: "Let us rejoice! for if the aspect of Nature and the return of daylight is so beautiful on earth, what will it be to-morrow when we shall see the mansions of heaven?" The more fortunate escaped to the rocks and isles which skirt the coast of Saintonge, and faced the storm and the risk of death in order to preach the gospel amongst the people of their religion.

Palissy, who professed their doctrine, describes with admiration their zeal and intrepidity. "These old men," he says, "carried no sword in their belt; but, with merely a stick in their hand, they went alone and without fear, according to the command of the Master, 'Ye shall preach my law, going and coming, eating and drinking, lying and standing, and seated by the roadside.' They carried their food in the bosom of their shirts; for there were very few rich men in our assembly, and we had no means of giving them salaries." A Catholic historian of the day remarks, that "The painters, clock-makers, modellers, jewellers, booksellers, printers, and others, who although in humble trades, have still some exercise for thought, were the first to adopt these new ideas."

The poetical and musical mind of Palissy was particularly attracted by the poetry and rhythm of the Psalms, to which the field-preachers accustomed the ear of the people. "While listening to them," he says, "I fancied myself walking along the rows of alders and ash-trees which hide the beds of the rivulets, and listening to the gentle murmur of the rippling waters as they flowed amongst the trees; and moreover I listened to the song of the birds in the alders, and then I remembered me of the hundred and fourth psalm, on the plan of which I had laid out my garden, and in which the

prophet saith, 'He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run amongst the hills,' and in which he also saith, 'By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing amongst the branches.' It also seemed to me as though I heard the voices of maidens watching their flocks, and shepherds playing sweetly on their flutes."

But he shortly afterwards describes the religious and political persecution which dispersed these little congregations. "I retired secretly to my house, that I might not see the murders, the apostasies, and the robberies, which took place in town and country; nevertheless, for two days that I remained there, it seemed to me as if hell were let loose, and all the demons had gone abroad to ravage the earth. From my house, I saw soldiers running through the streets sword in hand, crying, 'Where are they?' . . . Even the children used to collect in an open place, within sight of the house where I carried on my trade, to imitate the blasphemies, the fights, and the murders of the men. I often felt inclined to wreak vengeance on them, but I called to mind the psalm of mercy."

Palissy returned to Paris to escape these sights. He was preserved from the massacre of St. Bartholomew by his talent, and perhaps also by the lowliness of his condition and the gentleness of his character. Jean Goujon, the Michael Angelo of France, more envied, because more celebrated, was struck down on his platfom, while working on the Caryatides of the Louvre; with his chisel yet in his hand, he fell a corpse at the foot of the marble to which he was giving life. The protection of the Court saved Palissy. He occupied his leisure, and afterwards his captivity, in writing those things concerning his art,

his soul, and his faith, which appear so singular as coming from the uncultivated pen of the workman, and from which we have already quoted. His style improved as he advanced in age and wisdom. We know of none, in the French language, so biblical, and at the same time so modern: it is language moulded on thought, not on antiquity. The ignorant make languages, the learned only adopt them.

The principal book of Palissy's maturity, is a collection of philosophical, religious, artistic, and especially horticultural meditations, which he calls his Garden. The old workman, reposing like Solomon in the setting sun of a holy and laborious life, remembers the phenomena of nature, of his art, and of his soul, which have left an impression on his mind and heart during his pilgrimage here below. It breathes the spirit of the labourer, the workman, and the dreamer; we feel that it is pervaded by the adoration of the great Creator in spirit and in truth. The love of Nature gives him the power of understanding her, and his knowledge of his model explains to him the laws, the powers, and the beauties of creation.

He conceives that, in order to shelter him from the persecutions and civil wars of his day, God has permitted him to make for himself a garden, undisturbed by the noise, the troubles, and the ravages of the world—a species of Eden, of which he is the Adam: he imagines that, after having designed, laid out, and planted this refuge, he gives lessons of wisdom, of piety, and of happiness to men, beneath the shade of its groves, and by the margin of its streams. It was from within the walls of the Bastile, in which the Marshal de Montmorency, and his other patrons amongst the Catholic party,

had confined him, as much for his safety as to compel his conversion, that he constructed these visions of happiness, liberty, and ease.

As the Creator himself has done in his work, so Palissy infuses his mind into all his imaginary creation, and he invites all living, intelligent, and loving animals, to the dwelling-place and happiness of man. He even includes plants, which he describes as gifted with an incomplete kind of understanding and love.

"On the walls of my rocky caverns," he says, thinking of the creatures which he has so often reproduced in his earthenware and enamels, "there shall be various kinds of herbs and mosses pourtrayed, as, for instance, Scolopendras, the Hair of Venus, Adianthus, and other species of plants; and below these herbs and mosses there shall be numbers of lizards and insects crawling along the rocks, some climbing up, some running across, and others leaping down, showing their divers movements, attitudes, and droll contortions; and all these animals shall be carved and coloured so like nature, that other insects, lizards, and real snakes, shall come to look at them, even as thou seest that in my workshop there is a figure of a dog, which several dogs have barked at, as though it were a living one. And from the rock shall trickle several streamlets, which shall be received in a basin, in which there shall be real fish, frogs, and tortoises. And above this grotto, which shall be open to the sky, I will plant, after the manner of a cornice, a great number of hawthorns and other shrubs, to feed the birds; which same hawthorns and other shrubs shall cause the persons who walk in these alleys to have usually the pleasure of the various songs, which the birds on these shrubs shall sing. The first cause for this will be the sun, which will throw its rays morning

and evening upon the shrubs; and the second, that the little birds will generally find food upon the boughs. To accustom them the better to this garden, I would throw upon the ground in winter, grains of various kinds of seed, that they might find food when the season allows the trees to bear no fruit.

"And those who will walk along these galleries, and lean upon the rail to solace themselves, will have the shrubs and singing-birds overhead; and, if they desire to behold the beauty of the garden, and what is going on therein, they will catch the scent of violets, marjoram, and basil, and other kinds of herbs, sheltered by the rocks from the cold winds of the north and west. These mountains, sloping to the south and the east, and heated all day by the sun, will give out by night their warmth to these plants, herbs, and trees, and the fruits will therefore be sweeter and better flavoured. . . . . Moreover, those which require moisture will be planted along the brooks which run from the rocks and mountains, and these little brooks shall in their course form a large stream, from which some off-sets shall make islets fit for the growth of water-plants. And in order to water them, I will scoop out a number of alder-stalks, and fit the ends one into another, and catch the oozings of the rocks in one end, and support them on little forks of wood stuck into the ground, so that they will carry the little streamlets to every spot that I wish to water. And lest the foot of man trample and spoil the grass, my aqueducts of alder shall be perforated all along between the rocks and the plants to which I wish to lead the stream with small holes, from which a perpetual dew shall fall upon the turf."

Then, after a long and affectionate description of his mountains, caverns, rocks, flower-beds, and orchards,

interspersed with exceedingly pious reflections and godly raptures, he says, "In retiring from the labours of this earth, I have found no other delight than that of laying out and cultivating my said garden; so that since that time I have done nothing but dream of the construction thereof. . . . . And last week, whilst I was asleep in my bed, I dreamt that my garden was actually made as I have above described, and that I was already beginning to eat the fruits therein; and it appeared to me, that, while passing through this garden, I was considering the wonderful things which the Sovereign Master has commenced in nature."

Palissy diverges from this subject, to launch into considerations of a very exalted nature, yet full of truth, on the moral laws of the whole universe, visible to a religious and philosophical genius, in the physical laws of organic life. He pours forth his charity upon animals, he imparts his understanding to the vegetable kingdom, and even to rocks, fountains, and the ocean; his soul converses with the universal spirit, whose manifestations he beholds, whose sensitiveness he mourns, and whose moan or rejoicing he hears throughout all Creation.

"Nothing in nature," he says, "produces its fruit without extreme labour or suffering. I say this as well of vegetable nature as of animal and rational beings. If the hen grows thin to hatch her chickens, if the bitch suffers in whelping her litter, I can assure thee that plants suffer in giving birth to their fruit. . . . .

"I was once in the isles of the Saintonge. I saw a vine bearing more grapes than all the others: on inquiring the cause, I was told that it was loaded to death. I asked what was meant. I was then informed that more fruit-stems than usual had been left on it,

because it was intended to pluck it up after the vintage, but that otherwise it would not have been suffered to bear so heavily. This means, that if the vines were left to themselves, the abundance they would endeavour to produce, would kill them. I have often remarked trees and plants, which felt their decay approaching, and which, before death, hastened to bloom, and bring forth grain and fruit before the accustomed time. . . . . What if I spoke of men?"

Farther on he notices in his garden "the branches of vines, peas, and gourds, which seem aware of their weak nature; for, not being able to support themselves, they throw out certain little arms like filaments in the air, and, meeting with some small branches, attach, suspend, and fasten themselves thereto. . . . . Sometimes, while passing through the walks, I would find several of these branches which had nothing to fasten to, and were throwing out their slight tendrils in the air, endeavouring to seize something to support themselves by. I would then give them some boughs to prop their weakness; and having done so one morning, I found the next evening that the plants had sent forth their tendrils and twisted them round these props. Then, marvelling at the foresight of God, I remembered this saying, that even the birds have their share in his protection, and fall not without his will.

"I also remarked certain trees, which seemed as if they possessed some knowledge, for they were careful to guard and protect their fruit, as a woman does her little children. Amongst these vines and gourds, certain leaves had grown and arranged themselves, so as to cover the fruit, lest perchance the cold might destroy it. The rose-trees, and gooseberry-bushes, to defend themselves against any who might wish to strip them of

their buds, had put forward defences of sharp spines. I also saw wheat and other corn, to which the Almighty had given the power of clothing their produce so beautifully that Solomon with all his wisdom was never so well clad. All these things led me to fall on my face and worship the living God, who hath made such things for the use and service of man! The earth would be blessed, if man would but work therein!"

The potter becomes a lyrist, and the song of the prophet mingles with the work of his hands. "There is no treasure like the small herbs of the field, even the most despised."

If what we, no doubt from ignorance and want of perception, call inanimate nature, furnishes him matter for such hymns, what must have been the impressions he received from the contemplation of animals, of fields, and of the wonders of the human intellect!

"When I went out of the garden," he says, "to walk in the meadow sloping down to the river, I saw playing, gamboling, and sporting about, certain lambs, sheep, goats, and kids, kicking, leaping, and making divers extraordinary movements and capers; and, also, I seemed to take great delight in seeing certain shorn sheep, which, feeling the spring weather, and being without their old clothing, were making a thousand leaps and gambols in the meadow. I saw certain other rams, backing far away to a great distance, and then running forward quickly with much fierceness, striking their horns one against the other. I also saw some goats, which, rising on their hind legs, butted each other with great violence. And I saw some little colts and calves, sporting and frolicking around their dams.... All these things looked upon me with so much pleasure, that I cried out to myself that men were very foolish thus to despise

country places and the art of agriculture, which our old, honest ancestors, and the prophets themselves, did not disdain to exercise, even to the keeping of flocks."

Alas! it was within the walls and moats of his prison-house, separated from his wife by the grave, and from his children by his captivity; shut out from the view of the Seine, by proscription; from the tools and pursuit of his trade, by old age; from his brothers in religion, by martyrdom — that Palissy wrote these records as mental consolations for his ruin, his dungeon, and his approaching death. His scattered leaves, long forgotten, and at last collected, form two volumes, real treasures of human wisdom, divine piety, and eminent genius, as well as of great simplicity, vigour, and copiousness of style. It is impossible, after reading them, not to consider the poor potter one of the greatest writers of the French language. Montaigne is not more free and flowing; Jean Jacques Rousseau is scarcely more graphic; neither does Bossuet excel him in poetical power. In his allegories, his reflections, his pathos, his descriptions, and his poetry, he is as great as any of the authors I have named.

He was then approaching those last hours of life, when the voice of the soul acquires additional melancholy and solemnity, like the sounds of evening when nature puts on her veil of darkness and repose. His patron took pity on the aged man, who was about to die in his fetters, and thus change one tomb for another. King Henry the Third went to visit him in his prison, desiring to give him his liberty, and asking, as the price of his pardon, the easy condition of giving up his faith. "My worthy friend," said the King, "you have now been forty-five years in the service of my mother and myself; we have suffered you to retain your religion amidst fire and slaughter. I am so pressed by the Guises and

by my people, that I find myself *compelled* to deliver you into the hands of your enemies; and to-morrow you will be burnt unless you are converted." The old man bowed, touched by the goodness of the King, humbled by his weakness, but inflexible in the faith of his fathers. "Sire," he answered, "I am ready to give up the remainder of my life for the honour of God. You have told me several times that you pity me, and now in my turn I pity you, who have used the words *I am compelled.* It was not spoken like a king, Sire! and they are words which neither you, nor the Guises, nor the people, shall ever make me utter. I CAN DIE!"

The courtiers who accompanied the King, instead of admiring his courage, were angry. "Here is insolence!" exclaimed they; "one would suppose he had read Seneca, and was parodying the words of the philosopher, 'He who can die, need never be constrained.'"

Henry the Third, more merciful than his Court, in consideration of the beautiful works which graced his palace, and of his mother's memory, would not give up Palissy to the Guises, but suffered age and natural decay to finish the prisoner. He expired, a voluntary martyr, in the dungeons of the Bastille, and only gained his liberty in death.

His fame lay long buried with him, and, with his productions, was only recovered from oblivion in the last century, by Faujas de Saint Fond, Fontenelle, and Buffon. In this century, by M. Cap, who collected, classified, and wrote a commentary on his works; and lastly, quite recently, by a young man, whose mind and imagination were excited to enthusiasm, by a similarity of disposition, for the art, the poetry, and the sufferings of Palissy—M. Alfred Dumesnil. It is to them we owe the materials for our rough statuette of the old potter.

Bernard de Palissy is the most perfect model of the workman. It is by his example, rather than by his works, that he has exercised an influence on civilization, and that he has deserved a place to himself amongst the men who have ennobled humanity. Though he had remained unknown and listless, making tiles in his father's pottery; though he had never purified, moulded, or enamelled his handful of clay; though his living groups, his crawling reptiles, his slimy snails, his slippery frogs, his lively lizards, and his damp herbs and dripping mosses, had never adorned the bottoms or edges of those dishes, ewers, or saltcellars, those quaint and elaborate ornaments of the tables and cupboards of the sixteenth century; it is true, nothing would have been wanting to the art of Phidias, or of Michael Angelo; to the porcelain of Sévres, of China, of Florence or Japan;—but we should not have had his life for the operative to admire and imitate. He is the patriarch of the workshop, the poet of manual labour in modern days; he is the potter of the Odyssey, the Bible, and the Gospel, the type incarnate to exalt and ennoble every business, however trivial, so that it has labour for its means, progress and beauty for its motive, and the glory of God for its end.

Such was Bernard de Palissy. Untaught, save by himself, he feels that he has a genius in his fingers' ends. He does not trample the fine earth under his feet; he despises not the common material which his situation has placed in his hands; he endeavours to purify and ennoble it, by an infusion of his own spirit; he travels over the country with his trowel and knife, earning his bread honourably from kiln to kiln; and, when his business has nothing more to teach him, he goes into the wilderness to examine nature, the teacher

of teachers, by unveiling her mysteries; he acquires love and enthusiasm for her by dint of contemplation; he rivals her in form, in colour, and in playful ease; he transports the leaf, the herb, the fly, the reptile, the insect, the brook, the dew, the dampness, the freshness, and the gleam of light, to a piece of clay. In seeking the perfection of Art, which hides itself that it may be discovered, and which holds itself back that it may be mastered by force, he meets with misery, unbelief, and the scorn of his neighbours; he follows his pursuit obstinately, and even savagely; he burns his house to feed his last furnace; he forces his inventive genius; he exhausts the folly of hope, and the heroism of labour:— finally he is rewarded, he triumphs, he becomes illustrious, and enriches his children. But these earthly rewards, for which he gives thanks to Providence, are yet as nothing to him: the labourer is satisfied, but not the man; he thirsts after the beauty and glory of the Eternal. The most precious discovery of his solitary contemplation of nature is not his art, but God, the object and end of every perfect art. In his leisure hours, he writes his wonderful meditations; he gives full scope to his intellect in his hymns, the produce of his piety, far more than in his vases, the work of his hands. Without study, and unlettered, his soul bursts forth with a holy enthusiasm. He attaches himself with steadfast faith to the persecuted worship of his brethren. He devotes his youth to his trade; he sacrifices his house for his art; he gives up his old age, his liberty, and his life, to his God; he flies from his dungeon to heaven on the wings of celestial hope; he leaves behind him, masterpieces, vain works, doubtless, like the grottoes of earth, sand, or shells that children leave forgotten where they have played with their companions; but he

bequeaths impressive lessons and immortal examples of labour, of patience, of perseverance under difficulties, of mastery over matter, of gentle dignity, piety, and virtue, to workmen of all professions. His life signifies labour; his works, invention; his death, martyrdom. His book becomes the manual, not only of the manufacture of earthenware, but also of the more sublime profession of speaking right, doing right, and living right; his name is a beacon to all unkindly, stubborn, yet successful occupations. Palissy has thus won a legitimate place amongst the great men who have risen from obscurity.

Some will say: "But he only moulded clay!" What can it signify? Greatness does not depend upon the occupation, but upon the mind. If *such* a man be little, —who then is great?

ROOSTAM.

A PERSIAN BIOGRAPHY OF THE YEAR OF THE WORLD 2900.

PREFACE, BY M. DE LAMARTINE, TO THE READER.

THE numerous readers of the first "Voyage in the East" are aware that Madame de Lamartine has written, almost without being herself conscious of it, the most interesting pages of the last volume of this book, published in 1834.

Thus involuntarily was a retiring and diffident woman drawn into the literary path previously adopted by her husband.

M. de Lamartine, compelled by a storm to put into Jaffa, and wishing to make a difficult excursion from that place to the desert which separates Palestine from Egypt, left Madame de Lamartine at the first named city. She travelled alone from thence to Jerusalem, to visit the scenes spoken of by the Evangelists, and upon her return wrote several notes, to impress what she had seen more firmly in her memory.

Already well versed in the Arabian language, she took advantage of the repose of a winter in Syria, to translate a valuable and hitherto unknown manuscript, written by an Arabian traveller, amongst the most remote tribes of Mesopotamia. This is the work entitled "Fat alla Sayèguyr," which M. de Lamartine purchased of the Author, and has since presented to the Royal Library at Paris; and this manuscript now forms one of the most curious articles in that great national collection.

M. Thiers, at that time Foreign Minister, struck by this document, requested M. de Lamartine to send for the poor Arabian author to Paris. The Government gave him a small situation on the coast of Syria, and a trifling annuity, which he still enjoys.

Madame de Lamartine was urgently requested to permit her translation of "Fat alla Sayèguyr" to appear in "Le Voyage en Orient," and with much reluctance, she consented.

This translation, preceded by some details of her journey to Jerusalem and Bethlehem, which accompanied the Arabian text, proved far more interesting than if it had been written expressly for the purpose. The public resembles an echo, which loves to repeat what it was not intended to hear, intruding as it were upon a private conversation.

Thus it was that Madame de Lamartine for once in her life became an authoress without desiring that distinction. She then hastened to retire into the habitual silence and obscurity of her life; like a woman who, accidentally seizing the more appropriate weapons of her husband, finds them not too heavy, but too masculine for her hand.

Nevertheless, though Madame de Lamartine abstained

from writing, she did not abandon the study of Oriental literature. Attracted by the majestic poetry of the "Schah-Nameh," a celebrated Persian epic (in fact the Iliad of Persia), she collected from thence, for her own gratification, the principal events in the life of Roostam, the early hero of his country, her Hercules and Achilles. She thus concentrated and re-arranged his history, one of the most stirring and dramatic of the Ancient East, presenting to our eyes an exact and living picture of the Eastern World. It forms also an integral portion of the lives of those great men who have identified their names with the different phases of civilization in the most remarkable epochs of ancient or modern empires. This individual biography has become obscure through the lapse of time and fabulous invention. Thus, in the manner we have named, we found our labours upon the Persian hero anticipated, and an unexpected assistant by our own fireside.

We shall not attempt by revision to deprive Madame de Lamartine's work of that impress of candour, originality, and naïveté, by which a woman's style can always be distinguished. These distinctive qualities form a part of their writings, as of their minds,—the more they value, the more they use them. They write well because they do not try to write well; their style is natural, ours artificial. Which of us would not exchange our acquired knowledge, for their instinctive perception?

We trust our readers will receive for once the incidental substitute with which affection has supplied us; and although they may perceive that the hand is changed, they will not discover that the spirit has deteriorated.

ROOSTAM.

BY MADAME. DE LAMARTINE.

THE origin of people, nations, and governments, is necessarily mixed up with fable. War destroys or alters the monuments of former civilization. Conquest sweeps away nationality, and buries in oblivion, at least for a time, the annals of the vanquished.

The absence of written documents in the early ages, obliges us to form all our ideas of primitive history from oral traditions handed down from generation to generation. These become more or less changed with the lapse of time, and are encumbered with superstition and a belief in the miraculous intervention of the Divinity; a doctrine which enhances, while it envelops the pride of every nation with a halo of glory.

These traditions are full of miraculous symbols, the meaning of which becomes gradually lost until nothing but the fiction remains, leaving to more advanced ages the duty of discovering the true signification. Amidst the fables and superstitions of these remote ages, history finds a few land-marks, which point out a series of facts, and

commemorate the sages and heroes who, either by legislation or conquest, have influenced the progress of the human race.

Poetry is almost invariably the channel through which traditions are derived. She seizes upon them and imprints them on our memory by rhythmical power. She embellishes and colours facts and sentiments, and excites the imagination by images of grandeur or terror.

It has been said, that a love of the marvellous indicates weakness of mind, and is the result of ignorance. Is it not rather a proof of great natural instinct, and of high moral feeling? For fiction elevates (perhaps a little too highly) noble deeds and great virtues, in order to excite emulation in those who study them. It also produces a detestation of vice, cruelty, and the abuse of power. The love of such recitals cannot be other than a true admiration of the beautiful and sublime.

Nothing can be more interesting than to retrace our steps to these remote periods, assisted by the new lights that discoveries of monuments of antiquity at Nineveh and Persepolis have thrown upon their history. We have also other valuable guides in the recent translations of ancient documents discovered in India and Persia, introduced to our notice by the Oriental Society of London, and in M. de Mohl's admirable "Livre des Rois" (Book of Kings).

We find in these fragments, an account of the primitive manners of the human race, the origin of customs which still remain, or of others no longer in existence, and of which we regret the loss; as we do that of the old words of a language now brought to perfection. We find there, the same human passions that in our own days influence mankind, though much exaggerated,

powerful for either good or evil; and working where nature is on a scale commensurate with themselves, in gigantic and impenetrable forests, the resort of monsters, lions, tigers, elephants, and giants. Even the span of life is extended; the Chroniclers sometimes giving two or three hundred years of existence to their heroes, as if both time and space were insufficient for their exploits, if confined within the limits of an ordinary life. Their joys and their sorrows are depicted as extravagant, but they are made to rise from the natural sources of the soul, and not from the fictitious springs of modern conventionalities. Still the longevity of the ancient Persians, whose history we are about to relate, has nothing in it that should invalidate the veracity of the tale. Their contemporaries, the Patriarchs of the Bible, according to admitted computation, lived from five to nine hundred years. Either their natural strength, so shortly after the creation, was capable of resisting for a longer time the gradual progress of decay, or the computation of weeks, months, or years is erroneous, and a subject for argumentative discussion.

This is unimportant: what we look for in primitive traditions is not a chronological concordance between Egypt, Chaldæa, Persia, and Greece, from the time of Nimrod to that of Darius, but a picture of creeds, manners, customs, characters, vices, and virtues.

What most immediately concerns us is, that the Deity and Immortality are proclaimed with equal conviction in every page of these profane records as in the sacred writings.

But if it be interesting to follow the general progress of civilization according to history, it is much more so to set forth and to represent a particular epoch in the life of

a great man, such as Roostam, popular throughout Asia from the Gulf of Smyrna to the extremities of China, and which will perfectly pourtray the character of his time.

To arrive at the history of Roostam, it becomes necessary to consider the condition of the world as known at the period when this hero flourished. Our readers must forgive us if we are compelled to detail the barbarous names of the first Schahs or Kings of ancient Persia, indispensable to a clear understanding of the story.

The exploits of Roostam were connected with the quarrels of these monarchs amongst themselves.

Persian traditions hand down the belief that, after the Deluge, the descendants of Shem, son of Noah, established themselves in Syria, Arabia, Persia, and Greece. From this root proceeded Heber, the grandfather of Abraham; from whom came Mahomet, of the race of Ishmael.

Pariss, the descendant of Shem, gave his name to Persia. Persia is considered as the cradle of the first universal monarchy, by the election of Keïoumors, who was chosen *Schah*, or *King*, by the chiefs of the tribes of Asia, in the year of the world 1750. Of the government and religion of this monarchy, tradition has transmitted to us that the adoration of one Supreme Deity formed the basis of their worship; and many of their institutions recal to us those of the Bible.

We find in the Persian theogony the legend of the rebellious angels. "God," says the Chronicle, "sent his exterminating minister, Harriss, to expel from the earth the enemies of man; but, after having triumphed over numbers of these evil genii, pride took possession of Harriss—he believed himself equal to God, and

revolted against the Supreme Will. God then drove him from his presence, and changed his name to *Schetan*, which with us is Satan."

The Persians believed in the existence of *Dives*, or evil spirits, who interfered in human affairs. These supernatural beings were supposed to be *Pre-Adamites*, and had been driven from the earth at the creation of man.

The people had a superstitious dread of these *Dives*, or giants, who, they believed, were endowed with the power of animating the bodies of animals, birds, and even reptiles. "Such of the *Dives* as had escaped extermination, withdrew," says the Chronicle, "to Mount Kaf (Caucasus), from whence they descended to mix in the affairs of the world;—sometimes to assist mortals they had taken under their protection, but, more frequently, for purposes of revenge."

The principal ceremonies of the primitive religion of the Persians, consisted in ablution before prayer (emblematic of the purification of the soul to merit the grace of God), and in prostrations of the face to the earth, in sign of humility. On occasions of public or private calamity, dust was thrown on the head, as an additional act of deprecation.

The Persian monarchy subsisted from the reign of Keïoumors to that of the last Chosroës, who was conquered by the Osmanlis. Every reign after that of Keïoumors, was distinguished by inventions and improvements. In one was discovered mines, and the use of the forge, with the employment of iron for warlike arms, cuirasses, bucklers, &c. In another, the weaving of wool into garments, embroidering in gold, and making brocades, which soon replaced the tiger-skins with which the first Persians were clothed. A third monarch

coined the first money bearing an effigy, reclaimed the falcon, and tamed the elephant. These reigns were constantly occupied with wars against the Dives and giants. At last King Thamouras conquered the former, promising them life on condition that they should divulge their secrets of necromancy.

The art of writing, which he was the first to employ, was attributed to the supernatural instruction of Ariman, the supreme chief of the Dives.

The government of Persia was of a military and hereditary character. The king possessed absolute power, and the right to select his successor from amongst his sons, his brothers, or his nephews. Marriage was a religious ceremony: custom permitted the king to wed several princesses, but one alone wore the royal crown, and she ruled over the harem, or apartment of the women.

The civil and religious institutions of Persia are attributed to Giamschid, the fourth king, contemporaneous with Abraham.

He divided the nation into four classes, or castes, in honour of the four elements: soldiers, priests, artizans, and labourers in the field. Each class wore a distinctive dress, and their children were brought up in that to which their parents belonged. The class of *Magi*, or wise men, (*Moubeds*, or priests,) perpetuated and increased in each succeeding generation, and never being thinned by war, became almost innumerable. Astronomy and religious worship, of which they alone had any idea, were soon mingled with astrology, magic, necromancy, and the occult sciences, and gave to these hereditary priests an absolute power over both the lower and higher classes of the people, who consulted them on every occasion, asking them to name the holy or unlucky days, and

to cast the horoscopes of their children. They bestowed on them valuable presents, either as rewards for a happy augury, or in the hope of obtaining a favourable one. The interpretation of dreams also gave them great influence. Trial by fire was frequently used in the cases of state criminals. Giamschid instituted several religious fêtes. The first was in commemoration of the vernal equinox, the re-awakening of nature. After the religious ceremony, the people assembled together, their rejoicings were accompanied by music, the buildings were illuminated, and the rights of hospitality exercised with Eastern magnificence.

Each element was supposed to be governed by an angel appointed by God. The first of these angels—that of the sun, emblem of fire—was adored as the most brilliant symbol of the Deity.

The different portions of the globe, and every action of human life, were placed under the protection of God, who charged his angels to execute his will.

At these grand religious ceremonies, the king threw aside his royal ornaments, dressed himself in white, emblematic of humility, and repaired to the "high places," to adore the all-powerful Deity.

On the occasion of the fête of the earth, the king received at his own table the principal agriculturists, calling them "brothers," and congratulating them on the superiority of their labours, and the happiness of a rustic life. At the fête of the commemoration of the dead, the priests modelled some figures in clay; the people, having paid them all honour in memory of departed great men, consumed them on a funeral pile, either that the place which they had used for this religious observance might not be desecrated, or to mark the emptiness of all human grandeur; an illustra-

tion of the text, "Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return."

The schahs, or kings, affected great simplicity of manner towards their own subjects, and proportionate ostentation when they came in contact with foreign princes. They assumed pompous titles when holding intercourse with their enemies, but at home, the sovereign was merely called "The Servant of the Most High," "your Schah."

Each member of the royal family, and every feudatory prince, had his coat of arms embroidered on his banners. Dragons, suns, crescents, stars, in fact all the signs of the zodiac, upon tissues of different colours, distinguished the chiefs or Pelewans. They came in great pomp, surrounded by their vassals, to render homage to the King of Persia, and to accompany him to war.

Giamschid was the first who employed precious stones in decorating his capital (now Persepolis) with a palace surrounded by forty columns of marble, ornamented with gold—a work attributed to the magicians. He completed many other undertakings more useful to his people. He discovered the medicinal virtues of plants; and it is said, that having cured all the maladies in his empire, death was unknown for the last thirty years of his reign. He took distant voyages to obtain knowledge, and improved navigation to such an extent, that he was enabled to trace the coast as far as China.

The end of his reign was unfortunate. "He forsook the path of justice," says the Chronicle, "and God abandoned him. Zohak, King of Touran, his successor and murderer, was an irreligious prince, who, to establish his power, leagued with the evil genii, and became the instrument of their wickedness. He conquered Istakhar

(now Persepolis), and reigned tyrannically for many years; when by divine intervention, the existence of Feridoun, grandson of Giamschid, brought up secretly by his mother Feramek,* was made known to the Magi. The people rose under the leadership of a blacksmith named Kiawek, who made a standard of his leathern apron, and ran with it into the town, calling to the inhabitants to arm, drive the impious Zohak from the throne, and re-establish the line of Giamschid in the person of his grandson. The standard of Kiawek became thenceforth the royal banner.

"The blacksmith's apron embroidered in gold, and enriched with precious stones, glittered in the sun." Feridoun was succeeded by his grandson, Minu-tcher, who became one of the greatest of the Persian kings, and governed gloriously during a long reign.

Upon his accession, he thus addressed the assembled people:—

"I am seated on the throne of heaven, and earth is my slave; but with all this power I myself am a slave, the servant of the Most High God." Subsequently he spoke of justice thus: "Whoever illtreats a poor person, or any one belonging to him, or shows pride on account of his great possessions, or afflicts the unfortunate, shall meet heaven's malediction and mine. Sword in hand I will exterminate him in my anger."

"The world is as deceitful as the wind: it nurtures men gently, but when it resumes its gift, what signifies it whether it be a heap of dust or a pearl? Happy is he, whether king or slave, whose memory is blessed."

* Feridoun was nursed by a cow, the grateful remembrance of which he preserved by attaching the symbol of a cow's head to the handle of the mace carried by the Persian kings.

It was during the reign of this king, Minu-tcher, that our hero Roostam was born.

We must now, in a few words, state how the details of the life of this distinguished chieftain have descended to us.

After the conquest and destruction of the kingdom of Persia by the Mohammedans, during the reign of the last of the schahs, Chosroës—the descendants of the tributary and feudatory sovereigns of Persia, subdued, but not entirely dispossessed of their fiefs, lived alone, hiding themselves from the rapacity of their conquerors; but when the power of the Mohammedans was enfeebled by the wars of Ali, Omar, and their followers, these descendants of the great Persian families began to raise their heads. They had no hope of recovering their independence except by awakening the national spirit. The recital of the glory and prosperity of their ancestors appeared to them the best method of appealing to the pride of the present generation, and of urging them to throw off the yoke of the stranger. The Dikans (a name which signifies at the same time land-owners and learned men) collected all the traditions of the Persian heroes, had them put into verse in their own language (the Pelvi) by the native poets, and sung in the public places, as afterwards the verses of Homer were sung throughout the extent of Greece by itinerant vocalists.

The Sultan Mansour the First, who himself descended from the line of Chosroës, endeavoured to collect all the fragments of ancient Persian history, from its foundation, under the first chief, Keïoumors, to its conquest by the Mohammedans. He employed all the learned men in his kingdom to search for the traditions preserved by the Dikans, and to revise the *Schah-Nameh*, or Book of Kings, which was finished in the

reign of Mahmoud Gasnevy, by Firdousi, the Persian Homer.

Firdousi was the son of a Dikan of Khorassan, and lived in the town of Thouss. He had from his youth, almost existed upon ancient traditions, and employed many years in rendering into poetry all the anecdotes he could collect from the rude but authentic versions of the Dikans. He lived in retirement, keeping his work carefully concealed, not having yet found a patron worthy of adopting it.

When the report reached him that Mahmoud Gasnevy had assembled the poets at his Court in order to accomplish a work which he alone had undertaken in secret, he could not resist the desire of going to Ghuznee, the residence of Mahmoud; but his name being unknown, he was at a loss how to obtain an introduction to the Sultan. However, the consciousness of his own talent induced him to set out, determined at least to seek an interview with the poets employed by Mahmoud.

He reached the palace assigned by the Sultan to the three poets, and saw them drinking and carousing in a beautiful garden. He presented himself humbly before them. They received him coldly, and as if he were a mendicant. Firdousi was not discouraged; he spoke to them of poetry, ("*Anch' io son pittore.*") Then, wishing to amuse themselves at his expense, they made a sign, and each of the three recited a verse, terminating with the same rhyme, for which a fourth was not to be found in the language. They then defied him to complete the strophe; but Firdousi, better acquainted with the resources of poetry, and the history of his own country, improvised the fourth verse directly, ending it with the name of a hero. Seized with jealousy, they became anxious to get rid of this formidable rival.

Firdousi modestly retired, but grieved at heart by the ill success of his first attempt, he entered a mosque to pour out his sorrows in prayer.

Mahek, one of the Sultan's favourites, struck by the noble appearance of Firdousi, and touched by his grief, approached and interrogated him. They immediately formed a friendship for each other, and Firdousi told him his adventure, and recited some beautiful verses. Mahek related to the Sultan what he had heard. Mahmoud desired to see the stranger. Firdousi repeated, in the presence of the Sultan and the poets, some magnificent episodes from his poems; but his enemies were determined that he should not obtain an easy conquest, and suggested that in all probability these verses were not written by himself. Mahmoud directed that each poet should be shut up alone, and named a subject on which he was to write.

The triumph of Firdousi was complete, his rivals retired from the struggle of their own accord, and the Sultan entrusted to him alone the task of putting the Schah-Nameh into 60,000 distichs, promising him an equal number of golden ducats as a reward.

Firdousi having accomplished his wishes, summoned all the Dikans of any renown, to assist him in collecting the ancient traditions, and neglected nothing that could make his work a masterpiece. When the treasurer wished to present him with a first payment of twenty thousand ducats, he refused to receive it until he had completed his task, saying he intended to erect a monument with it in his native town of Thouss. Firdousi spent many years in accomplishing his great undertaking: he said himself, in speaking of his entire labour, joined to what he wrote at the Court of Mahmoud, that he had occupied thirty years in its execution.

He was more than seventy-two when it was completed, but the enthusiasm of the Sultan had cooled, and when he should have sent Firdousi the promised recompense, his Vizier, Mehmendi, represented to him that sixty thousand ducats of gold was the burden of an elephant, and that he ought to reduce it to sixty thousand pieces of silver; an act of dishonesty to which the Sultan consented. Firdousi, indignant at this treatment, instantly divided the sixty thousand pieces of silver amongst his servants. Mehmendi fearing that the anger of Firdousi might prejudice him with the Sultan, excited the rage of Mahmoud against the poet, declaring that he was wanting in respect to his sovereign. The Sultan ordered that Firdousi should be put to death.

Secretly warned of his danger, Firdousi escaped, disguised as a dervish, to Bagdad, where he lived for several years, persecuted by the anger of the Sultan, but protected by Achmet the Fourth. At last, the desire of revisiting his native country and family in his old age, determined him to return to Thouss, notwithstanding the dangers to which he exposed himself.

Upon the death of his Vizier, Mehmendi, the Sultan repented, and wished to repair the evil he had done, but it was too late. As the elephant laden with gold arrived at Firdousi's door, his coffin was leaving it. His family, indignant, and convinced that grief had shortened his days, refused to receive this tardy reparation; when his daughter, recalling to her remembrance the wishes of her father on this subject, declared that he had bequeathed the gold for the construction of a bridge over the Oxus. The money was accordingly placed in the city treasury, that the last desires of Firdousi might be fulfilled.

It is a difficult task to condense and render acceptable in plain prose the history of Roostam, taken from the

poem of Firdousi, so admirably translated into blank verse from the Persian, by M. de Mohl, following step by step, and strophe by strophe, the poem of the Schah-Nameh. But as this great work is known only to a few, I am anxious to introduce it to the notice and admiration of the general public, for which this collection is written. The style of the Persian poem, its Oriental images, epic scenes, and marvellous tales, cannot be easily translated into familiar language. Nevertheless, the exploits of the Grecian Hercules, which are not less wonderful, and his life, which is certainly less historical than that of Roostam, have been universally received. It only remains, therefore, that the Persian hero should become as well known in the West as he is in the East, where, after the lapse of so many centuries, even the children's toys represent some of the principal events in his life, and where his exploits are celebrated in their most popular songs.

The "Book of Kings" of Firdousi opens with an invocation:—

"In the name of the Master of the soul and of intelligence, whose name is above all others, and beyond all imagination and conception. Thought itself cannot reach him who is beyond space and eternity. All that is raised above the world passes the reach of human understanding and wisdom. When wisdom clothes itself in words, it can only use those with which it is acquainted. None understand the Deity as he really is. We can do nothing, therefore, but obey and worship him, seek the true path, and be careful to fulfil all his commandments.

"Powerful is he who knows God. The knowledge of him renews the heart, but words cannot pierce the veil, nor thought reach the Eternal.

"Speak, O Sage, from the dictates of reason, all thou

knowest, that those who listen may derive improvement. Reason is the eye and guardian of the soul. Take reason always as your guide, she will enable you to shun that which is evil. Rest assured that this book contains nothing false or deceitful, and that all those who are endowed with intelligence may benefit from my words, even when they are to be interpreted by symbolical signs."

This is the origin and birth of Roostam. The most powerful of the princes or tributary chiefs of the great kingdom of Persia, was Sam (the grandfather of Roostam), prince of Zaboulistan, a hero renowned for his bravery, justice, and virtue. He was surnamed the *Champion of the People.* Minu-tcher, King of Persia, summoned him to his aid against the King of Touran, his enemy. Sam accompanied him to the war with great pomp, and took his place by his side in all his councils. Sam had a son called Zal-zer, who was born with white hair. This extraordinary circumstance being considered by the astrologers as an evil augury, the infant was sent far from the Court, notwithstanding the despair of his mother, and abandoned upon a distant mountain called the Alborz, where he was miraculously preserved, says the Chronicle, by an eagle, who nursed him in her nest. Some years after, Sam had a dream, which told him that the son he had repudiated would become a great chief, and the father of the greatest hero that had yet appeared upon the earth.

Sam repented that he had so cruelly abandoned his son, and passed several days in praying that he might be restored to him. God listened to his prayer, and consoled him by a second dream, in which he learnt that his son had been preserved by the Dive, Simourg. Sam set out for the mountain. He arrived at the foot of a steep rock, rising perpendicularly to the clouds,

without any path by which he could reach the summit, whereon he perceived an eagle's nest.

He again besought the help of the Almighty, by humiliation and accusing himself bitterly of the crime he had committed in abandoning his son. God, thinking him sufficiently punished, commanded the eagle to descend from its eyrie, carrying Zal-zer on its wings. It laid him at the feet of his father. Zal-zer, sobbing, refused to quit his eagle nurse. His father made him understand that it was the will of God that he should do so. The eagle, who was the Dive Simourg transformed, gave him a feather, which he was always to wear on his head, and when in any danger, to throw it into a brazier, and invoke the assistance of Simourg.

Sam carried his son away upon an elephant, and he was received with great joy at his father's court.

Zal-zer, having been instructed by Sam in the arts of war and government, expressed a desire to travel, that he might bring back to Zaboulistan some of the discoveries and inventions of other nations. He set out for Hindostan, with several select companions and a suite worthy of his rank.

He passed much time in the cities, examining their monuments; and in the country, studying agriculture. He was received with great honour by Mihrab, King of Cabul; but Mihrab, being of the family of Zohak the Tyrant, Zal-zer would not enter his palace, but encamped outside the town in the *Valley of Roses*.

King Mihrab had an only daughter, who was very beautiful, and concealed, according to the custom of the East, from every eye. Zal-zer heard of this marvellous beauty, called the Pearl of the Harem, and became enamoured of her. The Princess Roudabée, on her part, heard her father praise the exploits and royal mien of

Zal-zer. He said that "Zal-zer excited admiration and love by his lofty stature and beautiful countenance." Roudabée ardently desired to see him. She sent her favourite slaves into the valley near the camp of Zal-zer, to gather the roses from which the Eastern women distil perfumes and sweet essences. Zal-zer perceived them from his tent, and left it as for the chase. He started a bird, which fell dead at the feet of the slaves of Roudabée. He approached them to pick it up, and entered into conversation. He spoke to them of their mistress and of his love for her, and gave them ornaments of gold and precious stones. The slaves reported the flattering things that Zal-zer had said to Roudabée; and after some conferences carried on through them, she consented to grant him an interview at the foot of the tower. Zal-zer, at the height of his desires, "thought of the length of the day, which appeared to him a year, and longed for the night."

As soon as the sun had set, and they had closed the palace gates and taken away the key, the Prince directed his steps towards the tower. Roudabée appeared upon the balcony, in the moonlight, and raising her veil, dazzled Zal-zer by the radiance of her beauty. "The battlements of the palace were illumined by this brilliant gem." The poet says, "Her figure was like a palm-tree, her complexion resembled ivory; she wore upon her head a crown which God had given her; her eyes were soft and melancholy; her eyebrows arched; her nose straight and thin; her mouth narrow as the heart of a sorrowful man; her hair fell in long curls to her feet; her sweet eyes were full of languor; her features beaming with life; her cheeks were like flowers, her hair odoriferous as musk; the breath of life appeared to be concentrated in her lips."

Then Zal-zer threw his bow-string over the battlements of the palace, and mounted to the balcony. Roudabée unfastened the long tresses of her ebon hair, and offered them to assist him in ascending. "She received him in a hall," says the Chronicle, "ornamented like the smiling spring, adorned with portraits of heroes, and hung with Chinese brocades. She placed around the room vases of gold filled with musk, wine, and amber. On one side were garlands of the purple rose, narcissus, and tulip; on the other, branches of jessamine and lily. All the cups were of gold, ornamented with turquoises; and from the palace of 'this creature beautiful as the sun,' there ascended a perfume which reached the heavens. On receiving the hero, the cheeks of Roudabée reddened like the flower of the pomegranate. She seated herself upon a divan covered with a carpet embroidered in gold; and Zal-zer placed himself by her side. The slaves remained at a respectful distance, at the other end of the apartment."

"Oh, lovely maiden, beautiful as the moon," said the hero; "may my blessing, and that of Heaven, attend you! How often during the night, my eyes fixed upon the northern star, have I besought the Ruler of the world to permit me to see thy face! I know that the anger of Minu-tcher, when he learns this adventure, will be excited against me; but I hold my life and person as valueless, and I would part with all that I possess rather than break the faith I have vowed to you. Our Creator hears my words, and you shall be my bride in the face of the assembled world!"

Roudabée swore that she would never have any other husband than Zal-zer. And when the sound of the drum from the neighbouring tents reached them, their eyes filled with tears, and they reproached the sun,

saying, "Oh, glory of the universe, wait yet one instant, come not so quickly." It was the same prayer, the same regret, as that of Romeo and Juliet in their morning farewell, in the immortal scene of the balcony.

The mother of Roudabée discovered the presents that Zal-zer had sent to his betrothed. Her father entered her apartment in a frenzy of rage, and threatened to kill her; but Roudabée, unmoved, replied with firmness and sweetness, that she would never wed any other than Zal-zer. King Mihrab, fearing the anger of this powerful chief, composed his anger, and left the matter to the development of time.

The marriage was long deferred through the hatred of Minu-tcher to the race of Zohak; but the perseverance of Zal-zer finally overcame all difficulties, and he brought his bride in triumph to Nimrouz, his capital.

After nine months of great suffering, Roudabée felt the hour of her confinement approaching. In a state of alarm, that could not be assuaged, Zal-zer consulted the astrologers, who declared that the infant would never see the light unless by the aid of a surgical operation. Frantic at the idea of his adored wife's danger, he remembered Simourg, threw into the flames the feather which he had given him as a talisman in the hour of danger, and invoked his assistance. Simourg answered his appeal, and descended upon the palace like a whirlwind. He reassured the King, and composed a draught which rendered Roudabée insensible during the time that her side was opened. He mixed some herbs and musk together, to cure the wound; and when she recovered from her stupor, she beheld with delight an infant of wondrous beauty and unusual size.

Zal-zer, overpowered with happiness, called him Roostam (which signifies, deliverance). He returned thanks

to Heaven, and in his joy at the comeliness and strength of Roostam, caused his image to be moulded, mounted upon a white elephant, and sent it to delight the eyes of his grandfather, Sam, whose heart was filled with joy. "I have besought the Creator of the world day and night," said he, "that I might live to see a son of my race who should resemble me; I can now only pray for his preservation,"—and he raised his eyes to heaven.

"When Roostam had attained the height of eight palms, and resembled a noble cypress-tree, he might have been taken for a star upon which all the world gazed with admiration. On beholding his stature, his intelligence, his high spirit and wisdom, the people said that he was Sam the Hero."

Sam set out to visit his grandson. When Zal-zer heard that he was approaching he prepared a fête, and the neighing of the Arab horses, and cries of the elephants, could be heard at a distance of five miles. A war elephant was caparisoned in the richest manner, and on his back they fixed a golden throne, on which the young Roostam was seated. Upon his head they placed a crown, round his waist a girdle, and in his hands a bow and arrows; and in this manner they conducted before his grandfather.

"When Sam beheld his noble form, his arms and shoulders worthy of a hero, he smiled as he looked on this young lion, and his heart expanded with delight. The rejoicings lasted for several days."

"At length Sam, feeling that his death approached, resolved to return to his own country; he sent for his grandson, and thus addressed him:—'Oh, my son, never forsake the just God. Always prefer wisdom to riches: abhor all evil actions, and seek to obey the voice of the Creator. Recollect that all worldly things are

perishable. If you wish to enjoy happiness here and hereafter, follow, and do not neglect, the counsel I have given you. Walk always in the right path.' Having spoken thus, and his heart overflowing with tenderness, he took leave of his son and grandson, who accompanied him during three days on his return."

Roostam soon began to give proof of his strength and courage. One night, while still a child, there arose a great tumult in the palace of Zal-zer. The white elephant had broken his chains, and had become furious. Nobody dared to approach him. Roostam rose, and without dressing himself, seized his father's arms, overturned those who tried to oppose his passage, and rushing up to the elephant, uttering a cry like the cry of a young lion, and without giving the animal time to defend himself or to attack his opponent, aimed such a violent blow at his head that he fell, stunned and motionless. Roostam, calm and without showing the least emotion, returned to his apartment. When his father learnt what had happened, he ran to him, and kissing him on the forehead, said, "Oh, son of a lion! as such you have raised your claw. Though still a child, your equal does not exist—you can now gird on the sword, and revenge the blood of your grandfather, Nériman. Listen to my words. Upon Mount Sipend there is a castle, whose top appears to touch the clouds; the eagle's flight extends not so far. It is full of gold and precious things; by one road alone can it be reached, and the height of the gate approaches the firmament. During an entire year, your grandfather, Nériman, besieged this fortress, the resort of a horde of powerful and audacious brigands, who ravaged the whole country. The siege would have lasted long, for had the road been interrupted for years, the inhabitants would still have wanted nothing, not even a blade of straw. But a stone was hurled by the

besiegers upon Neriman, and he filled his place on earth no more. The lion of the war had ceased to fight. From that day, terror has protected the castle like a strong rampart; nobody has ventured to attack it. Now the time has come to revenge the death of your grandfather, but it must be done by stratagem. You are yet unknown as a chief; disguise yourself in the garb of a camel-driver, and cross the desert with a troop of camels laden with salt. One load alone is valuable in that place. When unexpectedly they see a convoy of salt, great and small will run to meet it."

Roostam followed the advice of his father. He chose prudent and courageous men, enclosed arms in the camels' loads, concealed his father's club in a sack of salt, and smiling inwardly at his concerted plan, departed for Mount Sipend.

When the sentinel at the castle gate beheld the approach of the long caravan, which was winding slowly round the foot of the mountain, he despatched a messenger, "swift as the panther," to demand the contents of the packages. Roostam replied, They are full of salt. The master of the castle was delighted at this, and instantly ordered the gates to be thrown open. As soon as they entered the bazaar, all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, surrounded the caravan, to barter for the salt. Dresses, silver, and gold, were all offered in exchange for this precious article. But as soon as the night came, and all in the castle slept, Roostam and his companions threw off their camel-drivers' dresses, and appearing in brilliant armour, advanced upon the fortress. The clang of weapons woke the governor, but before he had time to defend himself, Roostam plunged his Indian sword into his heart. There was no longer any resistance, and in an instant all was blood and carnage.

Roostam, now master of the place, advanced into the interior of the castle towards an edifice built of stone, with an iron door. He forced it open with a heavy blow of his club, and stood in bewildered amazement at the entrance of a vaulted chamber filled with all the treasures of the known world. At this sight he thus communed with himself:—"There can be no longer any gold in the mines, or pearls in the sea, for all are collected here." He summoned his companions, and they loaded their camels with these rich spoils; then, according to the command of his father, he set fire to the castle, and left only its ashes on the mountain, which had hitherto been the stronghold of the brigands. He then set out on his return to Nimrouz. All the inhabitants came forth to meet him with trumpets, cymbals, clarions, and Indian bells. Roostam, impatient to behold his mother, rushed to her apartment, and endeavoured to prostrate himself before her, but Roudabée raised him in her arms, pressed him to her heart, and kissed him. They then sent a messenger to announce this pleasing news to Sam, and the intelligence filled his heart with exultation.

At this period of the life of Roostam, the King of Persia died. The astrologers had foretold the day when this event should happen, and had said to their sovereign, "The time has arrived when thou must leave this world. Let us hope that there is a better place prepared for thee in the next. Think, therefore, on what thou hast to do, for thou must not depart unprepared for the journey." Upon hearing these words, the Schah sent for his son, and gave him the following advice:—"Power and majesty are illusive as the wind; set not your heart upon them. One hundred and twenty years have passed over this head, during which I have laboured hard, and suffered, much though often I have experienced great joy,

and the desires of my heart have been frequently gratified. I have laid the foundations of many cities, and built many fortresses; but now I feel as if I had never lived, and the years that are passed are effaced from my memory. I leave you the throne as I received it. This throne has seen many kings. Recollect when you enjoy it, that it will one day cease to be yours, and that you must leave it for a better world; but your memory will endure for ages: seek to make it blessed. There will exist no trace of you in this planet, except in the opinions and conversation of mankind."

A disastrous war had broken out between the Persians and the Touranians. The chiefs despatched a deputation to Zaboulistan to request the assistance of Zal-zer. Roostam, burning with martial ardour, begged his father to grant him a war-horse and arms. His father replied, "Thou art not yet old enough to engage in battle; thou art of an age to enjoy feasts, music, and wine, and to listen to heroic songs. Thou hast but just left thy mother's knee. How, then, could I send thee against the tyrant Afrasiab, the martial King of Touran? No, no; thou art yet too young to fight, to acquire glory, to wrestle, and to cause the dust of the earth to ascend to the moon." Roostam replied, "Father, I love not feasts and repose: it would be wrong to allow these powerful hands and arms to become effeminate. Should a desperate combat present itself, God will assist me, and victory will be on my side. You shall see me appear in the combat upon my war-horse like a flame of fire. I shall arm myself with my club; and when my lance glitters in the field of battle, the earth will be red with the blood of all who oppose me. But, I must have a horse that I alone can catch with my bow-string,—a horse that will be strong enough to bear my heavy club,

my lofty stature, and my glory." The King was transported at these words; his whole soul yearned towards his son; and he ceased not to invoke the blessings of God upon his head.

Zal-zer caused large troops of wild horses of every colour to be brought before him. But each horse that Roostam caught and tried, yielded under his weight. At last, a grey mare passed rapidly by, her eyes flashing like bright poniards. A colt followed her as large as herself; its back and chest were as powerful as those of its mother; the tail was proudly elevated, and the hoofs appeared like steel; the body was dappled with spots of fire on a ground of gold. This noble charger resembled an elephant in strength, a lion in vigour, and a camel in height. As soon as Roostam beheld the mare and her colt, he made a knot in his bow-string, and prepared to separate the latter from the troop. But the old herdsman thus addressed him: "Oh, all-powerful warrior! seek not to catch that horse; it is well known, its name is *Raksch*. It is as rapid as fire, and as brilliant as water; but as soon as its mother perceives the snare, she rushes like a lioness to defend and fight for her offspring. Take care, oh man of prudence, not to excite this dragon, for, when once roused to the attack, she would tear the heart of a lion and the hide of a leopard."

When Roostam had heard this discourse, he made a loop in his bow-string, and threw it over the head of the colt. The mother flew at him with the fury of an enraged elephant, and attempted to release its head with her teeth, but Roostam roared like a savage lion: the mare, terrified at his voice, bounded away, and fled before him. Roostam, standing firmly on the ground, stretched forth his hand, and placed it with all his strength upon the horse's back. Raksch moved not: it

was evident that he did not feel the weight. Roostam cried aloud, "This is my seat; now I shall be able to achieve great deeds." He then leaped, lightly as the wind, upon the back of Raksch, and the flame-coloured horse rushed along with him even as if it were a battle-steed. It was swift as a deer, with a mouth tender and overflowing with foam, high mettled, rounded in the haunches, full of sagacity, and of gentle paces. The heart of Zal-zer rejoiced like spring. In the effervescence of paternal pride, he opened his treasury, and distributed gold to the indigent and needy.

Zal-zer assembled the chiefs and thus addressed them: "We have a numerous army, but since the death of the king, they are without a leader. We must find one of the race of the Keïanides, that all may obey him. I have learned from the astrologers that there is a young prince endowed with the qualities of justice and courtesy, named Kéïkobad, a descendant of the great Feridoun, who lives in retirement upon Mount Alborz. I will send Roostam to seek him; he shall bring him hither, and we will place upon his head the turquoise crown." He then gave his instructions to Roostam, who prostrated himself to the earth before his father, and, leaping joyfully upon Raksch, hastened to undertake a perilous journey across the provinces invaded by the Touranians. After several combats, in all of which he was victorious, he approached Mount Alborz, and beheld a magnificent palace, surrounded by beautiful trees and running streams. A raised seat was placed near the water, and a handsome young man was seated on this throne under the shade of a plantain tree. The spot appeared a perfect Paradise, full of beauty and redolent of perfumes.

The Prince was surrounded by an assembly of nobles worthy of a king, and when they perceived Roostam in

the distance, they went forward to meet him, and offer him hospitality. But Roostam answered them, "Oh, mighty and illustrious heroes, I must not linger here, for I am charged with an important commission, and I have still a long and painful journey to perform. The frontier is filled with enemies, every family is in mourning, and the throne of Persia is without her king. I must not taste wine until my mission is accomplished."

The chiefs replied, "Tell us what you seek upon Mount Alborz; we will conduct you there, and during the journey our mutual friendship will increase."

Roostam explained, that he was seeking Keïkobad, a prince of the race of Feridoun. They smiled, and promised to conduct Roostam to him. They then flew like the wind to the water's side, and seated themselves under the shade of the large plane-trees. The young man who sat upon the throne, took Roostam by the hand, filled a cup of wine, and drank in honour of his guest. When Roostam had explained his object, the young man smiled, and replied, "Oh, Pelewan, I am Keïkobad, and am well acquainted with the names of my ancestors. I have had a dream, in which I saw two white falcons flying towards me, holding in their claws a crown, which shone like the sun. They approached, and placed this crown on my head. And now, behold, you are the falcon, and the bearer of a message concerning the throne of Persia."

Roostam replied, "Then rise at once, and let us join the brave warriors who await us." They leaped upon their war-horses, and set out with all their escort, and travelled day and night. On the road they encountered some Touranians despatched by King Afrasiab* to

* Afrasiab was the dynastic name of the kings of Touran, and descended from son to son, as did that of Pharaoh amongst the Egyptians.

intercept them. Keïkobad wished to rush into the combat, but Roostam restrained him. "Such a strife is not worthy of thee; my courage, my horse, and my club are the only comrades I seek, and I desire no other protector than the Omnipotent Deity." He spoke, and making Raksch bound from the earth, dealt blows to the right and left, and felled to the ground every warrior who advanced against him. When the chief of the enemy's army beheld his companions fall, he left the ranks, and advanced to engage in single combat; but Roostam struck his arms from his hands, forced him from his saddle, and pierced him with his own lance, like a bird transfixed by the arrow of the hunter. No sooner did the army behold their leader fall to the ground like a vile mass, than they fled; when the chieftains continued their route, and arrived at the residence of Zal-zer, who received them with royal honours, and placed the turquoise crown upon the head of Keïkobad. During eight days they were entertained with great rejoicings and sumptuous banquets.

Thus invested with the regal power, King Keïkobad hastened to make the necessary preparations for war against the troops of Afrasiab. He reviewed his own forces; Roostam clothed in armour, and "making the dust fly beneath the feet of his charger, as if it were an enraged elephant, advanced in front of the army, followed by the other chieftains. Behind them rode Keïkobad and Zal-zer; one the emblem of fire, the other that of reason. The standard of Kiawek, the blacksmith, was carried before them, and reflected its brilliant hues of red, yellow, and violet. The earth appeared agitated like a vessel tossed upon the waves. Shield upon shield covered valley and mountain, resembling a sheet of silver, and swords gleamed like

flashes of fire. The sun shone like a sea, glittering with a hundred thousand lamps." When the two armies met they appeared interminable.

Roostam, eager for the combat, requested his father to point out to him the standard of King Afrasiab, for with him he desired to fight. Zal-zer, alarmed at the peril of his son, wished to dissuade him, and said that Afrasiab was as strong as a dragon, and that his anger was like a cloud which sheds devastation on all around. "His standard," said he, "and his coat of mail are black, his gauntlets and his helmet are iron, the latter inlaid with gold, and surmounted by a plume of black feathers."

Roostam replied, "Fear not for me, for God is on my side." He leaped upon his horse, the sound of whose hoofs echoed far and near, and uttered a piercing war-cry. Afrasiab, struck by his extreme youth, asked his name. His attendants replied that it was the son of the hero Zal-zer, who wished to acquire glory. Afrasiab advanced towards him as if certain of his prey, but Roostam, quick as lightning, slung his club at his saddle-bow, and seizing Afrasiab by the belt, raised him from his saddle; but the leather of which his belt was composed, not being strong enough to bear his weight, broke, and Afrasiab rolled in the dust. His officers surrounded him, and placing him upon a fleet charger, he escaped, leaving his army without a leader.

Then the Persians advanced like a tempestuous sea, and dispersed the Touranians. Afrasiab returned to his father, overwhelmed by his defeat, and advised him to sue for peace, for Roostam was irresistible. "Thou knowest," said he, "that my arms are strong, my heart brave, and that I am hardy and bold; but in his hand I weighed no heavier than a fly. He leaves the reins

on his horse's neck, and flies over torrents and precipices. Mountains and streams are as nothing in his path. Thou knowest that my ambition is to possess and govern all the world; but before him my strength vanishes. Listen to wise counsel, and seek peace." The king, with tears in his eyes, appeared deeply astonished at the words of Afrasiab; nevertheless, he selected a discreet person to send to Kéïkobad, and be the bearer of a letter which he caused to be written, and ornamented with gold and coloured drawings round the margin. Kéïkobad, clement and just, listened to these proposals of peace, though his warriors, full of ardour, wished to profit by their advantages, and exterminate the enemy. Kéïkobad said to them, "The elephant fights not with the fly; it is not just, and God would visit us with some misfortune. Let us never commit an action that may cause him to withdraw his protection."

The valour of Roostam having thus produced the termination of the war, the king, upon his return to the capital, prepared presents for Zal-zer and his son. They placed upon five elephants, litters embroidered in gold and turquoise, and in these litters warlike weapons, inlaid with precious stones and metals. Kéïkobad wrote thus: "I would that it were in my power to make you a more valuable present; but, should my life be prolonged, you will have nothing to wish for in this world."

Kéïkobad, having restored peace to his kingdom, travelled for ten years over his vast territories, dispensing everywhere justice and mercy. He said, "If any one is too poor to enjoy life, my fortune is his, and belongs to all those who are under my protection." At length, when he felt death approaching, he called his son Kaous, who was to succeed him, and spoke long upon the themes of justice and liberality. "Foolish are those,"

said he, "who love this life. As for myself, I leave it such as I was when I arrived from Mount Alborz to take possession of the throne. If you are a just man, and your intentions are pure, you will receive your reward in another world; but if you allow evil passions to gain the mastery, and draw your sword unjustly from its scabbard, then your days will become like a consuming fire, and your heart will be filled with bitterness." He spoke thus, and not long after left his palace for the grave.

When Kaous succeeded his father, and saw the vast treasures of many kinds which he had accumulated, and the entire world tributary, and subject to his power, "pride banished from his heart the dictates of justice." He thought of nothing but of drinking and gaming, and followed not in the footsteps of his sire. Weak-minded, and full of vanity, he suffered himself to be engaged in the most unjust and disastrous wars; he refused to listen to the advice of either Zal-zer or Roostam, and all the prowess of these great warriors was scarcely sufficient to repair the mistakes of Kaous, and deliver him from the thraldom into which his evil courses had surrendered him. He passed his time in carousing and feasting with musicians and dancers; disgusted with enjoyment, he was incessantly seeking new pleasures. It happened one day, when he was partaking of wine in a jessamine bower, that a stranger minstrel was announced, who desired to play before the king. The king eagerly ordered him to be admitted, for he was pleased at the idea of any novelty. Now, this minstrel was a spy sent by the rival king of Mazenderan, to tempt the weakness and vanity of Kaous. He was skilled in his art, and sang with great taste a song upon the beauties of Mazenderan:—

"Far-famed is Mazenderan, my country; the rose ceases not to bloom in its gardens; hyacinths and tulips cover its mountains. The air is sweet; the earth is painted with flowers. There is neither heat nor cold: an eternal spring reigns, without interval or change.

"The nightingale sings in the gardens; the fawn courses in the valley. Delicious perfumes spread their odours all around. The banks of the rivulets are ever smiling; the rivers are like streams of rose-water. In summer and in winter, in spring and in autumn, the earth is covered with fruits and flowers, and the falcon is ever ready for the chase.

"The people are clothed in brocade and jewels of gold. Slaves, beautiful as idols, wear golden crowns upon their heads. He who has not the happiness to live in this country cannot rejoice in having fulfilled the desires of his soul."

The spirit of Kaous was saddened at these words. Up to this moment he had thought himself the greatest monarch upon earth. Weariness and jealousy took possession of his heart, and he resolved to conquer this marvellous country of Mazenderan.

When the Persian chiefs ascertained the insane desire of their king, who was about to engage in an unjust war, they instantly despatched a messenger upon a fleet dromedary to Zal-zer and Roostam, well thinking that they alone had power enough over Kaous to bend him from his fatal project. But obstinate as vain, he turned a deaf ear to their counsels, and they quitted his presence with sorrowful hearts, foreseeing all the evils that were likely to ensue.

Mazenderan was situated in the centre of the country of the Giants. Their chief, called the White Dive, lived in the mountains, and only descended to

the plains when the king claimed his assistance. His enormous size and prodigious strength inspired terror in his enemies, and a blind confidence in the soldiers of Mazenderan. Kaous experienced a complete defeat, and was taken prisoner, with his principal chiefs, and thrown into a dungeon. The giant smote them with blindness, and said to the King of Mazenderan, "I do not wish to kill King Kaous, because adversity will render him wise, and his example will in future deter all other sovereigns from making any attack upon Mazenderan." Kaous found the means of sending a message, "prompt as a bird in its swiftest flight," to Zal-zer, the revered chief of the Persians, informing him of his misfortune, and accusing himself as the cause of all these evils in having neglected his counsel.

The prudent Zal-zer refrained from communicating to any one the news of the defeat and imprisonment of the king, fearing to excite a revolt in the tributary provinces; for he knew how much the authority of Kaous had been weakened by this rash war. He concerted a plan with Roostam alone, to go secretly to Mazenderan, and to attempt the liberation of their sovereign.

This perilous journey, and the wonderful achievements of Roostam's horse, form the most popular portion of our hero's adventures, somewhat analogous to the labours of Hercules amongst the Greeks. This legend we shall now proceed to relate.

Roostam departed alone, to deliver King Kaous from his prison at Mazenderan. He travelled day and night, taking the most dangerous, the least frequented, but the shortest road. He came to a meadow where some wild asses were grazing, and being hungry, killed one and roasted it upon a fire of small sticks. He took off

the bridle of Raksch, and composed himself to rest in a field of reeds. In the middle of the night, a lion of the desert, seeing a man asleep and a horse at liberty near him, attempted to spring upon the latter; but Raksch rushed like fire towards him, raised his fore feet, struck the lion upon the head, and seized him by the nape of the neck, in his teeth. After a furious combat, Raksch killed the lion. Roostam, awakened by the noise, patted his horse, and said to him, "Oh, imprudent animal, if you had fallen into his clutches how could I have achieved my mission?" He then returned thanks to Heaven for the mercies which had been shown to him.

Roostam had a difficult path before him; it lay through a desert without springs, and where the air was so hot that the very birds fell dead upon the burning sand. It might be said that fire passed over the face of the earth. Horse and rider were both exhausted. The hero alighted from his charger, unable longer to resist the heat and thirst, and fell upon the ground, turning his eyes to heaven, and crying aloud, "Oh, God, if it is thy pleasure that I should suffer, I am content to do so and to leave this world; but I did hope that the Almighty would make use of my arm as the instrument by which King Kaous should be set at liberty; and therefore I will still struggle to preserve my existence."

At this instant a ram passed the spot where Roostam lay. "Where," thought he, "can this animal find water? Certainly God has heard my prayer." And following the ram with his eye, he perceived the source of a clear and limpid stream. "When in any difficulty," says the poet, "from whom can we seek assistance but from God;" and he who forsakes his Maker, the only giver of good things, is destitute of reason and wisdom.

After returning thanks to Heaven, he took off Raksch's saddle, washed him until he shone like the sun, and then, having bathed himself, he lay down to sleep.

As he slept, a tiger issued from the desert. Raksch ran towards his master, struck the ground with his feet, and lashed his tail. Roostam awoke and looked around, but the tiger had disappeared; he scolded Raksch, and again lay down to sleep. The tiger reappeared from his den, and Raksch tore up the ground with violent plunges. Roostam awoke again, pale with anger, and reproached his horse; but not being able to discover anything in the darkness of the night, he once more slept for the third time. Again the tiger approached, and Raksch, equally terrified by the savage animal and the anger of Roostam, fled; but his attachment to his master soon induced him to return with the rapidity of the wind, neighing and striking the ground with his iron hoofs. The monster was not now concealed, but sprung upon Roostam. When Raksch saw the hero attacked, he threw back his ears and tore with his teeth the shoulder of the tiger, who instantly turned upon him. Roostam, taking advantage of the moment, struck the tiger with his sword, and separated the head from the body.

On the following day, Roostam entered the country ruled over by the magicians. He perceived, close at hand, under some trees and by the side of a fountain, a repast already prepared, and a lyre lying on the ground. In astonishment he took the lyre, and drew from it some sounds which reached the ear of a young and beautiful female magician, who approached him and seated herself by his side. Roostam, not knowing what to think of this apparition, addressed a prayer to God, and invoking his protection, presented a cup of wine to

the young damsel; but as soon as the name of the Deity was pronounced, she changed countenance and disappeared in the forest. Returning thanks to the Almighty for his escape from this great danger, he continued his journey by night and day.

At length he reached a beautiful country, covered with verdure and flowers, and determined to seek a short repose. Now the guardians of these fields seeing Raksch grazing at liberty, tried to catch him with a thong, but Raksch bounded towards his master, who instantly awoke and resented the insult. The men fled, and told the mighty Aulad, governor of the country, that a strange adventurer had pillaged his crops and ill treated his servants. Aulad set out with his suite and a chosen troop of brave men, to attack Roostam, but he was already in the saddle, and his Indian sword was drawn in his hand. "He rushed at them like a thunderbolt," aiming at the first who barred his passage, and their heads rolled in the dust; the others fled. Roostam twisted his snare sixty times round his arm, and threw it at Aulad, whose head was caught in the loop. Roostam tightened the thong, unhorsed him, and threw him to the ground; but he abstained from killing him, as he wished to profit by his knowledge of the country. He therefore told him that if he would act as a faithful guide in the enterprise he was about to undertake, he would place the crown of Mazenderan on his head; but on the least appearance of cowardice or treachery, he would pierce him to the heart.

Aulad, happy that his life was spared, and filled with respect for Roostam, and his great deeds of which he had been witness, promised to conduct him to the prison where King Kaous and the Persians were confined, near the abode of the giant called the White Dive; but at

the same time he tried to dissuade him from this bold enterprise, by relating the dangers he would have to encounter. Roostam was only more eager to advance, not wishing the report of his exploits to reach Mazenderan before he had accomplished his end by delivering the King. He released Aulad from the thong; and making him precede, followed him joyfully day and night, without repose, across mountains and plains.

After a long march, he heard the sound of kettle-drums and warlike music, and beheld a thousand fires which illumined the night. He saw that he had arrived at Mazenderan. The magicians placed a watch upon the walls, and passed the night in feasting. Roostam fell unawares upon the guard, and killing their chief, advanced into the city. Raksch neighed so loudly that King Kaous called out from the depths of his prison,—"My misfortunes are over; no other horse than Roostam's could utter such a cry." The chiefs who shared his captivity looked at him, and said, "The King has lost his reason; misfortune has driven him mad." But at the same moment Roostam, assisted by Aulad, entered the prison. Kaous embraced him; and all returned thanks to Heaven who had provided this deliverer.

But Roostam knew that his task was not yet accomplished, for as long as the chief of the giants lived, there were no means of freeing the prisoners from his power and conveying them out of the country. He delayed not an instant, not even to partake in their joy; and advising them to be prudent, he departed with his guide for the giant's mountain. When he perceived at some distance an open cavern, the abode of the White Dive, guarded by a large army, he stopped to consult Aulad, who, terrified at his apparent temerity, said that, even if he were made of iron, he could not resist these adver-

saries. Roostam, however, was not to be deterred from his enterprise, and replied that he had consulted him solely for the purpose of learning the most suitable hour for the attack. Aulad said, "At noon, when the sun is at its height, the giant sleeps in the back of his cavern, and his subjects repose at the entrance. If God should endow Roostam with supernatural strength, he might then endeavour to surprise them."

Roostam received this advice joyfully, and took off his armour, that he might seek repose until the appointed hour arrived. As soon as the sun had closed the cups of the flowers, and the buzz of insects was heard all around, he rose, resumed his shield and helmet, and armed himself with his sword. He tied Aulad to a tree, and advanced alone to the cavern. Arrived at the entrance, he uttered a cry resembling a thunder-clap, and struck off the heads of the sleeping guards. The few who escaped his blows, sought refuge in flight. Roostam entered the interior of the rock; for some moments he could distinguish nothing, so dark and deep was the cavern; but when his eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, he perceived an enormous mass, like a rock, lying on the ground. The giant's hair resembled the mane of a lion; his length and breadth entirely filled the space. Then ensued a terrific combat; never had Roostam been in such peril, and the giant himself had never before encountered such a formidable adversary. Roostam avoided a large fragment of rock which the giant hurled at him, and struck in return so sharp a blow with his sword that he cut off one of the giant's legs. This desperate struggle continued for a long time; the earth was saturated with blood. "But God gave strength and courage to Roostam, who vanquished his enemy, and opened his side that he might

take out his heart; for a few drops of the blood poured into the eyes of the King and his companions in captivity would restore their sight."*

The whole army of the Dives fled when they beheld their chief conquered and slain. Roostam released Aulad, and returned hastily to Kaous, to set him and his companions at liberty. Having restored their sight, he re-clothed Kaous in his royal garments, that he might return to his country in a manner becoming a king entering his own dominions, and not as a captive recently delivered from his chains.

Kaous addressed a wise and temperate letter to the King of Mazenderan, calling upon him to submit and render homage; stating that he had only wished to destroy the magicians, who believed not in God. This letter he despatched by an active and intelligent messenger. When the envoy arrived in the presence of the King, the monarch caused the letter to be perfumed with musk and amber, and sent for a sage to interpret to him the contents. But his heart was filled with vengeance against Kaous; he would listen to no advice, and replied, "I have here at my command 1,000,000 of warriors and 1200 elephants, such as you have never seen before. I will conduct a formidable army against you, and will scatter the dust of destruction around."

When the messenger returned to Kaous with these words of defiance, Roostam requested the King to suffer himself to be the bearer of another message. "The scribe pointed his reed pen, until it became sharp as the end of an arrow," and wrote as the King dictated. "The words that you have conveyed to me are vain, and become not the lips of a reasonable man. Divest

* It may be observed that this Persian tradition resembles in a remote degree the history of Tobit.

yourself of this arrogance, and submit to my power. If not, I will cover the space between sea and sea with my armies, and the vultures shall receive you for their prey." The King having sealed this letter with his signet, gave it to Roostam, who set out in the guise of a simple courier.

When he arrived in front of the army of Mazenderan, in order at the same time to preserve the appearance of a messenger of peace, and by his great strength to inspire respect in those who came to meet him with suspicious and malevolent looks, he seized a tree with large branches which stood in his path, tore it with one hand from the earth, and poised it like a javelin, to the great astonishment of the chiefs of the opposing host. Then he cast it contemptuously on one side far from him, and in its fall the branches struck several strong horsemen to the ground. One of the nobles of Mazenderan, renowned for his strength, advanced to take the hand of Roostam, apparently in token of friendship, but in reality to compress it with a force which he hoped would intimidate the messenger. Roostam smiled, and wringing the warrior's hand in his turn, caused him to turn pale and fall insensible from his horse. The King, astonished at what was related to him concerning this messenger from Kaous, sent for him into his presence, and offered him most magnificent gifts; but Roostam refused to accept them, and seeing the King inflamed with anger at the letter, and that he was not inclined for peace, he returned to Kaous, eager for vengeance.

A furious battle lasted seven days between the two armies. Finally Roostam gained the victory. He killed the King of Mazenderan, whose treasures were collected and heaped up as a mountain before King Kaous, who divided them amongst his soldiers, according to the

deserts of each. He then ordered that prayers should be said for seven days, as an act of thanksgiving for the seven victories which they had gained. On the eighth day he caused all the poor in the kingdom to be assembled together, and alms were largely distributed. He established Aulad upon the throne, in order to fulfil the promise of Roostam, and departed with his army for his own capital.

Kaous prepared for Roostam a present worthy of his services. A throne ornamented with turquoises and rams' heads in gold; a royal crown enriched with precious stones; a cushion of brocade; a bracelet; a gold chain; 100 female slaves, richly dressed; 100 armed men; and 100 horses caparisoned with gold and silver; 100 black mules; a purse containing 100 gold pieces; cups of ruby and turquoise, filled with perfumes; and, finally, a letter of investiture giving him possession of Nimrouz and all the kingdoms of the south. Roostam, laden with these honours, returned to his father Zal-zer.

The restless spirit of Kaous would not permit him to remain long in repose. He declared war against the King of Hamaveran, and at first was successful; but the King contrived a snare to entrap him. He excited a violent passion in the heart of Kaous for his daughter Zoudabée. Kaous consented to marry her and proclaim her queen, above all his other wives; although the first of these had already presented him a son named Sciawousche, whose education had been confided to Roostam.

When the King of Hamaveran had enticed Kaous and his warriors into his own palace, he made them prisoners and confined them in a fortress. The Persians as usual again besought the aid of Zal-zer and Roostam. "The heart of Roostam, eager for combat, flamed like

a consuming fire." He placed himself at the head of the Persian army, to undertake the second time the deliverance of King Kaous.

As the journey by land was long, Roostam embarked, and reached the kingdom of Hamaveran by sea.

" When his army landed, neither mountains nor plains were visible. The whole earth was covered with armour and cuirasses, and the stars appeared to borrow their lustre from the points of the lances. There were so many glittering helmets, burnished shields, and brilliant battle-axes, that the ground itself appeared like a sheet of molten gold. The rocks were rent asunder by the noise of the trumpets, and the earth shook under the trampling of the horses' feet. The sound of drums, clarions and cymbals resounded from one camp to the other. The champions started forward from the ranks, threw the reins over their horses' necks, dipped in gall the points of their lances, and lowering their heads to the pummels of their saddles, shouted their eager war cry. The battle was so furious that it might be said, a crimson shower rained upon the dark-coloured earth. Terror seized the Touranians at the appearance of this unexpected army, and above all when they beheld Roostam, with 'a body powerful as that of an elephant.' They had summoned to their assistance the warriors of Egypt and Barbary, and thus Roostam had three hosts to contend with at the same time; but he triumphed over all. The auxiliaries submitted and went over to the Persian side. The King was liberated, and accompanied by Zoudabée, returned to his kingdom."

King Kaous took advantage of this interval of peace to restore the splendour of his throne, and construct several magnificent edifices upon Mount Alborz, that the conquered giants might be forced to work, and thus

rendered harmless; and also to reap the benefit of their knowledge,—for it was supposed that they were acquainted with all the hidden secrets of nature. Kaous caused them to build a crystal palace, inlaid with emeralds, as a chosen residence wherein to hold his banquets and high festivals. He made them hew stables for the horses and dromedaries in the solid rock, supported by stone pillars and steel railings. He then compelled them to erect a building with a dome of onyx, and there established a celebrated magus, that the occult sciences might not be for ever lost in this place. Finally, he constructed for the royal abode, a palace composed of gold and silver ingots, inlaid with turquoises and rubies. Beautiful gardens surrounded the building; and the climate was so mild, that an eternal spring caused the roses to bloom throughout the year.

But Ariman, chief of the Dives, wished to destroy Kaous, and deliver his subjects from his harsh government. Under different disguises he approached the King and inflamed his vanity, persuading him that, in order to become superior to all the monarchs on earth, he should ascend to heaven, and hover at his will above the rest of mankind. Kaous, full of this idea, slept neither day nor night.—"How could he fly without wings?" "Should he not have known," says the poet, "that no mortal can reach the skies? God requires not worldly aid; He alone is Omnipotent; and all creation must submit to his will. Earth and heaven, oh, man, were created for thy use, but heaven is above thy flight!"

The foolish Kaous assembled his magicians. Ariman had gained a conquest over his weak mind. They invented a plan by which King Kaous might ascend into the air. This was, that four young eagles, brought up

in darkness, should be fastened to the throne on which the King was seated. The eagles, as soon as they beheld the light, flew instantly, as swift as arrows, over the summits of the highest mountains; but, becoming weary with their flight, and impatient of their heavy burden, they fell down upon a rock, leaving Kaous stunned and dislocated by his fall.

Roostam and the other nobles set out in pursuit of the King. After a long search they found him lying at full length, exhausted, upon the ground. They overwhelmed him with reproaches, and recalled to him the errors of his past life—particularly this last act, in which he revolted against God himself, who had thus signally punished him.

Kaous was filled with shame and humility; and upon his return to his palace he remained forty days prostrate before the Deity, praying for grace and pardon ere he ventured to re-ascend his throne. This adventure of Kaous is evidently one of the allegories recorded by Firdousi. It closely resembles the fable of Icarus, and presents a similar type of the punishment of overweaning pride.

I pass over several of Roostam's great achievements in war, to arrive at the most affecting portion of his history. Firdousi commences thus:—

"Listen to a recital which will cause tears to flow. When the wind blows from afar, and scatters the fruit to the ground before it arrives at maturity, shall we pronounce the judgment just or unjust? If death is inevitable, what injustice is there in its infliction? Mind cannot solve this mystery, nor pierce this veil. All must pass through the gate which never re-opens to suffer their return. But if it is true that in dying we gain a better home, then ought the young and brave to

bless death in their hearts. If the fire burns when lighted, does it create astonishment? The breath of death is like a devouring fire; it spares neither young nor old. Youth and age are both alike when they arrive at the term fixed as the limit of their existence. Devote thyself to worship and prayer. Prepare for the last day, and thou wilt never rebel against the will of God."

One day, Roostam, carried away by the ardour of the chase, entered an enemy's country; but the King of Semengan desired not to enter into a quarrel with the Persian hero. He invited him to his palace and loaded him with honours. Roostam beheld the king's daughter, and fell at once in love. He married her; but, not daring to announce his union with the daughter of a hostile race, he left her with her father, bestowing upon her immense treasures; and amongst them a bracelet, ornamented with a priceless onyx, which she was to place on the arm of their first-born child.

Roostam, sorely grieved at leaving his young wife, returned to his own country. At the end of nine months, Theminée gave birth to a son, beautiful as an angel, and exactly resembling Roostam. Theminée said to herself, "When Roostam hears that I have borne him a son, he will come and take him from my arms, and I shall be for ever deprived of the light of my eyes." She despatched a message to Zaboulistan, saying that she was delivered of a daughter, who should be brought up like the offspring of a king. Roostam sent the messenger back laden with presents for the mother; but, believing the child to be a female, he thought no more about her. Daughters in the eastern harems are little better than slaves. It is only by marriage they gain some importance, as the pledges of alliance between neighbouring Courts.

Fifteen years passed on. Zohrab, the son of Roostam, grew into a colossus of strength, and a lion of courage; but, in addition to these endowments, he possessed a generous and tender disposition. He told his mother that he had an internal conviction that he belonged not to the race of Semengan, for he felt himself superior to all the descendants of that family. He besought Theminée to reveal his true origin. When he learnt that he was the son of Roostam, he drew himself up in happy pride, and dreamt of nothing but wars and conquests. He wished to place the crowns of Persia and Touran combined, upon the heads of Roostam and Theminée. His mother trembled lest in the ardour of youth he should boast of his descent, and that the tyrant Afrasiab, King of Touran, might compass his destruction from the hatred he bore his father. But Afrasiab, believing him to be the son of his ally, the King of Semengan placed in Zohrab all his hopes of conquering the Persians. He invested him with an important command, and sent him with a formidable army against the Persian frontiers. These frontiers were defended by a fortress which overlooked the plain. Zohrab fought with the Governor, Hedgir, and unhorsed him. Hedgir sued for mercy, and Zohrab, as generous as brave, granted him his life.

The Governor had a daughter named Gurdaferid, brought up amongst warriors, trained to combats, and who always accompanied her father to the field of battle. From the ramparts of the fortress she beheld Hedgir fall. Without an instant's hesitation, she put on her armour, concealed her long tresses under her helmet, fastened the joints of her coat of mail, threw herself upon her war-horse, and presented herself as a warrior before Zohrab the conqueror. She bent her bow, and launched

a shower of arrows against him; and when he approached to fight with her, she received him with the point of her lance, firmly fixed to endure the shock.

When Zohrab saw before him so formidable an adversary, his anger rose; he drew back his arm until the point of his lance touched his side; he struck Gurdaferid in the waist, and tore her coat of mail. She, drawing her keen sword, cut his lance in two, and then turned her horse's head to fly. Zohrab pursued, and deprived her of her helmet, when her hair, loosened from its confinement, fell down over her cheeks, and her features, animated by the contest, struck the young warrior with admiration.

When Gurdaferid saw the impression she had made upon Zohrab, she sought to increase it, and spoke to him of peace and alliance. "Her eyes were like those of the gazelle; it might be said that heaven shone beneath the arches of her eyebrows." She saw that Zohrab was struck with her beauty, and she began to banter him, saying, "The whole army will laugh when they hear that, in fighting with a woman, you have covered the plain with dust. Expose not yourself to this; conceal the adventure. Meantime, the fortress is yours; permit me to enter it, and to-morrow you shall take possession."

Zohrab, overcome by her beauty, allowed his prey to escape, and lost the opportunity of gaining a certain victory. Gurdaferid dragged herself, wounded and disarmed, to the castle; but scarcely had the doors closed upon her, before she rallied her conqueror from the ramparts. Zohrab, who had really wished to make her his wife, seeing that she laughed at him, and that she had only spoken of peace and alliance to cheat him of his conquest, replied that she should repent of these light

words, and returned in a fury to the camp, to commence preparations for attacking the castle at daybreak.

But during the night, the beautiful Gurdaferid collected her treasures, jewels, and servants, and fled by a subterraneous passage. When Zohrab advanced at dawn with his army to take possession of the fortress, they found it empty. Humiliated at having been thus tricked, he revenged himself by laying waste the surrounding country.

Kaous, upon hearing of this invasion by the troops of Afrasiab, and of the exploits of the young hero who commanded the army, sent one of the noblest of the royal family, named Guive the Valiant, to Roostam, who was his father-in-law. Roostam, usually so eager for battle, and prompt in vengeance, remained for once indifferent to the call of Kaous. Some inward feeling caused him to show a repugnance against taking any part in this new war. He entertained Guive with feasts, and delayed for nine days his fatal decision. At length the sense of duty overcame his repugnance, and he returned with Guive. Kaous, impatient, imperious, and irascible, received him with anger, and reproached him for his tardiness. He even threatened him with death.

The terrified courtiers wished to remove Roostam from the royal presence, but he, indignant at this outrage, replied angrily to the King, recalling all his faults and follies, and the services which he had rendered him. "Without my assistance," thus did he speak, "where would Kaous now have been? Who is he that he should speak thus, or order a finger to be raised against Roostam?" Then, red with anger, he remounted his horse to return to Zaboulistan, vowing never again to present himself before King Kaous.

The chiefs, in consternation, consulted amongst them-

selves, and said, "The King is no longer under any restraint. Roostam is the hero of the world; it is to him that Kaous owes his life; the unfortunate have no protector like Roostam. When the giants of Mazendiran loaded the King and his nobles with heavy chains, what perils and dangers did not Roostam encounter in seeking their deliverance. He conquered the chief of the giants, and re-establishing Kaous on his throne, saluted him as his sovereign; and when a second time Kaous was imprisoned in Hamaveran, Roostam fought with three kings and three armies to set him at liberty. Never did he turn his back upon the enemies of the King. He again restored Kaous to his kingdom, and, far from vaunting of his exploits, he bowed in the joy of his heart with submission before him. If death is to be his reward, there is nothing left for us but flight. Without Roostam we shall all be lost. How then can we pacify the King, and induce Roostam, who is so justly offended, to return?"

Gouderz, a wise and prudent old man, honoured by all, undertook to encounter the anger of Kaous, and recal him to a proper feeling. The King, ashamed of what had passed, requested Gouderz to reconcile him to Roostam. Roostam remained for some time inflexible, but Gouderz showed him that if he refused to fight, it would look as if the appearance of the young hero had terrified him.

At these words Roostam leapt up with rage, and consented to rejoin the army. When King Kaous perceived him at some distance he went to meet him, and said, "My character and disposition are harsh, but when I saw that you were wounded I repented." Roostam bowed proudly, and replied, "I come to execute your orders."

The King, turning to his nobles, said, "Let us feast joyfully to-day, and to-morrow we will depart for the war."

The army advanced close to the fortress occupied by the Touranians. Zohrab tried to discover Roostam. He mounted the ramparts with his prisoner Hedgir, and promised him liberty if he would point out Roostam's tent; but Hedgir, fearing that Zohrab only sought Roostam that he might fight with him, deceived the young Prince, and assured him that Roostam had not yet arrived from Zaboulistan. Two Touranian chiefs who had accompanied Zohrab confirmed this story; they had been appointed by Afrasiab to prevent any interview, before the battle, between the two heroes, for he had begun to suspect their relationship, and, hoping they would destroy each other, he wished to prevent all chance of recognition.

Roostam was astonished at the repugnance which he felt, so contrary to his usual nature, in engaging in this war, and he refused on the first day to take the field; but Zohrab, impatient to show himself worthy of his race before the arrival of Roostam, challenged the King to single combat. Kaous was timid, and wished not to risk his life. He pretended that it was beneath his dignity to fight with a beardless boy, and called upon Roostam to assume his place. Thus divided between duty and disinclination, Roostam recommended himself to God, and repaired to the field of battle.

The two champions measured each other with their eyes; they were of equal stature, and possessed the same courage, but one had the prudence of ripe age, and the other the impetuosity of youth. Roostam addressed his adversary upon his inexperience, and warned him not to encounter an opponent practised in a thousand fights.

Zohrab simply said, "Are you Roostam?" Roostam replied, "I am only his servant."

Then Zohrab threw himself upon Roostam, and a desperate combat ensued. They fought with lance, bow, sword, and club. They were matched in strength, and neither had the advantage. Night forced them to desist, but they agreed to renew the strife at early dawn.

Roostam entered his tent, and, calling his brother, said, "This young warrior is as strong as I am, and more supple and active. I cannot tell what the issue of this struggle may be. You know that I set little value on my life, but I foresee that this youthful hero will become the conqueror of Persia, and that nothing can resist his prowess. If I fall, advise the King to forestall his certain defeat by a speedy peace, which alone can save the crown." Having thus spoken, he sought an interval of repose, that he might be prepared for the morrow.

Zohrab, on his side, re-entered the fortress, and sending for Human, the Touranian, said to him, "I did not think there was a champion amongst the Persians who could fight thus save Roostam: I felt moved in his presence. Tell me the truth, and deceive me not." But Human, obeying the orders of Afrasiab, maintained that this hero was not Roostam.

Zohrab retired sadly, but eager for revenge. During the night, when all was quiet in the Persian camp, he made an unexpected sortie, and, after a great slaughter, he re-entered the fortress, and waited impatiently the approach of day.

When the two champions met at dawn, Zohrab felt himself drawn more than ever towards Roostam, and addressed him with words of amity: "Throw aside that club and sword,—let us make a treaty of peace, repent

of our enmity, and implore the pardon of God. My heart will communicate some of its love to yours, and I shall cause you to shed tears of shame."

But Roostam replied mournfully, "Young man, I have girded myself for this struggle. We will therefore do our best; and the result is in the hands of Him who ordains all things."

Zohrab said, "I see that my advice touches not your heart. I was desirous that your soul should only quit the body when on your couch, and your time had come; but since you wish to resign life, let us hasten to accomplish the intentions of Providence."

The combat recommenced. Having tried all their arms in vain, they alighted from their horses, and fought hand to hand. Absence of mind deprived Roostam of part of his strength; he was overthrown by Zohrab, who drew his sword to cut off his head; but Roostam cried out that, by the laws of single combat, a champion had a right to rise after the first fall. Zohrab suspended the blow, and the struggle recommenced. Roostam felt his anger rekindled at this defeat, and was determined to redeem his credit. He threw his adversary to the ground, and, following his example, courteously helped him to arise. Thenceforth it could only be a mortal encounter between them. They paused to take breath for a few moments before commencing the final struggle. Roostam invoked the assistance of God. He set little value on his life; but the thought of his country's subjugation to the power of Afrasiab, the idolater, made him anxious for victory.

They attacked each other, and their misfortunes commenced. Roostam, with renewed strength, and determined to conquer, assailed his youthful adversary with many advantages. Fate declared in his favour; and,

after a desperate contest, Roostam plunged his sword into Zohrab's breast, who fell, and drawing a long sigh, exclaimed, "Heaven has punished me for fighting against my father's country. Alas! it was to seek him that I came to Persia; and, whoever you may be, indomitable warrior, neither earth nor sea can save you from the vengeance of Roostam." Roostam, at these words, as if struck by a thunderbolt, fell insensible by the side of his son.

The Persian chiefs, whose eyes had been fixed from afar upon the different changes of this combat, on which depended peace or destruction, ran instantly to the spot when they beheld the two champions fall. They recalled Roostam to life; and Zohrab made a sign to him to unfasten his coat of mail. Roostam abandoned himself to the fury of despair, when he recognised the bracelet which he had given to Théminée, and accused himself with many imprecations as the murderer of his son. The gentle Zohrab recognised his father, and tried to calm him, but deplored the sad fate which had united but to separate them for ever. They embraced in agony. Zohrab besought Roostam to make peace, and leave the Touranians undisturbed in their retreat. "For it is I," said he, "who have led them foolishly to this war, in the hope of finding my father. I asked those about me to point him out, but all deceived me. God has willed it thus; and we shall meet again in a future and a better existence."

During this discourse, interrupted by sobs, Guive the Valiant, the son-in-law of Roostam, ran towards the King's tent. Kaous possessed a balsam, composed, according to popular belief, by the magicians, which had the miraculous power of curing even mortal wounds. Guive besought him instantly to give it to him, that it

might save the life of Zohrab. The King was moved, but hesitated. The courtiers, jealous of Roostam, surrounded the monarch, and represented to him that Roostam, already so powerful, would become invincible, when seconded by a son like Zohrab, and that they would even cause him to tremble on his throne. Kaous refused to give the balsam. Roostam rushed frantically forward, and was about to force it from the King, but in that short interval Zohrab expired.*

We shall not endeavour to depict the grief of Roostam. He tore his clothes, covered his head with dust, and, disgusted with life, called impetuously upon death. He wished to punish himself for his involuntary murder, and hide his shame from every eye. He carried the body of his son to Zaboulistan, caused him to be interred with the most magnificent funeral obsequies, and erected a monument to his memory. The whole country participated in the grief of Zal-zer and Roostam, who renounced war and lived for several years in retirement. Roostam sent messengers to fetch Thémineé, that they might weep together; but the unfortunate mother, struck to the heart by the death of her son, and blaming herself for not having communicated to Roostam the existence of Zohrab, and for not having followed him to make him acquainted with his father, languished and died within a year.

The sage says, "Grieve not for the dead. You will not remain long here,—be then prepared. Your Father has appointed the day for your departure; know you not that it has not arrived? This is His secret, which is unknown to others. Become not attached to this

* Throughout Persia, and even in India and China, this event has become a proverb, and they say, in alluding to any tardy succour, "It is the balm after the death of Zohrab."

passing scene, for that which is so fleeting can profit thee but little."

During these years of retirement, the unfortunate Roostam devoted himself to the education of the King's son, which important care had been specially entrusted to him. Firdousi commences his recital in the following words:—"This is an old history, but I am going to renew the recollection of these ancient times, and that which the poet revives is no longer old."

The birth of a son had been announced to Kaous. The priests and magicians cast the child's horoscope; they declared that there was nothing fortunate in the conjunction of the heavenly bodies at the period of his birth, and that his good qualities as well as his faults would equally lead to misfortunes. Uneasy at these prognostications, Kaous confided the education of his son to Roostam, who took him with him to Zaboulistan. Roostam sought to divert his grief for the death of Zohrab, by attaching himself to this child, whom he succeeded in rendering a most accomplished prince. "He made him acquainted," says Firdousi, "with right and wrong; instructed him in the duties of government, in the prerogatives of the crown, in eloquence, and in war. He taught him every virtue, and having taken much trouble, this trouble brought forth good fruit."

After fifteen years passed in retirement, Roostam took Sciawousche back to his father's court. This young prince, heir to the throne, constituted the hope of the nation. The admiration which the people felt for Roostam, reflected back upon his pupil. His journey was a triumph; Roostam had adorned him with the most brilliant and costly equipments that he possessed, and accompanied him, with all the chiefs of Zaboulistan along the road. The people prepared feasts; they mixed

gold with amber, and showered it from the tops of the houses upon the heads of the nobles. The earth was filled with joy, and adorned with all that was most precious. The doors and walls of the palaces were hung with brocade, and they threw pieces of silver under the feet of the Arab horses, whose manes were perfumed with musk, wine, and saffron. Sorrow appeared to be banished from the world.

Kaous sent a joyful escort, composed of the young warriors, members of the royal family, to meet his son. On arriving at the palace, servants carrying censers full of perfumes went before him. Three hundred attendants, stationed at the four corners of the court, received the noble Sciawousche, who scattered money and jewels around him, and all repeated his praises in songs. When he approached his father, the young prince prostrated himself upon his face to the earth; the King raised him, and pressed him to his breast. He received Roostam most graciously, and caused him to be seated on a throne inlaid with turquoises. The King was filled with admiration at the appearance of his son, his tall figure, and noble mien; and invoked the blessings of heaven upon his head. This youth was so intelligent that it might have been said that Wisdom herself had been the foster-mother of his genius. The King ordered a festival, such as no monarch had ever ordered before, and the rejoicings lasted for seven days.

Sciawousche remained seven years with his father, who proved him in many ways, and found his conduct irreproachable. In the eighth year the king caused a decree to be written on silk, investing his son with the government of the country of Transoxiana. These seven years had perfected the beauty of Sciawousche. From a stripling he had grown into a man, still retaining the

graces of adolescence, but of lofty stature and majestic deportment.

One day, the Queen Zoudabée saw him in company with his father. Bewildered by his beauty, she became pensive, and her heart was moved. From that moment she thought of nothing but of how she might behold him nearer. She persuaded the King that it was proper he should permit his son to enter the harem and see his sisters, in order to become acquainted with them. Kaous sent for his son, and proposed this to him. Sciawousche was troubled at the words of the King; he reflected, and thinking that Kaous had spoken only to try him, replied, "The King has given me a command, a throne, and a crown. I should, therefore, be surrounded by priests, sages, nobles, and those who are experienced in affairs of state; what can I learn in the apartments of the women? Can women point out to me the path of wisdom? Nevertheless, if it is the will of the King, it becomes my duty to obey him."

Kaous was delighted with the reply of his son, and the wisdom that it demonstrated; but told him to go without fear, and visit his sisters in the harem. Now there was an artful and deceitful man, named Hirbed, who was in the confidence of Zoudabée. To him was confided the charge of introducing the young prince into the harem.

Sciawousche, reassured by the words of the King, advanced without distrust, but when Hirbed withdrew the curtain from the door, he trembled, as he thought of the misfortunes that might befall him, for he had an instinctive dread of Zoudabée, as she was descended from the race of Ariman.

"The apartment was decorated as if for a festival. It was perfumed with musk and amber, the floor was

covered with Chinese brocade, strewed with pearls of exquisite water; beautiful slaves threw pieces of silver under his feet, and the air was filled with music and song." At the end of the hall stood a raised throne, ornamented with gold and turquoise; upon which Zoudabée was seated, "radiant with colours and perfumes." Her ringlets fell over each other, under the royal crown, and her hair reached her feet. On each side of the throne were placed rows of slaves, who held their golden shoes in their hands, and inclined their heads in token of respect. Zoudabée as soon as she saw the curtain raised, rushed forward to meet the young Prince, pressed him long to her bosom, and kissed his face and eyes; she could not cease to gaze on him for a moment. Sciawousche felt that this tenderness was not according to the ordinance of heaven, and hastened to his sisters, with whom he remained a long time.

But Zoudabée, who longed for another opportunity of seeing him, said to the King, "If you will follow my advice, you will at once marry Sciawousche to one of the daughters of your house, that he also may have a son like himself, to be the joy of your old age. I will assemble in my apartments all the royal race, and he shall come and choose his wife from amongst them." Kaous, who always approved of Zoudabée's advice, consented to this; he called his son and acquainted him with his wishes.

The young Prince replied, "Choose yourself, my father, I will accept whatever wife you give me, but I do not wish again to enter the apartments of the women."

The king smiled at this answer, without perceiving the hidden danger, "Go, my son," said he, "you must select your own wife, and Zoudabée will watch over your heart." Sciawousche obeyed, and Hirbed again

conducted him to Zoudabée, who descended joyfully from her throne, her hair covered with jewels. She placed Sciawousche upon it, and seated herself below him, with her arms crossed upon her breast. She then caused twelve young girls full of grace and modesty, to pass before him. The Prince scarcely looked at them, while they dared not raise their eyes to gaze on him. After this ceremony, Zoudabée dismissed them all and remained alone with Sciawousche. She questioned him upon the impression which these fair damsels had made upon him. In naming each, she added an epithet or remark, sufficient to deter Sciawousche from choosing her; but as he hesitated to reply, being on his guard, she threw back her veil, and standing up, spoke thus:—"I wonder not that thou despisest the moon when the sun is before thee. He who has once beheld me, can see no beauty in others; but if thou desirest to form an alliance with me, I will give unto thee one of my daughters in marriage. She shall be unto thee as a slave until the age when thou canst espouse her, and until then thou shalt remain faithful to me; I shall be happy, for thou wilt cherish me as thine own soul, and all that thou requirest of me I will grant." She then embraced him and kissed his cheeks, for she had laid aside all modesty. The face of Sciawousche reddened like the rose, and his eyes filled with tears of shame. He reflected thus; "If I reply harshly to this woman, she will complain of me to my father. It is much better to dissimulate, and use gentle words." He therefore said to her, that he accepted the proposal of marrying her daughter, and making some allusion to her tender expressions, he advised her to keep this a secret as he should, for he looked upon her as his mother. He left her thus in uncertainty, but she, overpowered by love,

said to herself,—"If Sciawousche will not do as I wish, I consent that he should break my heart, for I will use every means, openly and in secret, to gain his affections; and if he should despise my love, I will complain of him to the King."

Zoudabée, encouraged by Kaous, who placed immense treasures at her disposal, as the marriage portion of her daughter, sent to seek Sciawousche that she might give them to him. On this occasion, having nothing to conceal, she spoke openly of her love, and said,—"If you scorn me, I will deprive you of this empire, and the light of the moon and the sun shall be hid from you through my influence." Sciawousche, roused to anger, would no longer condescend to subterfuge, but replied,—"How could I thus betray my father, and forsake virtue? wherefore have you the shamelessness to propose this crime to me?" Having thus spoken, he retired filled with rage and indignation.

Then Zoudabée uttered loud cries, and called for help, tearing her clothes and cheeks with her nails; so that the noise could be heard in the streets.

Kaous left his throne, and rushed to the harem. Zoudabée accused his son of having offered an insult to her virtue. The King alarmed, sent for Sciawousche, saying,—"It is I who have exposed him to this temptation, but if guilty, his head must fall."

Sciawousche essayed to justify himself. Zoudabée continued to accuse him; her love was now turned to hatred. The affair was submitted to the decision of the judges, who declared in favour of the young Prince.

Zoudabée became furious and invented a hellish plot. She pretended to be prematurely confined of an infant, whose death had been occasioned by the violence of Sciawousche. The priests then declared that this child was

not of the royal race; and as nothing could calm the King's mind, it was decided that the accused should submit to the trial by fire. Zoudabée refused, but Sciawousche submitted, saying,—"If it were a mountain of fire I would trample it under foot: better to perish than to suffer the shame which I endure."

The King sent for one hundred caravans of strong red-haired dromedaries, who brought a thousand loads of wood, which were piled up to the sky in the form of two mountains, between which there was left a narrow passage, scarcely wide enough to admit a man. They then saturated the wood with naphtha, that it might burn the more quickly. These mountains of wood were visible at two miles' distance, such was their enormous size; and when the fire was kindled, the people suffered from the heat, and mourned over Sciawousche, who advanced in white raiment, as if enveloped in a winding-sheet, and seated upon a black horse. He appeared perfectly calm, and a smile was on his lips. He drew near to his father, and said, "Fear nothing; it is the will of God that this should happen. My head is now covered with ignominy. I shall be freed from it, if innocent; if guilty, God will abandon me. But, thanks to the strength which he has given me, my heart quails not before that mountain of fire." Then approaching the pile, and raising his hands to heaven, he said, "O thou God, who art above all, permit me to pass through this fire, and deliver me from the shame that overwhelms me." Thus saying, he caused his black horse to rush into the flames, with rapidity equal to their own. "Then arose a cry from plain and city, and grief took possession of the people. The men looked at Kaous with eyes overflowing with indignation, and mouths quivering with curses. Sciawousche forced

his black charger through the flames, who appeared as if caparisoned with fire. The whole plain was covered with bloodshot and anxious eyes, for the helmet of Sciawousche ceased to be visible. But this noble youth emerged from the burning trial with a smile upon his lips, and his cheeks like the leaves of a rose. The horse, the rider, and his white robe were unscathed, and appeared fresh as a lily. One universal cry arose: 'The young prince has passed through the fire; joy has filled the earth.'"

The Persians surrounded their king, and vociferously demanded the death of Zoudabée. The king consented, although it cost him many pangs; but at that instant his anger was aroused against her. The generous Sciawousche, foreseeing that his father would one day regret this sacrifice, interceded, and Kaous only wished for an excuse to pardon her. Zoudabée was re-established in the palace, and the old king became more blindly attached to her than ever. A sage has said, "There is no love so great as that which we feel for our own blood. When, therefore, thou hast obtained a son worthy of thee, alienate thy heart from the love of women." Sciawousche soon perceived that Zoudabée had artfully poisoned his father's heart against him, and resolved therefore to quit the Court. He entreated his father to give him a command, and marched against Afrasiab, accompanied by Roostam and 12,000 young warriors of his own age, at the head of a formidable army. "It might have been said that there was only room upon the earth for their horses' shoes."

Sciawousche and Roostam gained a great victory over Afrasiab, who sued for peace, retired with his army, and left an hundred hostages of the most illustrious families of Touran. Sciawousche pledged his word, and signed

the treaty. Roostam returned to the King to acquaint him with the issue of this glorious campaign. Kaous, whose head was filled with vengeance and foolish passions, disapproved of the conduct of his son, blamed Roostam for the advice which he had given him, and ordered him in an angry letter to break the treaty, and send the hostages to him, or resign the command.

Deprived of the counsels of Roostam, the heart of Sciawousche became troubled. "How," exclaimed he, "can I break my word? How disobey the King, and how can I implore the protection of God, if I deliver up these innocent hostages to the vengeance of my father? And if, in violation of my pledged promise, I make war unjustly, God, the Master of the world, will punish me. If I give up the command, and return to the Court, Zoudabée will be the source of great affliction. I see nothing but misfortune on every side. Destiny, which smiled on me, has been clouded by this evil woman. The heart of Kaous was like a tree full of leaves and fruit; but since Zoudabée has perverted it, the fruit has become poison, and the leaves shed death around.

"Oh! why did my mother ever bear me? and why has not death taken me from the world and its sorrows? I will go to some remote corner of the earth, where my name will be concealed from Kaous; then my life will be in the hands of God; for the commands of the King are above the sun and moon, but nothing can compete with the power of the Eternal. Whoever infringes his decrees must be devoid of reason. I will not violate this treaty to which I have sworn, even if it should cause the loss of my power and kingdom. God is my asylum; earth is my throne, and heaven my crown."

As soon as the sun had set and the sky was darkened, Sciawousche chose 100 warriors, and departed,

his cheeks wet with the tears that flowed from his eyes.

Fresh wars forced Roostam to resume his arms. He killed Afrasiab's son; Afrasiab himself fled before him into China. "He had sought fortune, and had found calamity; he had asked the world for honey, and it had given him poison."

Roostam, everywhere victorious, remained master of Touran, which he governed for seven years with justice and wisdom; but Heaven changed his thoughts, and he felt desirous of visiting his own country. "Those who have endured much trouble in this life for the acquisition of power," says the poet, "will in the end have no other couch than the dust. This world bestows a poison for which there is no antidote. Be not eager to possess yourself of a crown, for you will carry it with you to the grave, it will be buried in your tomb. You work, but another will reap the fruits of your labour, without casting a glance towards your bier. Think that your days are nearly sped, and employ yourself in praying to the just God. However long your sojourn here on earth may be, you must leave it by a road which admits of no return. Do good, then, and injure no one; such is the will of Heaven."

Roostam resigned the Touranian crown, and tired of his long absence from his country, returned to Zaboulistan. As soon as Afrasiab heard of his departure, he left his retreat, placed himself at the head of an army commanded by the Khan of China, retook his own dominions, and invaded Persia, knowing that the feeble Kaous was unable to defend himself. Roostam, disgusted with the ill treatment he continued to receive from the King, would not again trouble himself to revenge him.

But Sciawousche, who had been assassinated by Afrasiab, had left a son called Chosrow, the source of the line of Chosroës. His mother having secured him from the cruelty of Afrasiab, caused him to be brought up by the priests in the mountains. His life, as well as that of Sciawousche, during his exile, was full of interesting adventures, but this history is already too long to relate them. Suffice it, that Roostam, accompanied by his second son, Firamorz, re-established Chosrow, by superhuman acts of valour, upon the throne of Persia, which Kaous his grandfather, old and weak, joyfully resigned in his favour.

The military exploits of Roostam are so closely connected with the history of the Persian Schahs, that to relate them it would be necessary to enter in detail into the causes of the wars with Touran, China, and India; which would extend far beyond the space to which I have limited myself. I select in preference the events which were the result of individual or natural causes, of love, generosity, devoted patriotism, or personal revenge, and which depict much better the entire and strongly drawn characters of that period.

There arose about this time a young, brave, and chivalric champion named Bijen, the grandson of Roostam. Led away by a prolonged chase, which extended beyond the frontiers of Persia, he found himself one day separated from his companions, and alone with a young warrior older than himself, but crafty and envious of his courage. He treacherously sought to ruin Bijen, not daring to encounter him in equal combat. As they were in a hostile country, he thought it a favourable moment to engage Bijen in some rash adventure which might cause him to fall into the power of the enemy. The occasion too soon presented itself. After traversing a

thick forest, where they had fought with savage deer and wild boars that ravaged the country, they suddenly arrived in a beautiful valley watered by a murmuring stream, full of birds of the most brilliant plumage, and covered with fruit-trees, oranges, pomegranates, figs, and peaches. In the centre was spread a tent of gold brocade, from whence issued a multitude of young girls who sported amongst the rose-bushes in full bloom.

It was the tent of Afrasiab's daughter, a young widow who had come to pass some days in this terrestrial paradise, to supply herself with essence of roses. The two young warriors stood still in admiration, at this unexpected scene. Bijen, knowing the respect due to the abode of Eastern females, was about to retire before they perceived him, but his companion rallied him upon not daring to profit by his good fortune. Stung to the quick, he forgot all prudence, and presented himself, armed and on horseback, before the tent of the Princess Ménigée. His companion was careful not to follow, but Bijen had already ceased to think of him. He advanced rashly until the sentinel barred his passage. The Princess astonished at his boldness, and wishing to know his name and quality, despatched her nurse to question him.

When she was informed that he sprang from a royal race, curiosity triumphed over every other sentiment. She desired to see him. His manly beauty, youth, and temerity, interested her; and after passing several days in her tent, they were married. When the time arrived that they were obliged to separate, Ménigée, who had exhausted in vain every means of persuasion to retain Bijen near her, resolved to give him a sleeping potion; and then attiring him in female vestments, she transported him in her litter to her own abode, where they

passed a considerable interval in the delights of love and mystery. But Bijen's reason soon returned. He felt that his folly might cost him dear, and was anxious to depart. It was too late; the servants, whose silence the Princess had bought, wishing to get still more money from the King, declared the presence of Bijen in the palace.

The fury of Afrasiab surpassed all that the guilty pair could have anticipated. Bijen bound, and with an iron collar round his neck, was thrown into a well hollowed in a rock; a large stone of immense weight was placed over the opening, leaving only a sufficient space for a hand to pass through, to convey some small and unfrequent nourishment to the prisoner. This hand was that of the Princess Ménigée, who, deprived of all the insignia of her rank, and clothed as a mendicant, was reduced to the necessity of begging her own and her husband's food. It had been forbidden to give him anything except a barley cake, that he might linger on a miserable existence in protracted hunger. Throughout the day, she remained crouched at the mouth of the well, lamenting over her own and her beloved Bijen's fate, and trying to discern him in the darkness, to touch his hand, and to console him by her tears. But Guive the Valiant, the father of Bijen, not seeing him return with his companions from the chase which occupied these young warriors for several months in each year, and accustomed them to combats, became uneasy, and interrogated those who had followed Bijen. Nobody could give him any intelligence of his son.

He assembled all the magicians, diviners, and astrologers. He made them cast horoscopes; they told him of misfortunes that had happened, but they were unable to specify particulars. At last, a Dive presented himself with a magic mirror, which under certain conditions

possessed the faculty of presenting the likeness of the desired person; and Guive, after the ceremonies of initiation, saw Bijen at the bottom of his stone prison. But there the power of the magician ended; he could not inform him in what country his son was enduring this martyrdom.*

Roostam and Guive departed to seek him. In the first instance they followed the track of the hunters until they arrived at the limits of Persia. Then they disguised themselves as merchants, and formed a caravan, going from city to city, buying and selling, and stopping at all the khans and bazaars to learn the news; justly thinking that an event like this cruel imprisonment would be the subject of conversation in all public places. After many changes of fortune they arrived at the Touranian Capital, where every day the unhappy Ménigée petitioned for alms. Roostam learnt her melancholy history from the merchants in the bazaar, and, pretending to give her a small piece of money, he slipped into her hand a ring which would certainly be recognised by Bijen, and then passed on his way to avoid exciting any suspicions.

Night came; Roostam and Guive traversed in silence the streets, which at that hour were deserted, and arrived at the well; but here their difficulties increased. How could they avoid a noise which might attract the attention of the sentinels? How raise the mass of rock which closed this living sepulchre? Their attempts

* The agency of the marvellous in historical events, which we find so constantly recorded in the accounts of what happened during the early ages, need not surprise us; for finding, as we have recently done, an analogy with the sacred traditions of the Bible, may we not compare this last adventure with the necromancy of modern times? Does not the magic mirror resemble the magnetic pail of Mesmer, which has found adepts in these advanced days of civilization?

were ineffectual; and, feeling that without a lever they could not move this mass of stone, their courage began to droop. Should they be observed, they would fall into the hands of the enemy, and death, preceded by the most frightful tortures, awaited them. Roostam drew back, calling with all the energy of his soul upon God to aid them. He then made a last effort, and the rock yielded to the supernatural strength which God had granted to him. Bijen was freed, and conducted with his princess to the khan, where their deliverers had left their merchandise. There was not an instant to be lost. Dawn would betray the prisoner's flight, but God protected them, and they regained the frontier. There they took a moment's repose, and returned thanks to the Almighty. But the alarm was given. Afrasiab assembled his troops in haste. A sanguinary war between the two countries was the result of this adventure. Roostam, Guive, and Bijen, attacked the palace of Afrasiab, who fled by a secret passage, and came back once more at the head of a powerful army. Roostam again triumphed, compelled Afrasiab to return to his allegiance, and then he himself re-entered Zaboulistan.

Afrasiab, having failed in achieving his revenge by force, determined to effect it by stratagem. An odious and well conceived plot involved even Roostam himself. He was not to be conquered by force; treachery alone could triumph over him. As loyal as invincible, he was quite unsuspicious of evil designs in those who professed friendship for him, and he fell a victim to his too generous confidence.

His father, Zal-zer, had by a slave, an elder son, named Schughad. After some time the evil disposition of this Schughad, and the hatred he bore to Roostam, obliged Zal-zer to send him away. He recommended

him to the tributary King of Cabul, who brought him up as his adopted child, and gave him his daughter in marriage. But, however happy was the fortune of Schughad at the Court of Cabul, he ceased not to nourish revenge in his heart at the preference shown by his father to Roostam. The King of Cabul, wishing to free himself from the annual tribute due to Zal-zer, joined in the dark projects of Schughad.

Having well matured their plans, Schughad pretended to fly from Cabul as the victim of cruel treatment on the part of the King. He presented himself before Zal-zer, imploring his protection, and appealed to his rights as a son. He pretended to entertain an unbounded admiration for Roostam, whose frank and generous heart was moved by the recital of his fictitious griefs, and he treated him as a brother in arms.

They set out together to make war against the King of Cabul, and Roostam vowed that he would establish Schughad on the throne of his persecutor. But Schughad, insensible to the generosity of Roostam, caused deep ditches to be dug, and the sides and bottom to be covered with lances and swords pointed upwards. These ditches, concealed by fascines covered with thin turf, lay in the only road that led to the enemy's frontier; and at the instant when the King of Cabul appeared at the head of his army, Roostam, urged by Schughad, advanced precipitately with the principal chiefs to the attack, and fell into the ditch. Their horses, whose legs were broken, struggled beneath their riders, who, thrown one upon the other, were pierced by the lances. Roostam's horse leaped upon the bank of the first ditch, and fell into the second. He fell seven times, and each time arose with his rider, but at last he expired, covered with wounds and blood. Roostam, mortally wounded, raised

himself, and perceiving who had been the contriver of this cowardly treachery, bent his bow, and shot the miserable Schughad to the heart: then recommending his soul to God, he expired.

Thus lived and died the renowned warrior of Persia. We are far from having exhausted the incidents in the life of Roostam, which overflows with marvels. How can we concentrate in our simple language the magnitude of this gigantic epic—this Iliad of the Indies? Roostam was a hero from infancy to death. He fought from the cradle to the grave, and his posterity resembled him. He was the Hercules of the East; and possessed a colossal form, an arm, and a club, like that of the Grecian demi-god. He overthrew tyrants and monsters; and, in the midst of these labours, there were moments of repose and love, which showed that he possessed a heart, and that his strength could stoop to tenderness. He was great for his disinterestedness, as well as his courage; and by generosity he governed, while he saved. He was one of those exalted and virtuous minds, who devote their genius and courage to the service of empires fallen into anarchy or decay; who sacrifice their lives for their country or their king, and who seize with a vigorous hand the scattered remnants of a monarchy or a republic, and, re-establishing their nationality, by a natural gratitude, that nationality and their individual names become blended into one. Such men are not kings, because their virtue will not permit them to usurp the supreme authority. But they are more; for kings reign only in their own times. These heroes exercise sovereignty over the future. Roostam and Persia are to this day synonymous terms.

History, heightened by poetry, leaves his exploits in that vague uncertainty between reality and fable—the

proper atmosphere of men and events which soar above the ordinary course of nature. But the ruins of Persepolis remain as incontestible witnesses of the existence of Roostam, and of the services he rendered to his country. There, may be seen to this day, amidst the gigantic vestiges of the ancient metropolis of Persia, a colossal and mysterious monument—a palace, tomb, or temple (it is not ascertained which), that bears the name of the horse of Roostam. Blocks of stone forty cubits in length, by ten cubits in width, served, as at Baâlbec, for a base to the ruined building. Columns of a diameter and height equally prodigious, overthrown by earthquakes or ruthless conquerors, strew with their fragments the foundations of the edifice, and the foot of the mountain against which this palace, tomb, or temple was planted. The vastness of the fabric, and the materials with which it was constructed, will give the traveller an idea of the extent of the memory of Roostam in Persia. This memory, engraved on the hewn sides of the mountain, smoothed with the chisel to serve as a page for the epitaph of the hero, is still visible on the bas-reliefs which trace his exploits. Doubtless these inscriptions relate his history; but, as they are written in an unknown tongue, they cannot be deciphered by any effort of modern scholarship. Like skeletons from whom the soul has departed, they have preserved their character, whilst they have lost their meaning. The life of Roostam has been effaced from stone monuments, but it lives in the song of the poet, and in the traditions of the people. The shepherds and camel-drivers of the desert of Persepolis, plant the stakes of their tents deep within the dust of these monuments. They compare the massiveness, regularity, and beauty of these edifices with the insignificance, misery, and instability of their own

temporary dwellings, and cannot figure to themselves the power of a civilization which could move such blocks, and carve such mountains, to honour the memory of an individual man. They attribute these constructions to a race intermediate between humanity and deity.

Who can decide whether the popular legends of the existence of giants spread throughout the earth is as fabulous as now generally supposed in modern times? * Perhaps, after all, it is but an exaggerated recollection; for, whatever is greater than degenerate man, is elevated into a god. For us, whose imaginations are sceptical of the marvellous, if Roostam be not a deity, he is at least a man far above the ordinary standard. He has not strength alone, but moral grandeur, disinterestedness, and moderation in strife: and, like a beam from the Divinity, he possesses the sacred seal, which imprints its own fire on the brow it irradiates. He who had tasted all the intoxication of triumph—who had breathed the perfume of roses, had been plunged also in the abyss of despair, and had tasted the gall of bitterness. War, the originating principle of this glory, was also the instrument of his calamity. In a terrible duel he killed his unknown son. His great, but melancholy career, dazzles the imaginative faculties, softens the heart, and enforces meditation and reflection.

We trust it contains a sufficient moral to justify us to our readers for giving it a place in this collection; and, as we may hope, at the same time, enough to call for an expression of their sympathy.

* Genesis vi. 4: "There were giants in the earth in those days." It is true that the interpreters of the sacred text are not agreed as to the meaning of the word "giants."

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

B.C. 107. A.U.C. 647.

This name represents not merely an orator, but eloquence itself.

Eloquence, as we understand it, and as Cicero himself understood it, is not only the art of addressing men in public. It is the gift of strong feeling, accurate thought, extensive knowledge, splendour of imagination, force of expression; and the power of communicating, in written or spoken language, to other men, the idea, the feeling, the conviction of truth, the admiration for the beautiful, the disposition to uprightness, the enthusiasm for virtue, the devotion to duty, the heroic love of country, and the faith in immortality, which make men honourable—the feeling heart, the clear head, the sound judgment, the popular knowledge, the artistic imagination, the ardent patriotism, the manly courage, the attachment to liberty, the pious philosophy, and lastly, the religion consonant with the most exalted idea of the divinity, which render the individual good, the people great, and the human race sacred.

This is what we understand by the ideal of eloquence. It supposes in us the possession and exercise of all the

intellectual and moral faculties, that are involved in speech: the power of the human WORD.

Never, perhaps, did any man unite all these components within himself to so great an extent as Cicero, whose history we are now about to relate. Poet, philosopher, citizen, magistrate, consul, administrator of provinces, comptroller of the republic, idol and afterwards victim of the people; theologian, jurisconsult, supreme orator, and, above all, a man of honour. He, moreover, enjoyed the rare good fortune of employing all these various gifts—sometimes in the amelioration, enjoyment, and relaxation of his mind in solitude; sometimes in the advancement of the art of eloquence by study; sometimes in the management of the people; sometimes in the administration of the public affairs of his country, which were then the affairs of the world; and thus to apply his gifts and talents, his courage and virtues, to the good of his native land, the benefit of the human race, and the worship of God, while he was perfecting them to his own advantage.

Only two faults could be laid to his charge—vainglory in his opinion of himself; and real weakness—or rather a lamentable want of decision, towards the end of his life—in his dealings with the tyrants of his country. But these two errors, if his history be well studied, appear to be not so much the faults of the individual, as the general failings of the time.

Vanity was one of the virtues of great men at this period, when a religion, more magnanimous and more free from human follies, had not yet taught that abnegation of self, modesty, and humility, which take away from us earthly fame, but render us more than an equivalent in the mute satisfaction of conscience, or in the approbation of God.

And with reference to the compromises with events and tyrants, with which at this distance of time, Cicero is reproached, we must bear in mind the state of the Roman Republic, the corruption of morals, the vile cowardice of the people, and the social enervation of his age, to be just towards this great man. At no epoch of his administrative career did he ever flinch from his duty. If he quailed before Cæsar, he did not shrink before death; but, in order to apply that lever of moral strength which has been expected of him, and for him alone to sustain the Republic against Cæsar, he required a resting point in the Republic itself. Such a point no longer existed. It was not the lever, but the fulcrum, which Cicero wanted. We may pity the times, but we must not accuse the citizen.

No form of government was so well fitted as the Roman Republic to develop those perfect men, the type of which we have just described in the greatest orator of Rome. That separation of faculties, and those professional limitations, which decompose a man into fractions, and lessen him in the process of subdivision, had not yet been invented. People did not say, Here is a civilian, there is a soldier, this man is a poet, that man is an orator, here is a lawyer, there is a statesman; —you might be all these at once, if Nature and education had fitted you for it. It was not then the fashion to cut up Nature into arbitrary portions, as we unfortunately do now, to the great detriment of a particular country and of the human race at large. They did not impose upon God a maximum of faculties, which he was not to overstep in creating an intellect more universal, or a soul greater, than common. Cæsar pleaded causes, made verses, wrote his Anti-Cato, and conquered the Gauls. Cicero wrote poems, and treatises on rhetoric,

advocated at the bar, harangued the citizens from the tribune, discussed public business in the senate, collected taxes in Sicily, commanded armies in Syria, studied philosophy with the scholars, and kept a school of literature at Tusculum. It was not the profession, but the talents, that made the man, and he became the greater as he was the more universal: and this is the cause of the superiority of the versatile geniuses of antiquity. When we, better advised than at present, shall endeavour to emulate their greatness, we must first sweep away the jealous and arbitrary barriers that our modern civilization interposes between the faculties of Nature, and the services that a citizen can render in various modes to his country. We shall no longer forbid a philosopher to be a politician, a magistrate to be a hero, an orator to be a soldier, a poet to be a sage or a legislator. We shall then make men, and no longer human machines. The modern world will be all the stronger and the more beautiful for the change, and the more conformable to the plan of God, who did not intend man for a fragment, but for a whole.

Cicero, as we find from the descriptions and letters of his contemporaries, and from his own, was tall of stature, as is necessary for an orator who has to address the people, and whose head ought to overlook others, as his mind must command theirs. His features were severe, noble, pure, elegant; lighted up by the intellect from within, which had, as we may say, fashioned them to its mould. A high forehead, smooth as a marble tablet, fit to receive and to efface the expressions which flitted across it; an aquiline nose, very narrow between the eyes; his glance collected, yet firm and bold without offensiveness when it swept across the crowd; a fine mouth, with lips well formed, expressive, and passing easily from the close-knit

severity of deep thought to the graceful expansion of the smile; cheeks, thin, pale, and hollowed by the anxieties of study and the fatigue of frequent harangues. His attitude had more of the calm of the philosopher, than of the excitement of the tribune of the people. With him it was not passion, but thought expanding and developing itself before the public. It was evidently his object to enlighten, not to blind, the crowd. All the authority of virtue, all the majesty of the Republic, arose with him when he stood up to speak. A numerous and grave escort of Greek rhetoricians, freedmen, clients, and Roman citizens, saved by his efforts, accompanied him when he crossed the forum to ascend the rostrum. He held in his hand a roll of paper, and a leaden stile to take notes of his exordium, his proofs, his peroration, and the prepared or extemporaneous portions of his speeches. His dress, carefully adapted to the ancient fashion, had none of the negligence of the cynic, or of the softness of the Epicurean. He was clothed, not adorned, with a close-fitting gown, falling in perpendicular folds. He objected to gay colours, which, by attracting the eye, might diminish the attention of the ear. His pallid countenance, especially in his youth, gave him the interesting look of langour of body overcome by energy of mind. It bore tokens of his watchings and meditations. With the exception of his deep and well-trained voice, his whole external appearance was that of a pure intellectuality, borrowing from matter only the form strictly necessary to render it perceptible to human nature.

But the Romans, who, like the Greeks, were accustomed by their forensic habits to judge artistically of their orators, appreciated in Cæsar and in Hortensius that physical attenuation which attests study, acute

feeling, want of sleep, and mental labour, The thin figure and pale face of Cicero enhanced his *prestige* and his majesty.

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born in a little municipal borough near Rome, called Arpinum, the birth-place of Caius Marius. His mother—Helvia, a woman remarkable for courage and virtue, like all women whose sons make great men—bore him without pain. An old legend relates, that a genius appeared to his nurse, and told her that the child she suckled was destined to be the salvation of Rome. The interpretation of this legend is, that the countenance and look of the child raised in the hearts of his mother and nurse some vague presentiment of innate superiority. Helvia was of illustrious birth. Her father's family cultivated in obscurity a small estate in the neighbourhood of Arpinum, without seeking public offices, and without visiting Rome, content with a moderate fortune and local respect in their own province. Notwithstanding the newness of his name, which Marcus Tullius was the first to make known in Rome, the family was said to be lineally descended from the ancient princes of Latium. The grandfather and uncles of Cicero had already distinguished themselves by their aptitude for affairs, and by some unexpected proofs of eloquence in deputations sent from their town to Rome to maintain their municipal interests. It is seldom that genius is isolated in a race; the germ of it almost always appears before the perfect fruit bursts forth. By tracing up a family for several generations, we usually find some precursors of the great man whom Nature seems to be gradually preparing in it. Thus it was with the poetical family of Tasso, whose father was a poet of second rank; thus also with the family of Mirabeau, whose father, and especially whose uncles,

were natural and untaught orators—more rude, but perhaps also more vigorous, than their nephew. So it was with Cicero, and with many others. Nature takes a long time in quietly preparing its masterpieces of the human race, as it does in the mineral and vegetable creations. Man is a creature of succession, who collects and combines in a single mind the mental qualities of perhaps a hundred generations.

These oratorical and literary tastes and tendencies of Cicero's family, and that tenderness which, in the heart of a noble mother, changes into ambition for her son, caused the child, whose infancy promised so much honour to the house, to be brought up in the study of Greek and Roman letters. Greek literature was then to the young Romans what Latin literature has since been to us—the tradition of the human mind, the model of our language, the great repertory of the knowledge of our ancestors. The quick and universal genius of the child burst forth, rather than progressed, with the first lessons which he received under his mother's eyes, before he left the nursery. His vocation to intellectual pursuits was so quick, so marvellous, and so unanimously recognised by all around him in the schools of Arpinum, that he tasted the cup of glory, which he was afterwards to drain to its dregs, almost as soon as he tasted life. His little school-fellows called him their scholar-king; they related to their parents, as they came home from their lessons, the wonderful feats of intelligence and memory of Helvia's son, and they used to escort him to his house-door as the patron of their childhood. Superiority amongst men and children, when it is immeasurable, creates no envy. It is received and acquiesced in as a prodigy; and as prodigies are isolated, and not frequently met with, they call forth, not jealousy, but wonder.

Such was the feeling to which Cicero's childhood gave rise amongst the boys of Arpinum. Would that he could afterwards have inspired as noble and honourable a sentiment in Clodius, in Octavius, and in Antony!

Poetry, the early flower of the soul, was the first to engage him. Poetry is the morning dream of great minds, foreshadowing the future realities of life; it evokes the phantasms of all things, before the things themselves appear; it is the prelude to thought, and the precursor of action. Overflowing intellects, like Cæsar, Cicero, Brutus, Solon, and Plato, begin by imagination and poetry—the exuberance of mental vigour in heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and orators. Sad is his lot who, once at least in his life, has not been a poet!

Cicero was a poet always—early, long, and late. He became a transcendent orator only because he was a poet. Poetry is the orator's arsenal. Open Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Mirabeau, Vergniaud: wherever these orators are sublime, they are poetical. The fragments of their oratory, which we retain for ever, are images and sentiments worthy of being sung and immortalised in verse.

On reaching manhood, Cicero published several poems, which placed him (the historians say) amongst the renowned poets of his age. Plutarch states that his verses equalled his eloquence.

He at the same moment studied philosophy under the Greek masters of this science, which includes all others. He especially attended the lessons of Philo, a follower of Plato. He thus opened his soul entirely to learning, wisdom, inspiration, and eloquence. Collecting all that had been most beautifully thought, said, or sung upon earth before his time, to form in his mind a never-failing treasure of facts, examples, images, oratory, and moral

or ethical beauty, he proposed to increase and afterwards exhaust this treasure during his life, for the honour of his country, and his own glory—a terrestrial immortality which the men of that epoch made one of the leading objects and rewards of virtue.

He also assiduously attended the tribunals and meetings in the forum—that tribunal of political debate in the presence of the people—listening to and observing the great contemporary masters of debate—Scævola, Hortensius, Cotta, Crassus, and especially the elder Antonius, whose eloquence he has himself immortalised in his treatises on the art. He was proud to be their disciple; and he made it a practice, on returning home after hearing them, to write out from memory those passages from their harangues which had either roused the multitude, or pleased his own mind. Still unknown himself as an orator, his renown as a poet was spread all over Rome by the publication of an epic poem on the wars and fate of Marius, his illustrious fellow-townsman.

Rome had then reached one of those fearful crises which seize upon empires and republics, at the very moment when their institutions have led them to the highest point of glory, virtue, and liberty, which Providence permits them to reach. On arriving at this culminating point of their existence and of their principles, nations begin to totter on their foundations before dashing down into decay, as if by a sort of giddiness in prosperity, or by some law of our imperfect nature. These are the times when nations produce the most virtuous, and the most profligate of men, as if to prepare more sublime and more atrocious actors for the great dramas they give to history. Cicero was born precisely at the moment of the culmination and dissolution of the Roman Republic; so that his history, combined with

that of his country from his birth to his execution, is equally that of the most memorable and most execrable characters the world has produced; of the most singular virtues and of the greatest crimes; of the most splendid triumphs, and terrible disasters of Rome. The liberty and the empire of the universe were alternately won and lost in the great game that was played for more than half a century by him and around him. The mind of a single man is the focus of millions, and his voice is the echo of the whole creation.

The principle of the Roman Republic was the successive annexation, first of Italy, then of Europe, and finally of all the known world, to the dominion of the Romans. Expansion was the law of their existence: war alone could increase their territory: war was therefore the necessity of the nation. Defensive in its origin, Roman war afterwards became offensive, and finally universal. War creates a thirst for glory; glory gives popularity; popularity gives political power to the ambitious. A triumph, at Rome, had become a regular institution; this institution gave, as we may say, an objective character to renown, and made those who triumphed candidates for tyranny.

To keep up this frequent recurrence of triumphs, with perpetual and universal war, numerous armies of a permanent character also became necessary. A large standing army is the institution of all others the most fatal to liberty and to the power, exclusively moral, of the law. Those which, collected into legions, remained stationary in the conquered provinces, or in Italy, began to raise their generals above the senate and the people, and to form for or against these generals great military factions, of a far more dangerous description than civil combinations. The disbanded troops, to whom lands had been

allotted, constituted in Italy itself, and in the Campagna of Rome, a nucleus of malcontents always ready to have recourse to arms, their only trade, and to supply bands or legions for political contests to democratic tribunes, or ambitious commanders. The senate and people were thus ripe for being overpowered and conquered, even in Rome itself, by the very war and glory they had designed for the subjugation of the universe. They had sent out tyrants into the world, and the vanquished world sent them back domestic tyrants to their homes. Already the sword defied the law; already, under an apparent respect for the nominal authority of the senate, generals and triumphant leaders bargained with each other for offices and consulships. The governors of provinces exchanged legions, or lent each other armies, to be returned after the time required by law. Rome had become a vast anarchy, ruling the world externally, but internally with the real sovereignty transferred from the citizens to the legions—the constitution retaining nothing but its form, the generals becoming tribunes, and the factions being the camps.

Such was the state of the Roman Republic when Cicero assumed the gown of manhood, to act his part as a citizen, orator, and magistrate, in the stirring scenes of this eventful period.

Marius, a plebeian of Arpinum, after acquiring fame in the field, and saving Italy from the first invasion of the barbarians of the north, took part in Rome with the people against the patricians and the senate. An armed and ferocious demagogue, he lent his legions to the plebeians to destroy the aristocracy. His proscriptions and assassinations decimated Rome, and deluged Italy with blood. Sylla, a patrician of Rome, first the lieutenant, afterwards the rival of Marius, in his turn

deprived him of his legions and his glory, brought them back against his country, proscribed the proscribers, slaughtered the butchers, massacred the people by wholesale, enslaved the senate on re-establishing it, raised the slaves to the rank of Roman citizens, distributed the lands of the proscribed amongst his hundred and twenty thousand legionaries, then abdicated with all the *prestige* of the terror with which he had imbued the people, and set again in action the mechanism of the ancient constitution, shattered, bent and bloodstained by himself. A war called *the social war*—a war between the allies of the Republic and Rome itself—had still further complicated, by the insurrection of Italy, this medley of events, passions, proscriptions, blood, and crimes. Sylla was triumphant. The good citizens of Rome enrolled themselves to defend their country, even under the dictatorship of a tyrant. Cicero followed his model and master, the orator Hortensius, to the war. He returned from it with the victorious legions of Sylla, to witness with horror the disappearance of all liberty, the dictatorships, the proscriptions, and the massacres of Rome. His extreme youth, and his studious life at Arpinum sheltered him, not from the misfortunes, but from the dangers of the times. He reappeared, after the violent but complete re-establishment of the constitution and senate by Sylla. He prepared himself for the political tribune, and the offices of the Republic, by practice at the bar—the usual apprenticeship of the young Romans, who thus endeavoured to earn the esteem and gratitude of the people, before canvassing their votes for the magistracy. He at the same time published works on language, rhetoric, and oratory, which evince the depth and universality of his studies. His first speeches on behalf of his

clients astonished the most finished orators of Rome. He became celebrated as the model of a perfection theretofore unknown in the advocacy of private law-suits. The invention of argument, the sequence of facts, the arrangement of testimony, the elevation of thought, the force of reasoning, the harmony of language, the novelty and brilliancy of metaphor, the intense appearance of conviction, the pathetic narration, the grace and elegance of his exordium, the power and energy of his peroration, the beauty of his diction, the majesty of his deportment, the dignity of his aspect—all this in a few years raised the young orator to the summit of his profession. His discourses—prepared in the silence of nocturnal study; noted down and written out at leisure; altered, re-written, and again corrected, then carefully compared with the models of Grecian eloquence;—learnt piece by piece, sometimes at the bath, sometimes in his garden, sometimes in his walks about Rome; recited before his friends, and submitted to the criticism of his rivals or of his masters—pronounced in public in the ringing tone necessary to make it heard above the crowd, and enriched with those sudden sallies, which add the effect of surprise and the fire of improvisation to the solidity and strength of carefully digested compositions—were remarkable events in Rome. They exist revised and published by the orator himself, and are still treasures to posterity. We shall not discuss them. They fill whole volumes, and are amongst the most wonderful monuments of human genius.

These speeches were the foundation of the renown and public life of the youthful Cicero. But he was consumed by the fire of his own genius; his frail body could not bear the excess of study, of public speaking, and of private practice at the law. His emaciation, his paleness,

his frequent fainting fits, and want of sleep; his voice broken by the effort to meet the avidity and applause of the crowd; his early exhaustion, which, for the sake of too early success at the bar and in literature, threatened a life fitted for a higher and more enduring fame; possibly also the advice of friends to avoid attracting the attention of Sylla, who might have taken umbrage at the increasing renown of the young favourite of the people, and to whom Cicero had given offence by defending a proscribed person whose part no one else had dared to take up;—these causes, and above all the desire of studying Grecian customs in Greece itself, induced Cicero to quit Rome and the bar, and to visit Athens.

On his arrival there, he gave himself up completely, under the most celebrated Grecian teachers, to the study of philosophy. Fascinated by these pursuits, which withdrew the mind from earthly thoughts to dwell on the immaterial creation, he had for a time given up Rome, ambition, and glory. Intimate with Atticus,—a rich Roman, who, with the spirit of a thorough voluptuary, valued things only in proportion to the pleasure they afforded him—Cicero proposed to collect his little fortune, and to establish himself at Athens, in order to pass the remainder of his life obscurely in the study of the beautiful, the search after truth, and the enjoyment of art. But his health was improving: the masters of the most celebrated schools of eloquence of Athens, Rhodes, and Ionia, came from afar to hear him lecture in the academies of Attica; and, full of admiration for the young barbarian, confessed with tears that Rome had beaten them in fight, and that a Roman excelled them in eloquence. He could teach them reason and common sense: they gave him lessons in the arrangement of words, in harmony, intonation, and gesture. The news

of the death of Sylla, which just then reached Athens, and promised a new lease of liberty to Rome, enticed Cicero away from his studies. He felt himself called upon to watch events, and he departed for Rome, after taking a tour in Asia Minor, to visit all the great schools of literature and eloquence; and to ascertain whether those famous temples, from which Rome had received the superstitions and fables of paganism, did not contain the hidden *word* of the Divinity, the great object of his study. He consulted the oracles. The oracle of the fane of Delphi taught him the great principle of all good men who are invited to take part in the events of their country in times of revolution.

"By what means," Cicero inquired, "shall I attain the greatest and most honourable fame?"

"By always following the dictates of your own judgment, and not the opinion of the multitude," was the reply of the oracle.

He was struck with this answer; and by adapting his life to it, he earned his reputation as a man of honour, his glory, and his death.

On his return to Rome, he lived for some years in retirement, without attaching himself to any of the factions which divided the Republic, or following in the train of any of the leaders of parties, whose favour was the stepping-stone to office, or asking anything of the people. He was despised, the historians relate, for the contempt in which he held men and riches, and for the high value he set upon mere mental acquirements. They called him a poet, a man of letters, a *Grecianised* and speculative philosopher, absorbed in the contemplation of useless things. The vulgar in all ages despise what is not vulgar like themselves. Cicero cared little for their ridicule, and continued to improve himself

silently, from pure love of the beautiful and true. At that time, he lived in intimacy with the greatest actor of the Roman stage, Roscius. Each was a study to the other; the actor endeavoured to imitate the tones, gestures, and attitudes with which Nature had inspired Cicero: the orator tried to adopt the action which Art had taught to Roscius; and this contest between inspiring Nature and controlling Art produced in each perfection—which, for the actor, consists in attempting on the stage nothing that does not spring from Nature; and, for the orator, in uttering from the tribune nothing that is not recognised by Art, and conformable to the supreme adaptation of all things, which is comprised in beauty.

Meanwhile, Cicero's parents, relations, and friends, begged him to do violence to his love for retirement, and not to deprive the Republic, in times of difficulty, of the endowments which he had accumulated by the gift of the gods, and his own studies, erudition, and travels. "Virtue and eloquence were only given to him," they said, "as two divine weapons for the great struggle impending between the good and the wicked, between the Republic and tyranny, and between the anarchy of demagogues and the liberty of good citizens." He yielded to their representations, and became a candidate for the quæstorship in the same year that the two greatest orators of the day, his masters and models, Hortensius and Cotta, tried for the consulship—the highest magistracy in Rome, held only for one year at a time. The people, tired of soldiers, who had shed the blood of Rome long enough, endeavoured to secure their liberty and the reappointment of tribunes, by returning them all three. The quæstorship was a secondary office, which gave the holder a seat in the senate. The quæstor's duty was to receive the taxes, and to supply Rome with provisions.

Chance, which distributed the provinces amongst the elected officers, allotted Sicily to Cicero. While preventing by his judicious arrangements the famine which threatened the Roman people, he conciliated Sicily, and secured the attachment of the dependency. He made a tour through the whole island, less as a proconsul, than as a philosopher and historian, desirous of searching in its ruins for the vestiges of its ancient greatness. He discovered the sepulchre of Archimedes, one of the greatest mechanics that ever appeared amongst men; and he had the tomb of this divine geometrician repaired at his own expense.

Full of the renown which his name, his eloquence, and his successful government, gave him in Sicily, he was astonished, on returning to Rome, to find his pretensions alike forgotten amidst the ever-recurring tumult of an immense capital absorbed in its own interests, passions, amusements, and rumours; and divided between its tribunes, its demagogues, and its orators. He saw, that to command this fickle and sensual mob, it was necessary not to be out of sight even for a day. He married Terentia, a lady of noble birth, but moderate property. He purchased a residence nearer the centre of business than his paternal abode, which was situated in the district of the idle and opulent. He kept open house at all hours for the crowd of clients and lawyers who always, in Rome, flocked round the doors of public characters. He committed to memory the names and circumstances of all the citizens of Rome, so as to flatter them by that which always flatters men most, marked attention paid to them in public—and to accost them by name whenever they addressed him in the street. He thus ceased to have occasion for the services of a freedman called "*the nomenclator*," who

usually followed candidates for office, or magistrates, to whisper to them the appellations of the citizens.

Having reached the age of forty-one years, and possessing, by his own inheritance, and the dowry of his wife Terentia, a fortune which was never splendid—for he never pleaded, except gratuitously, for justice or honour, considering that oratory was of too great value to be matter of sale—enjoying the friendship of the greatest, the most learned, and the most virtuous citizens of the Republic—Hortensius, Cato, Brutus, Atticus, and Pompey; the father of a son whom he expected to see rivalling his fame, and of a daughter whom he loved as the hope of his future; spending his surplus only in the purchase of rare books which his friend the rich and learned Atticus forwarded to him from Athens; dividing his time between the public affairs of Rome, and his summer retirement to his country houses at Arpinum, amongst the mountains where his fathers had lived; at Cumæ, on the shore of the Bay of Naples; at Tusculum, the foot of the Alban Mount, secluded and delightful spots; measuring his hours in these retreats as a miser metes his gold; allotting some to eloquence, some to poetry, and others to philosophy; some to correspondence, or conversation with his friends, some to strolling amongst the trees he had planted and the statues he had collected; others to his meals, and few indeed to sleep; losing none for labour, mental gratification, or health; going to bed with the sun, and rising before dawn, to collect his thoughts in all their vigour before the noise of the day began—his health became restored. His body acquired the appearance of vigour, his voice resumed its manly strength and ringing tones, like those which Demosthenes poured forth, echoing above the roar of the waves, and necessary above all things to the man

who must still the tumult of an angry crowd. He was wise, honoured, beloved, happy, but not yet a mark for envy. Destiny seemed to bestow upon him all at once, at the beginning of his life, that share of happiness and calm, which it measures out to every one at some time in the course of his career; as if to make him feel the more keenly, by comparison and memory, the years of trouble, tumult, vexation, and anguish, through which he has to pass to the grave.

Six years after his quæstorship in Sicily, Cicero was unanimously elected ædile, by the people assembled in tribes. The duty of an ædile was to attend to the improvement of the city, and to take charge of the public shows given to the populace. The multitude, greedy of these shows, expected that Sicily, of which Cicero had won the attachment and gratitude, would send him gladiators, comedians, and wild beasts, to give brilliancy to his ædileship. Their office gave the ædiles the right of exhibiting in the vestibule of their houses the images or statues of their ancestors. Cicero, who had no ancestors of note, exhibited no statues. He accepted without humiliation the title of "a new man," which the Romans gave to all those who made themselves a name instead of inheriting one. He thus stood in the middle point between the aristocracy and the democracy—a position favourable to unbiassed equity between the two factions which distracted Rome; a plebeian by birth, a patrician by position and feelings. It was at this time that he wrote, at the instigation of the Sicilians, those memorable harangues against Verres, who had despoiled the province of its masterpieces of art, and national monuments. These harangues, only one of which was spoken, have made the name of Verres for ever the type of gigantic peculators. In after years, Cicero, no doubt repenting of having given the memory of the

Sicilian prætor an immortality more infamous than it deserved, gave him assistance from his own purse, when this proconsul had fallen into indigence and distress.

Two years after his ædileship, he became a candidate for the prætorship—a magistracy which was subordinate only to the first, namely the consulship. He then sided in the senate with the idol of the Roman aristocracy, Cneius Pompey, who demanded unlimited powers, in order to clear the seas of the Cilician pirates, who blockaded the coast of Italy. Cicero's eloquence prevailed over the opposition of the demagogues: Pompey became dictator, and Cicero prætor.

His renown for integrity was such that a person accused of peculation, named Macer, a friend and protégé of Crassus, the richest of the Romans, having heard that Cicero had decided to vote against him, gave intimation that he felt his cause to be already judged, since Cicero was opposed to him; and retiring to his house, without permitting his lawyers to plead his cause, he laid himself down and committed suicide, considering that Cicero's condemnation was the verdict of the Gods.

Until then, however, notwithstanding the maturity of his age, and his persevering studies to attain perfection in the arts of oratory, he had only spoken before the courts or before the senate; but he had not thought himself qualified for mounting the rostrum, and addressing the people on public affairs. The people seemed to him the most formidable and difficult of audiences. It required, he used to say, an eloquence as bold, as varied, as abrupt, and as vigorous, as the populace itself. Half a life was not too much preparation for the trial.

He risked it, for the first time, to obtain the prolongation of the naval and military dictatorship which had been given to Pompey, and which it was proposed to shorten. He triumphed. This triumph, two years

afterwards, obtained for him the consulship—the object of his ambition, and the foundation of his glory. Little liked by the multitude, whose disorders he opposed—without any hold on the aristocrary, to which he did not belong by birth—he could only rise by his talents and services to this supreme elective magistracy. Two fatal men, who belonged both to the great families by their birth, and to the multitude by their complaisance and vile adulation of its excesses—Marc Antony and Catiline—were his opponents. He began by winning over Antony, a man without character, and the less dangerous of his rivals, by promising to serve his ambition (which was mere vanity), to accept him for his colleague in the consulate, and to leave him the entire government of Italy beyond the walls of Rome. Having thus broken the league between his opponents, he made such an energetic attack in the senate on the turbulent and democratic policy of Catiline, that the aristocracy, glad to meet with such support, and the people, anxious to command such eloquence, named him, not by votes, but by acclamation, consul, with Antony for his colleague. He kept his word with his colleague, and procured for him what he desired, the control of Italy. As for himself, he remained in Rome to preserve the Republic from the confusion and insurrection daily threatening the city during the absence of Pompey, who was then in Asia.

It was not long before these extreme circumstances presented themselves. Independently of the great military factions, of which we have spoken, factions represented by Marius, by Sylla, by Pompey, and afterwards by Cæsar; independently also of the permanent factions of patricians and plebeians, which had distracted the Republic for centuries, there was in Rome a faction of anarchy, democracy, and crime, which underlay the

others, and which only awaited, to overthrow and drown them all in blood, the opportunity of a civil contest or weakness in the government. The elements of this atrocious party, always rife amongst the refuse of worn-out or diseased states of society, were first the populace—the scum of the people, tainted and corrupted by all the vices of the time, and ever floating to the surface in large cities, when they are fanned by the wind of sedition. Then there were the freedmen, the day labourers, and the slaves, placed by the jealousy of the laws out of the pale of civic rights, and always ready to break the framework of those laws which would not bend so as to admit them to their proper places: there was also that multitude of soldiers disbanded by Sylla, by Marius, and by Pompey himself, to whom lands had been allotted in certain parts of Italy; but who, soon getting tired of their mediocrity and ease in these military colonies, or having soon exhausted their wealth in the prodigality natural to those who become suddenly rich, endeavoured to win more wealth by joining with their arms in the seditions of the country. Lastly, there was a small number of young men belonging to the first houses in Rome—such as Clodius, Cæsar, Catiline, Crassus, and Cethegus—who, retaining the rank, after losing the virtues, of their ancestors; of corrupt morals, soiled by debauchery, ruined by prodigality; objects of public scandal, careless of opinion, greedy of money; betraying their noble blood, their caste, their traditions, and the honour of their races; became the flatterers, the instigators, the tribunes, the accomplices (open or secret) of the populace; and sought their lost wealth, and their future greatness, in the ruin of their country.

Such were the causes and the promoters of revolution in Rome, when Cicero came into power. The

chief, recognised as the leader for the time being of all these factions leagued against the safety of the Republic, if anarchy can be said to have a head,—was Catiline.

Catiline was a man of noble birth, of manly bearing, of unblushing audacity (which the populace often mistakes for greatness of mind), of great military skill, the only good quality which cannot be denied him; possessing that depraved species of eloquence which knows how to rouse the worst passions from the foulest recesses of the human heart; and suspected, if not convicted, of fratricide, of robbery and murder on the Appian Way; of secret poisoning, of debauchery amounting to crime; but vain of his birth, and confident of his popularity; ready enough for vengeance, and being himself a senator, sufficiently strengthened by secret connexions with Cæsar, Clodius, Crassus, and other senators, for his doubtful reputation to be covered by a certain sort of character, so that no one dared openly charge him with the iniquities of which he was secretly accused. Catiline was already a prætor: his ambition aspired to the consulate. As soon as he was foiled in his design by the triumph of the great orator, he undertook to upset what he could not win; to murder the consul; to proscribe part of the senate; to assemble the disbanded soldiery, the labourers, and the slaves; to attack Rome, and to seek, in the general confusion, an opportunity of revenge, and a tyranny of crime for himself and his accomplices. If Cæsar was not a participator, he was at least a silent, and perhaps approving spectator, and confidant of this conspiracy.

With the general impression of so extensive a plot, of which the chiefs alone were concealed, but of which the existence was everywhere avowed by the members, Cicero assembled the senate, and called on Catiline to avow or deny the crime. "My crime!" insolently

replied the incendiary. "Is it then a crime to give a leader to the headless power of the people, when the senate, which is the head of the government, has no longer any life, and can do nothing for the country?" With these words Catiline went out, and the senate, frightened at such audacity, gave the temporary dictatorship to Cicero, to save Rome.

Catiline did not sleep after so bold a declaration of war against his country. He sent Manlius, one of his accomplices, who commanded a body of veterans in Tuscany, the order to collect his troops, and march upon Rome. Each quarter of the city was placed in charge of one of the conspirators, who at a concerted hour was to raise the people, and direct their movements. The arms and torches were got ready, the buildings were marked, and the victims pointed out for destruction. Cicero was the first. It was in the blood of her greatest citizen that the murderers intended to quench the ancient laws of Rome. A noble lady—the mistress of one of the young patricians involved in the conspiracy—went by night to warn Cicero to keep his door shut next morning against the assassins. They actually presented themselves in arms at daybreak at the gate of the consul, whose head they had promised to take; but they found it guarded by a band of faithful citizens. While Cicero lived, the city had a centre, the laws an executive officer, the country a voice, the senate a guide. The execution of the plot was deferred: but Cicero did not delay his precautions. He convoked the senate at break of day in the fortified temple of Jupiter Stator, the guardian of Rome. Catiline was bold enough to be present, convinced either that the absence of proof against him would afford a presumption of his innocence, or that his audacity would intimidate the consul. When

Catiline entered the temple, all the senators kept aloof from him, as if to preserve themselves from the contagion or perhaps even the suspicion of crime. Respect for the law made a clear space round the conspirator. Cicero, indignant, but not intimidated, arose and addressed to the public enemy that tremendous apostrophe, which has fixed on the name of Catiline, a mark such as the lightning of heaven leaves on the thunder-stricken monument. In reading it, our thoughts rush fitfully over its brief periods, as if the orator were breathless with impatience and indignation. We transcribe a portion, by which we may judge both the speaker and the criminal:—

"How long, oh! Catiline, will you continue to abuse our patience?—how long will your madness defy our laws? At what point will your audacity stop? What! neither the guard which watches on the Palatine by night, nor the troops occupying the city, nor this assembly of all well-disposed citizens, nor the indignant looks of the senate!—can nothing shake you? See you not that your project is discovered?—that your conspiracy is surrounded by witnesses, and hemmed in on all sides? Do you think that any one of us can be ignorant of what you did last night and the night before? To whose house you went, what accomplices you collected, what resolutions you adopted? What times, what manners, are these? All these plots the senate knows, the consul sees, and yet Catiline lives! Lives! do I say? He enters the senate; he is admitted to the council of the Republic; he chooses amongst us, and marks out with his eye those whom he designs to murder. And we, men of courage, think we do enough for the country if we avoid his fury and his poniard! Long ago, oh! Catiline, should the consul have put you to death, and beheaded you with the sword you intended for us! The first of the Gracchi

attempted dangerous innovations against established order; an illustrious citizen—the High Pontiff Publius Scipio, who, however, was not a magistrate—punished him with death. And when Catiline prepares to make the whole universe a scene of blood and carnage, shall not the consuls punish him? I will not remind you how Servilius Ahala, to save the Republic from the changes meditated by Spurius Mælius, killed him with his own hand; such examples are too ancient. The time is now passed—yes, it is passed—when great men thought it an honour to treat a pernicious citizen with more severity than the most determined enemy. This day, Catiline, a decree of the senate arms us with a terrible power against you. Neither the wisdom of the senate, nor the authority of this order, fails the Republic; we alone—I avow it—we alone, consuls without virtue, fail in our duty! . . . . . Remember the night before last, and you will see that I watch more vigilantly for the safety of the Republic than you for its destruction. I tell you that on that night you went (I speak without disguise) to the house of the Senator Læca, where the accomplices of your wicked plot assembled in great numbers. Dare you deny this? You are silent! I will prove it, if you deny it; for I see here, in the senate, men who were with you. Immortal gods! where are we? What a government is this of ours! Here, conscript fathers, even here, amidst the members of this assembly—in the august council that weighs the destiny of the universe—traitors compass my destruction, yours, the ruin of Rome, and of the entire earth. And the consul sees these traitors, and takes their opinion touching great interests of the state! Although their blood ought to flow, he does not address to them an offensive word. Yes, Catiline, you were at Læca's house the night before

last; you divided Italy amongst your accomplices; you assigned the places to which they were to proceed; you selected those who were to remain in Rome, and those whom you should take with you; you named the parts of the city that each was to set on fire; you declared that the time for your departure had arrived, but that if you delayed it yet a little while, it was only because I lived. Then came forward two Roman knights, who, to relieve you from that anxiety, promised to go to my house that very night, shortly before daybreak, and murder me in my bed. You had hardly separated before I knew all. I surrounded myself with a stronger and more numerous guard. I shut my door against those who, under pretence of paying their duty to me, came from you to take my life. I had named them beforehand to some of our principal citizens, and I had announced the hour at which they were to arrive. . . . . Can you, Catiline, share in peace the light that shines upon us, or enjoy the air we breathe, when you know that there is no one here but is aware that on the eve of the Calends of January, the last day of the consulship of Lepidus and Tullus, you presented yourself in the comitium, armed with a dagger?—that you had hired a troop of assassins to kill the consuls and the principal citizens?—that it was neither repentance nor fear, but the good genius of the Roman people, which arrested your arm and checked your fury? I do not dwell upon your early crimes. They are well known to every one; and many more have followed them. How many times, both since my election and since I have been consul, have you not attempted my life? How many times have I not required all the artifices of defence to parry the blows which your skill seemed to render inevitable? There is not one of your designs, not one

of your successes, not one of your intrigues, with which I am not exactly acquainted. And yet nothing can exhaust your determination, or discourage your efforts. How repeatedly has the dagger, with which you threaten us, been snatched from your hands? How often has unforeseen accident prevented its use? And yet your arm must raise it again! Tell us, then, on what dreadful altar have you consecrated your weapon? what sacrilegious vow obliges you to bury it in the bosom of a consul?

"To what a life, Catiline, are you now condemned! For I will speak to you, no longer with the indignation which you merit, but with the pity that you deserve so little. You have just entered the senate. In such a numerous assembly, in which you have so many relations and connexions, who is there that has condescended to salute you? If no person before you ever endured such an insult, why wait for the voice of the senate to pronounce the disgraceful sentence so strongly expressed by its silence? Did you not notice, when you came in, that all the seats near you remained empty? Did you not see all the consular senators, whose death you have so often compassed, rose from their places when you sat down, and left that side of the house bare? How can you suffer such a humiliation? I swear, that if my slaves dreaded me as all the citizens dread you, I should think myself obliged to quit my house: and yet you do not think proper to leave the city! If my fellow-citizens, unjustly prejudiced against me, hated me as they hate you, I would rather be removed from their sight than encounter their angry looks; and you, when a guilty conscience warns you that for a long time they have only looked upon you with horror, you hesitate to avoid those to whom your very presence is torture! If your own parents trembled before you, if they hated you with

unquenchable hatred, doubtless you would not hesitate to depart out of their sight. The country, our common mother, hates you; it fears you; it has long since condemned the parricidal designs with which you are wholly occupied. What! will you despise its sacred authority? will you rebel against its judgment? will you defy its power? Methinks I hear it now address you. 'Catiline,' it seems to say, 'for some years no crime has been committed of which you are not the instigator, no wickedness in which you have not shared. You alone have assumed the privilege of assassinating citizens with impunity, of tyrannising over and plundering our allies. Against you the laws are dumb, and the tribunals powerless; or rather you have upset and annihilated them. Such outrages deserve all my anger; I have borne them in silence. But to be condemned to perpetual alarm on account of you alone; to see my repose never disturbed except by Catiline; to fear no plot that is not connected with your detestable conspiracy; this is a fate to which I cannot submit. Leave me, then, and deliver me from the fear which overpowers me; if my apprehensions be well founded, that I may not perish; if groundless, that I may cease to fear.'"

Human eloquence seldom soared higher than in this personal contest between Cicero and the accomplices of Catiline. As to the conspiracy itself, it doubtless presented more surface than depth, and more opportunity for the consul's oratory than real danger to call forth his heroism. Catiline was one of those adventurers whom a perverse policy sometimes encourages in their secret endeavours, as has been exemplified in modern revolutions; but whom everybody execrates and disavows when they exhibit themselves, because they are disreputable even in crime. No one in Rome dared to

defend Catiline. The country was saved rather from a bugbear than from a tyrant, by Cicero. He showed, some days later, a firmer resolution; but it was firmness against the vanquished. Several of Catiline's accomplices, who had been left behind in Rome after his departure, and proved to have held correspondence with him, were seized and imprisoned by the consul. To put them to death without trial, and in spite of the laws protecting the lives of the citizens, was to assume a terrible responsibility; to set them free would have been to proclaim the impunity of conspirators. Cicero laid the case before the senate; Cæsar defended them disdainfully, and gave them the protection of contempt, yet with all the dexterity of an accomplice. The Senate hesitated; Cicero, resolute and indignant, again aroused the sleeping anger of the senators, and demanded their death, which was granted on account of the public danger. On leaving the senate, he ordered, on his own authority, the execution of Lentulus, Cethegus, and all the suspected leaders of Catiline's party; then walking boldly out of the prison in which they had just fallen under the axes of his lictors, and passing by the groups of their partisans, waiting to know their fate: "They have ceased to live!" he cried, with a look of defiance; and proceeded to give thanks to the gods for the safety of Rome.

The faction of Catiline, so diminished that he could only take with him from Rome three hundred miscreants who had lost their credit and reputation, was crushed in one day at Florence, as it had been in one night at Rome.

The consulate of Cicero concluded with the terror of the factions and the gratitude of the good citizens. Cæsar and his then rising party, more formidable than that of Catiline, alone opposed Cicero's giving an account to the people of the measures which he had taken,

and the blood he had spilt. "Well!" said Cicero, on mounting the tribune, when Cæsar, as prætor, refused to allow him to speak, "I will not harangue the people, but I will take an oath." The people waited in astonishment for the consul's oath. "I swear," said Cicero, calling upon his conscience, his country, and his gods, "I swear that I have saved the Republic!" It was in vain that Cæsar and his accomplices protested by their silence against the murder of their friends. The entire people applauded the testimony of the saviour of Rome, and respectfully escorted him to the door of his house. Some days after, they awarded him the title of FATHER OF THE COUNTRY. The emperors afterwards assumed this appellation. Rome, while free, gave it of her own accord, and for the first time, to Cicero. The cities of Italy set up statues to him as to a god; they called him the second founder of Rome.

He was now at the height of his glory and fortune, where envy awaited him. The Republic was in such a state, that it had no place for so upright and exalted a citizen. It could tolerate great talents and great reputations, but only on condition of their being coupled with great vices. It was the interest of all parties to get rid of Cicero, for they had all some favour, either mean or wicked, to solicit of him. When nations are determined upon ruin or dishonour, they drive away the honest witnesses who would make them blush at their baseness.

Such was Rome during the few years which preceded the usurpation of Cæsar, and the destruction of the Republic.

Since Pompey, so frequently a consul and conqueror, had returned to Rome, and Cæsar had increased in ambition, intrigue, popularity, and renown, the city had

become divided into three parties, which marched almost side by side to the ruin of liberty.

The first and most powerful, was that of Pompey, the idol of the senate, loved by the soldiers, the controller, and at the same time the support, of the nobility; aspiring, not to destroy, but to command the existing institutions; possessing ambition only in so far as that passion was honourable and patriotic; happy to preserve the Republic, provided he was its patron and chief citizen; and seeking to preserve such a balance between all parties as he could sway in any direction by the influence of his character and sword. It appears from the names of the men who afterwards joined his fortunes, that all that then remained in Rome of liberty and virtue, was, with Cato and Cicero, of this section.

The second party was that of the demagogues, whose ambition led them to flatter the basest and most sanguinary instincts of the multitude, and who never ceased to animate the people against the senate and the patricians. They declared war against all laws, and only cared for law as it might facilitate the seditions and murders suggested by their tribunes. Through fear of their anarchy and crimes, they compelled the better class of citizens to have recourse to dictatorships. The most formidable leader of this popular body was Clodius.

Lastly, there was the party of Cæsar, a man gifted by nature and fortune with all the endowments of birth, rank, riches, education, eloquence, courage, and genius, and who prostituted them all—in his youth to vice, in after life to glory and ambition. Born of the most illustrious race in Rome, he had early taken the side of the democratic party, as has been mentioned in speaking of Catiline, in order to have a second means of raising himself; with the senate, by his aristocratic connexion; with

the people, by his popularity. He also wanted, in order to cover the bad reputation of his youth, that passionate favour of the populace, which does not require respectability, provided its caprices and irregularities are indulged. He had, moreover, already signalized himself in arms, and especially in the war against the pirates of Cilicia. He aspired to equal the exploits of Pompey by the conquest of Gaul, in order to found his power on some great honour won for the Roman people, to attach an army to his person, and then to return to Rome, like Marius, Sylla, and Pompey. Liberty had long since ceased to be the aim of any one, and the mastery of the Republic was the dream and ambition of all.

To obtain the government of the Gauls, the present object of his desires, Cæsar, who understood as well how to flatter the aristocracy as to engage the plebeians, was at this moment conciliating both Pompey and Clodius. He solicited from the one the suffrages of the senate and the legions, from the other the votes of the people. To gratify Clodius, it was necessary to deliver up to him Cicero, the *father of his country*, who had saved the Republic from the demagogues, whom Clodius wished to avenge. The instant was well chosen for vengeance. Pompey and Crassus, who were also powerful in the senate, were interested in removing Cæsar, whose intrigues and popularity interfered with them in Rome. They granted him the Gauls, in order to keep him away from the eyes and ears of the people, who began to look and listen to him with too great attention. Pompey, a cold and negligent, although intimate friend of Cicero, —a little tired, also, it may be, of the too brilliant reputation of the Saviour of Rome—sacrificed him, for the moment at least, to Cæsar, who feared him; to Crassus, who hated him; and to Clodius, who had sworn

his destruction. The great interest Pompey had in conciliating Cæsar, prevailed over his friendship.

The hatred of Clodius against Cicero had been recently envenomed by one of those accidents of private life which become the cause of public disaster. Clodius, descended from a family as illustrious as that of Cæsar, and as unbridled in his love, had been seized with a violent passion for Cæsar's youthful wife, named Pompeia. Whether this young lady reciprocated the passion, and assigned her lover a meeting in her house, or whether Clodius, without Pompeia's permission, intruded into Cæsar's residence, a slave surprised him by night, disguised as a woman, in the vestibule. It was a day of sacrifice and mystery, that the women alone performed, and during which it was not lawful for any man to remain under the same roof. Cæsar, without complaining of his wife—or breaking with Clodius, with whom he wished to keep measures—divorced Pompeia. Clodius had been brought to trial for profaning the sacred mysteries. Cicero gave evidence against Clodius, being persuaded to this course by Terentia, his wife, an ambitious and jealous woman. Terentia hated Clodius, because Cicero admired the young and beautiful Clodia, his sister. Terentia was afraid that her husband might think of divorcing her, in order to marry her rival. Thus in Rome, as formerly in Athens, female jealousy was destined to exercise the most important influence on the Republic.

Clodius, acquitted, in spite of Cicero's efforts, by the imperious favour of the multitude, and the prudent silence of Cæsar, abjured his nobility, and got himself adopted by a plebeian, in order that he might be eligible for a tribune of the people, a magistracy which in Rome represented popular interests and passions, and which

often counterbalanced the consuls and the senate. So, in our time, Mirabeau renounced his rank, that he might be elected at Marseilles by the people, in opposition to the aristocracy.

The senate, the consuls, Crassus, Cæsar, and even Pompey—some from want of power, some from negligence, and others from a wish to gratify him—having abandoned all power in Rome to Clodius, the agitator and flatterer of the people, whose tribune he also was, this demagogue filled the city with his hatred and vengeance against Cicero. He passed a decree of the tribes, condemning to banishment whoever might have put to death a Roman citizen unsentenced by the people. This was a covert attack upon Cicero, who understood it, and vainly endeavoured to raise in his favour the indignation and energy of the good citizens: but he only excited their grief and pity. Rome was in one of those critical moments, when each person, thinking only of his own safety, had neither leisure nor liberty to think of the misfortunes of others. The military ambition of Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, joined to popular anarchy, gave up the city to the agitation, turbulence, and crimes of Clodius. It may be that the three chiefs of the army, alternately invested with, or aspiring to the dictatorship, secretly rejoiced at the licence and insubordination of a multitude, which, by proving the insufficiency of the laws and the decay of public spirit, might make the citizens feel more strongly the necessity of a despotic authority, and serve beforehand as an excuse for tyranny.

However this may be, they wilfully closed their eyes to the attacks of Clodius upon Cicero. Crassus and Cæsar openly favoured the tribune. Pompey himself, who had just married, somewhat late in life, Cæsar's

daughter-in-law, and was devotedly attached to his young wife, could not decently, he said, declare in favour of the man whom Cæsar condemned. Pompey had retired to one of his country houses in order to enjoy his love and repose, in peace, and dismissed from his thoughts all the tumults of Rome. Cicero visited him to claim the assistance which he might expect from their old friendship. Pompey, embarrassed by the presence of an unfortunate friend whose very calamity was a reproach to his ingratitude, escaped by his garden door as Cicero entered the vestibule, and gave orders to his freedmen to look for him where they might be certain of not finding him.

Cicero, more shocked at Pompey's weakness than at his own ruin, returned to Rome, and proceeded from door to door, followed by an escort of relations, friends and dependents, habited like himself in mourning, to excite by these marks of distress the compassion of the city he had saved; and to solicit, after the ancient fashion, the votes of the citizens on his behalf. The people were affected at seeing him pass, more eloquent in his silence than when he harangued them from the rostrum. Clodius, fearing the effect of popular compassion, collected against the suppliant that shameless and merciless rabble, which looks upon the degradation of talent and virtue as a victory of baseness and envy, and which rejoices to trample under foot everything that falls. Followed by this armed and insolent mob, Clodius met Cicero everywhere, attacked his companions, tore the clothes of his followers, and filled the streets with tumult, confusion, and murder; then encouraging his vile associates to assail the great citizen himself, showered upon him insults, sarcasms, mud and stones, and drove him, soiled and bleeding, home. The consuls

powerless, advised him, instead of attempting defence, to yield to the times, and to allow the storm to blow over by departing from a country in which his enemy reigned. The senate, whose cause was identified with Cicero, assembled in vain to protect him. The senators —abandoned to themselves by Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, and besieged in the senate by the adherents of Clodius—tore their gowns with indignation, and bore witness, as they dispersed, to the impotence of the law, the cowardice of the generals, the oppression of the citizens, and the ruin of the Republic.

Cicero at length yielded to his fate, and fell with the country. Fully expecting after his departure that his houses would be pillaged or burnt, he endeavoured to preserve at least what he most valued; and taking from amongst his domestic divinities a small ivory statue of Minerva—the guardian and protectress of Rome, a symbol of the divine wisdom which inspires and preserves empires—he took it to the Capitol, the temple, citadel and palace of Rome, and consecrated it there, to render it inviolable to the spoilers. Then, followed by a few friends and servants well armed, to protect him from assassination, he quitted Rome by night, and set out by unfrequented paths for the Sicilian sea.

Scarcely was Clodius aware of his departure, when finding it all the easier to obtain from the people an empty sentence of banishment against a man who was going of his own accord into exile, he passed a decree banishing Cicero for life to a distance of 500 miles from the city, and ordering, upon pain of death, all the citizens to refuse fire and water to him whom public gratitude had proclaimed the SECOND FOUNDER OF ROME.

There happened to Cicero in his flight what happens

to all men fallen into disgrace with Fortune, and into enmity with the people. Those who knew him only by report, and who owed him nothing, received him with a generous hospitality, and were proud to offer the shelter of their roof to great misfortune pursued by great injustice. Those whom he had raised to honour and helped to wealth during his consulship, turned away from him, for fear of being contaminated by his touch in the eyes of those in power, or else hastened to accuse and insult him, for fear of being thought grateful. The prætor of Sicily, who owed him everything, requested him not to seek refuge in his province; and another whom he had protected, and whom he had asked for the shelter of his house, when he arrived at a little town on the sea-coast, and was waiting for a vessel, shut his door against him, and offered him as a great favour, a disgraceful refuge in his cow-house. Cicero indignantly quitted this inhospitable place, in which his footsteps were tracked by disaster, and went to Brundusium, where he embarked alone and in poverty for Greece—the country of his thoughts. While his eyes, wet with tears, were still fixed on the receding shores of Italy, which he had filled with his name, Clodius, arming the populace with torches, burnt his house in Rome, razed it to the foundations, and built a *temple of anarchy* in its place. Then sending his emissaries into all the provinces where Cicero possessed country mansions or gardens, he had his dwelling-houses, his books, and his woods, put up to auction, to deprive him even of the marks of his footsteps, the pleasures of study, the shade of his trees, and even to rob him of all that could remind him of happiness in what had once been his country.

But the respect for Cicero, and the unwillingness

to seize the spoil of him to whom every Roman owed the security of his own hearth, were such, says Plutarch, that no one presented himself as a purchaser. His correspondence, which fortunately has been preserved entire, will now give us an insight into the very heart of a great man—the misery of the exile—the affection of the father—the weakness of the husband—the resignation of the philosopher—and the distresses of the citizen.

On reaching Greece after his proscription, Cicero proposed to stop at his favourite Athens, which the example and letters of Atticus had taught him to love so well. But the shadow of their former life follows public men even into foreign countries: the sea, which divides them from their native land, does not separate them from their name. That of Cicero preceded and denounced him everywhere. He learnt that the remains of Catiline's party, and the accomplices of Clodius, awaited him in Athens, to reckon with him, knife in hand, for the lives of Catiline, Lentulus, and Cethegus. He prudently avoided the track of blood which seemed to precede as well as follow him, and he took refuge at Thessalonica, a Roman colony on the shore of the Mediterranean, at the foot of the mountains of Macedon.

On the road he writes to his friend Atticus, expressing his regret that he did not anticipate his excessive misfortunes by an early death.

"In urging me to live, you can only effect one object—that I shall refrain from laying hands upon myself. The other you cannot prevent—my feeling regret at my decision and at my life. For what is there to attach me to existence, now that even that hope which accompanied me at my leaving Rome, has departed? I will not enumerate all

the miseries into which I have fallen through the excessive malice and wickedness, not so much of my enemies, as of those who envy me [a bitter allusion to Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus], lest I should both excite my own grief, and reflect it upon you. This I affirm, that never was any one afflicted with so great a calamity, nor to any one was death ever more desirable. . . . . What remains of life, will serve, not to heal, but to put an end to my grief. . . . . Now, with regard to what you so often and vehemently urge, that I give way to weakness, is there any evil so great, I would ask you, as not to be included in my calamity? Did ever any one fall from such a glorious position, in so good a cause, with such endowments of mind, judgment, and popularity, and so much support from all good citizens? Can I forget who I was, or not feel what I am?—the honour, the glory, the children, the position I have lost?—and the brother, whom, although I love, and have always loved him, more than myself (to acquaint you with a new species of misfortune), I avoided seeing, lest I should either behold his grief and misery, or offer myself—whom he had left most happy—ruined and afflicted, to his sight? I omit other still more intolerable griefs. Indeed, my tears prevent my writing. . . . . I know, and that is the bitterest of my reflections, that it is by my own fault that I suffer. . . . . You speak in your last letter of the account the freedman of Crassus gave you of my distress and worn looks. . . . . Succeeding days do not relieve, but increase this affliction. Other calamities are mitigated by time: this cannot but be daily increased by the sense of present misery, and the remembrance of the happy past. . . . . If there had been either yourself, or any one, when I was struck down by the cold-hearted message of Pompey, to have recalled me from my shame-

ful decision—and you alone could best have done it—I should either have fallen with honour, or I should now be enjoying my victory. Pardon me this; for I reproach myself more than you, and you only as a part of myself, and a companion of my fault. . . . .

". . . . I would not go to Asia, for my celebrity has become hateful to me; and, if anything ever should be done by our new magistrates, I would not be too far away. I have therefore concluded to go to your house in Epirus, not that I care for the beauty of the place, as one who altogether avoids the light; but because I would most willingly set out on the road to happiness from the resting-point which you offer me; and if that road be cut off, nowhere better can I sustain, or, which is preferable, get rid of, this miserable existence. . . . . But I must not disobey the request of my affectionate and afflicted Tullia. . . . . Epirus will afford me either the means of welfare, or—what I have already written. I pray and beseech you, Pomponius, if ever you have seen me despoiled by the perfidy of men of all that was nearest, best, and dearest to me, and betrayed and rejected by trusted friends—if you have seen me driven to the ruin of myself and all about me—assist me with your kindness, and support my brother Quintus, who may yet be saved. Take care of Terentia and my children! . . . ."

But at the moment when Cicero was preparing for death, to avenge on himself the crime of his enemies, the cowardice of his friends, and his own misfortune, the excess of democratic tyranny recalled to the thoughts of the Romans the man who had already saved them by his eloquence and courage from the necessity of dictatorships or the disgrace of anarchy. Clodius, without a counterpoise, obliged to exceed each day the excesses and madness

of the day before, in order to remain at the head of the populace, which can only be pleased by submission to its caprices, began to exhaust even license itself, and to make Pompey anxious, not only for his power, but for his life. It even threatened Cæsar at the head of his army in the heart of Gaul. Cæsar, Pompey, the senate, the oppressed patricians, the virtuous portion of the plebeians, silently leagued together to incite the people to the detestation of Clodius, and to procure the recal of Cicero, the only man whose eloquence in the rostrum could balance the perverse popularity of the demagogue.

A tribune of the people, named Fabricius, a brave man, and a client of Cicero, ventured from the rostrum to propose his recal to the people. Clodius, who expected an attempt of this kind to be made by Cicero's friends, and had filled the forum with his partisans, gladiators and assassins, fearing the esteem and attachment of the people for the great exile, gave the signal of murder to his gang, hurled Fabricius from the rostrum, dispersed the party of Cicero's friends, and filled the public square with dead bodies. Cicero's brother, wounded by these gladiators, only escaped death by hiding himself amongst the slain, heaped on the steps of the rostrum. Sextus, another of the tribunes, was murdered while resisting the fury of his colleague. Clodius, the conqueror, or rather the terror, of Rome, went and set fire with his own hand to the temple of the Nymphs, where the public records were deposited, that he might destroy even the very machinery of government. By the light of the burning temple, he went to attack the houses of the tribune Milo and the prætor Cæcilius. Milo, with the help of his friends, repelled the associates of the demagogue, and, convinced that no justice was to be

expected in Rome, except such as a man could of himself command, enrolled a troop of gladiators to oppose the ruffians of Clodius. The senate, at length, sheltered by this handful of Milo's supporters, and encouraged to bold measures by the indignation of the people, who were beginning to blush at their own excesses, passed a decree for Cicero's recal. The same decree ordered his houses to be rebuilt at the expense of the treasury, and summoned to Rome all the citizens who were interested in the cause of justice and virtue, to support the return of the exile against the turbulent crew of Clodius. Pompey himself, then at Capua, presided over the immense levies of the citizens of Campania, who were rising, at the call of the senate, to deliver Rome. Clodius, beaten and hooted in the elections by the almost unanimous voice of the people, fell back upon his former popularity amongst hired assassins and ruffians, his usual escort. Cicero, informed by his friends of this revival of sentiments of justice, landed at Brundusium, a port of Magna Græcia, whence he had embarked some months before, an exile. His daughter, Tullia, to him the dearest and most beautiful object in his country, awaited him on the shore.

"And it happened," as he himself writes to his friend Atticus, on arriving at Brundusium, "that it was my daughter's birthday, and also the day of the foundation of the Brundusian colony, and of the dedication of the temple of safety, near your house. . . . . I received letters from Quintus, my brother, acquainting me that owing to the great fervour that pervaded all ages and parties, and the singular unanimity of all Italy, the law of my recal had passed the *comitium* of the people. Then, accompanied by the chief inhabitants of Brundusium, I set out on my journey, and was met by congratulatory deputations from all quarters; and arrived at

Rome in such manner that there was no person of any note who did not come out to meet me, except those enemies for whom it was out of the question to deny or conceal their hatred. When I reached the Capuan gate, the steps of the temple were covered by a crowd of the common people, who received me with shouts of congratulation and applause; and an equal assembly accompanied me to the capitol. In the forum too, and in the capitol itself, the multitude was immense."

The senate, the Roman knights, and the citizens, went beyond the walls to meet him, and escorted him to his brother's house, as they could not rebuild in a day the mansion which Clodius had burnt—a spontaneous triumph, above all other triumphs, since it had been given him from the very hearts of his countrymen, and which made him remark, himself, "that he might be suspected of having wished for exile, in order to secure such a return."

But scarcely had he passed one night beneath the roof of his ancestors, before the unanimity of his triumph aroused the envy even of those who had escorted him; and opening his mind to his absent friend Atticus, he writes:—"Thus stand my affairs; as compared with my prosperity, badly; as compared with my adversity, well. My private concerns are, as you know, in great disorder. There are, moreover, some domestic matters, which I do not trust to letters. [He alludes especially to his wife Terentia, whose quarrels with his brother vexed him.] I love my brother," he adds, "as I ought, for the goodness, fidelity, and affection which he displays. I expect you, and beg of you to come quickly; and when you come, be prepared to give me the benefit of your counsel. I am, as it were, beginning life anew. Already, some of those who defended me while absent,

are beginning secretly to hate me now that I am present, and to show their envy openly. . . . . The consuls, by the advice of the council, estimated my town house at 2,000,000 sesterces (16,145*l.*); and the rest very meanly,—my Tusculan villa, at 500,000 sesterces (4,036*l.*); and my Formian villa, at 250,000 (2,018*l.*). This valuation is found great fault with, not only by the nobles, but even by the people. What is the reason? you will ask. They say, it was my own modesty; because I neither refused the offer, nor clamoured for more. But it was not so. It would have been useless for me to attempt opposition. It was they, my Pomponius, it was they, I say; you know them: those who clipped my wings did not wish them to grow again. . . . . My domestic affairs are much embarrassed. My house is re-building. You know at what expense and with what trouble my villa at Formiæ is being repaired;—I can neither give it up, nor bear to see it as it is. My house at Tusculum I have put up for sale. I cannot easily do without my suburban residence. . . . . The other things which vex me are of a more secret nature. Love, from my brother and daughter."

And again, some days afterwards,—"The workmen were driven away from my abode by armed men. . . . . The house of my brother Quintus was first broken into by stones thrown from the site on which mine is building, and then set fire to, by order of Clodius,—the fire being put to it in sight of the whole city, to the great indignation and regret, I will not say, of the good, not knowing whether there be any such, but, literally of every one. . . . . As I was coming down the Via Sacra, he followed me with his gang. Abuse, stones, sticks, swords, everything was flying. I ran into the vestibule of Tettius Damio. Those who were with me easily

prevented his coming in. He might himself have been killed; but I like to cure things by diet: I hate surgery. Now that he sees that he will be led, not to trial, but to present punishment, he exceeds the violence even of Catiline. . . . . Thus he besieged and tried to burn the house of Milo, going openly, about the fifth hour, taking men with shields and drawn swords, and others carrying lighted torches. . . . . He threatens the city in the event of his not gaining his election. . . . . I think Publius Clodius will be brought to trial by Milo, if not previously killed. I am sure Milo will kill him if he meets him. Milo hesitates at nothing, he goes boldly to work, and thinks lightly of what happened to me. He never confides in any cowardly or perfidious adviser, neither does he trust to the indolent nobility. . . . . As for me, I am still vigorous in mind, at all events, even more than in my prosperity."

Clodius again triumphed over the senate, over Pompey, and over the well-disposed citizens,—being elected ædile, owing to the corruption and violence of the populace. Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, who formed a military triumvriate above all these passing storms in Rome, joined Cicero. They, as well as Pompey, who was too much absorbed in his vain-glory, bewailed the calamities of the country. Cicero withdrew from politics, and kept away from the senate, in order to occupy himself exclusively with the eloquence of the bar, literature, and poetry. In his country-house at Antium he wrote an epic poem on the victories of Cæsar, to win the friendship of that hero, whose greatness he foresaw, without however foreseeing that he would destroy the Republic. He composed another poem on his own misfortunes, and several books of history. He watched the education of his son; he enjoyed the beauty, affection, and literary genius of his

daughter Tullia: he enriched his country-houses with new libraries, purchased at a great expense in Greece by his friend Atticus, to supply the place of the books which Clodius had burnt during his proscription. He defended Cæsar in the senate against those who, finding him already too powerful, wished to withdraw from his command the army of Gaul. Lastly, he wrote a poem in four cantos, on the events of his own consulate. He was as happy as a man can be who feels that his country is on the verge of destruction.

Events were proceeding rapidly, and the ruin from which he was momentarily sheltered was not likely to be long in reaching him. Rome was infested by factions and violence. The military triumvirate of Crassus, Pompey, and Cæsar, the only element of security for the shadow of the Republic that still remained, was falling to pieces. Crassus, who had taken the government of Asia, had lost his legions and his life in the Parthian war. Julia, Cæsar's daughter and Pompey's wife, the pledge of amity between these two rivals, died, carrying their concord with her to the grave. Milo having met Clodius on his way to his country-house, the servants who escorted the two adversaries abused each other, and at length fought. Milo sprang from his litter, where he was lying without arms, and unsuspicious of attack, by his wife's side, seized a weapon, and struck down Clodius in the tumult. The bleeding corpse of the favourite of the populace, brought back to Rome and laid out on the rostrum, was consumed by his partisans, on a pile, whose flames, fanned by his avengers, spread to the neighbouring temple, and to the palace of the senate, and burnt them to the ground,—a funeral worthy of this incendiary tribune, the curse of his country. Pompey, elected consul, filled the public square with

armed soldiery, and the people proceeded to try Milo. Cicero defended him in a speech often interrupted by the clash of arms, but re-composed by himself after its delivery, in all its beauty and with all its energy of improvisation.

"I have justified Milo from the accusation laid to his charge," he says at the close of his speech, "and if I had not done so, yet Milo might openly and with impunity have boasted and lied, saying,—I have killed, I have killed, not Spurius Mœlius, who, because he seemed to be making himself too popular, by procuring corn and wasting his private property, fell under the suspicion of aiming at royalty:—not Titus Gracchus, who seditiously abrogated his colleague's magistracy, and whose murderers filled the wide world with the horror of their name,—but I have killed (and he might dare to say it, who had liberated his country from the danger,) a man whose audacious adultery was discovered by noble ladies in the most holy sanctuary,—a man, by whose punishment the senate has often declared that solemn expiations were to be satisfied,—a man whom Lucius Lucullus declared on oath that he had discovered in incest with his own sister,—a man who, by means of his armed slaves, murdered a citizen, whom the senate, the people, and all nations, regarded as the saviour of the city and of the lives of the people;—a man who gave and took away kingdoms, and distributed the universe as he thought fit;—a man who, after committing various murders in the forum, drove home by force a citizen of singular virtue and honour,—a man who acknowledged no bounds in violence or lust,—who burnt the temple of the Nymphs, that he might destroy the public record of the census engraved on the common roll,—who, in short, acknowledged no law, no civil right, no territorial limits;

who took possession of other men's property, not by malicious lawsuits, unjust trials, or false oaths, but by invading them with a regular army, with ensigns displayed,—who not only endeavoured to expel from their possessions by force of arms, the Etruscans (whom he thoroughly despised), but even Quintus Varius, a brave man, and one of our judges;—a man who used to go through farms and gardens with architects and surveyors, his hopes of possession being bounded only by the Janiculum and the Alps. For when Titus Pacuvius, a noble Roman knight, and a man of courage, refused to sell him an island in the Prælian lake, he suddenly conveyed timber, lime, cement, building materials, and arms to the spot, and did not hesitate to erect a building on land not belonging to him, with the owner looking on from the opposite bank. And to Titus Furfanius even, such a man! Immortal Gods! (for need I mention the defenceless woman, Scantia? or the boy Apponius? both of whom he threatened with death, unless they yielded their gardens to him)—he dared to tell Furfanius, that, if he gave him not the money he demanded, he would convey a corpse into his house, so that the suspicion of murder might ruin him. . . . . I fear not, judges, lest you should think that from a recollection of my own quarrels, I pour forth these accusations in accordance rather with personal dislike than with truth. Doubtless my hatred ought to be the greatest, but he was so much the common enemy of all, that mine hardly equals the universal execration. It is impossible to express in language, or even to conceive in thought, the extent of his wickedness and villainy. Now attend to this, ye judges. This is a question concerning the death of Publius Clodius. Now picture to yourselves —for our thoughts are free, and we behold in imagina-

tion what we will, even as we see what is before our eyes,—imagine to yourselves, then, that I am placed in such a predicament, that I can get you to acquit Milo, only with this condition, that Publius Clodius return to life.—Ha! you turn pale! What then would be your feelings were he living, when even the bare idea of his reviving strikes you with terror? . . . . . .

"The Greeks render divine honours to men who have killed tyrants. What have I not seen at Athens, and in the other cities of Greece! what divine ceremonies are instituted there in honour of such men! what songs! what hymns! They are consecrated to a religion and fame almost immortal. And will you suffer the preserver of so great a nation, the avenger of so great a crime, not only to receive no honours, but even to be led to execution? . . . . . .

"There is, there is indeed that divine power; and if in these our bodies, and in our weak frames there resides a principle of action and thought, surely it also exists in the great and splendid movement of the universe. Some, perhaps may believe that it does not exist, because it is not apparent or visible;—as if we could even see or plainly distinguish how and where lives this our mind, through which we know, with which we reason, and by which we do and say what we are now acting. That power is the very agent which has so often brought incredible happiness and wealth to this city, which destroyed and removed that pest; which first put it into his thought to venture to offer force, and make an armed attack against that courageous man, and to be conquered by him, whom if he had conquered, he would have enjoyed eternal impunity and licence. Not by human counsel, ye judges, nor indeed by moderate care of the immortal gods, was this thing accomplished. Religion itself, when

that wild beast was falling, seems to have been aroused, and to have claimed the vengeance for its own. You, therefore, oh Alban hills and groves, you, I say, I call upon and attest, and you also, ruined altars of Alba, of rites coeval and coequal with those of Rome, which this man, headlong in his impiety, overwhelmed with insane masses of building, after felling and cutting down the most sacred groves:—then, when he had filled the cup of crime, then did your altars and your holy rites show their power, then was your might exerted. And thou, from thy holy mount, Jupiter, great God of the Latins, whose lakes and grove and boundaries he had often profaned with foul adultery and sin, then didst thou wake to punish him:—By you all, and in your presence, was his late, but just and well-merited retribution, inflicted!

"Can it be said to be by chance that it was before the very fane of the Good Goddess (*Bona Dea*), on the domain of Titus Sextius Gallus, one of the best and most honoured of our young nobility—that it was under the eyes of the Good Goddess herself, that he engaged in the fight, and received that first wound which led to his fearful death? It thus appeared that he was not absolved from the guilt of his sacrilege, but reserved for an exemplary penalty.

"Was it not also the same anger of the gods that struck his adherents with such insanity, that without ancestral images, without song or hymn or sepulchral pomp, without lamentation or eulogy, and without religion, he was thrown on the burning pile all stained with dirt and gore, and deprived of those last ceremonies which even an enemy does not refuse. I think it did not accord with the justice of heaven that the obsequies used for men of worth should reflect any portion of their honour on the funeral rites of the parricide. No place was

fitter for his disgrace in death, than that which he had polluted in life.

"Hard indeed and cruel, by the ordinance of the Almighty, seemed to me the fate of the Roman people, which saw and suffered him for so many years to outrage this our Republic. Our holy mysteries he had polluted with adultery; the weightiest decrees of the senate he had set at nought; he had openly purchased his acquittal by the judges; in his tribuneship he had bearded the senate; he had rescinded what had been resolved by all parties for the safety of the Republic; myself he had driven from my country, plundered my goods, burnt my house, persecuted my wife and children; he had declared an unjust war against Cneius Pompey; he had slaughtered magistrates and private citizens; he had set fire to my brother's house; he had wasted Etruria, and robbed many persons of their estates and property. Energetic and insatiable in crime, our city, Italy and the provinces, and even our subject kingdoms, could not contain his fury. . . . . .

"As for myself, indeed, my judges, I am moved and afflicted at these words of Milo which I hear continually, and which are daily repeated to me. 'Farewell! Farewell! he says, fellow-citizens!—Fare ye well! May ye be happy, safe, and flourishing! And all hail to this glorious city—my own dear father-land, however it may have treated me. May the citizens without me, yet by my means, be restored to a tranquil state. I yield and depart. But if I must not enjoy the advantages of the Republic, at least I will be without its evils; and the first well-ordered and free city I reach, in that will I abide. Oh! for my vainly-undertaken toils! he will say. Oh! for my blighted hopes! Oh! for my idle expectations! When I, a tribune of the people, in

the distress of the Republic, gave assistance to the senate, which I found crushed; to the Roman knights, whose power had vanished; to the good, whom the violence of Clodius had deprived of all authority;—could I imagine that the countenance of the good would ever fail me? When I restored you (for he often converses with me) to your country, could I expect that my country would have no place for me? Where is now the senate, whose orders we obeyed? Where are now the Roman knights —those Roman knights of yours? Where is now the support of the boroughs? Where are the acclamations of Italy? And you, too, Marcus Tullius, where is your voice, and your advocacy, which have saved so many? To me alone, who have so often risked death for you, can it give no help!' . . . .

"Romans! who have shed your blood for the Republic, upon you I call! Centurions! and you, soldiers! I appeal to you in the danger of a brave citizen and unconquered warrior,—to you who are not mere spectators, but the armed protectors of this court,—shall such virtue be expelled our city?—be destroyed?—be banished? Woe! woe is me! Through them, Milo, you could recal me to our country. Can I not by their means retain you here? What shall I say to my children, who look upon you as a second father? What to you, Quintus, my brother, and my companion in my hour of affliction?—that I could not secure the safety of Milo through the same means by which he procured mine? And in what cause am I so powerless? In that which is favoured by all. From whom can I not secure it? From those who entirely acquiesced in the death of Publius Clodius. Of what horrible crime was I guilty, or what great wickedness did I commit, ye judges, when I detected, exposed, prosecuted, and destroyed

those seeds of universal destruction? And yet from that source all the misfortunes of myself and my friends arise. Why did you bid me return? Was it in order to expel, before my own eyes, those who had been the means of restoring me? Do not, I conjure you, suffer my return to be more bitter to me than even my departure into exile. How can I believe myself restored to my home, if I am torn away from those by whom I was brought back? Rather than see this, would that the immortal Gods had made—forgive me, Oh! my country, for I fear lest my good wishes for Milo may be a curse to thee!—would that Clodius not only lived, but had become Prætor, Consul, and even Dictator. Immortal gods! truly the man has courage, and is worthy of your protection, judges! No, no! he tells me, Clodius has suffered a just punishment: I am ready, if necessary, to undergo an unjust one. Shall such a man, born for his country's good, die elsewhere than in his country? Or if, perchance, he perishes for the country, will you profit by the effects of his valour, and yet deny his corpse a grave in Italy? Will any one of you by his vote banish from this city a man whom, when banished by you, all other cities will invite to them? Happy the country which shall receive him! Great the ingratitude of Rome if it expel him! Great its misfortune if it lose him! But, no more of this; my tears choke my utterance. It is not by tears that Milo must be defended."

After having for five years performed the functions of pontiff, Cicero obtained the government of Cilicia, under the title of General, Proconsul and Administrator of that province of Asia, which bordered on Greece on the one side, and Syria on the other. He had under his orders an army of twenty thousand men, independently of the auxiliary troops of the princes allied to Rome. The

genius of the Roman people was, as we have already shown, universal. No army would have scorned its chief for being at the same time the first orator, the first poet, and the first magistrate of his country: no assembly of people collected round the rostrum would have reproached an orator for having won victories. All that did honour to the man shed lustre on his actions. The new general, following the advice of Pompey, whose advice he had gone to Tarentum to take, as that of an authority on the art of war, answered worthily to the confidence reposed in him by his country. He relieved the remains of the army of Crassus, who were with difficulty making head in Syria against the unconquered forces of the Parthians, the only rivals of the Roman name in Asia. Sweeping down from the Taurus, the Cilician Alps, at the head of forty thousand men, he attacked them under the walls of Antioch, where they had beleaguered the Roman army of Syria, and drove them back into their deserts. On his return from this expedition, he subdued Cappadocia, a kingdom bordering on Cilicia, which had revolted from the yoke of Rome. He restored to his throne, King Ariobarzanes, a partizan of Rome; and, although poor, generously refused the tribute which this monarch offered him as the price of his restoration. Faithful to the principles of disinterestedness and virtue, which he had taken for the rule of his life, and which he had professed in one of his most beautiful books *On the Republic*, he even declined the expensive quarters and burdensome hospitality which it was the duty of allied cities to provide for the Proconsuls. He marked the contrast between the government of a philosopher and the oppression of a conqueror. He reconciled them to the dominion of Rome, and made them bless his name. The provinces called him their Father, and the troops

proclaimed him Imperator, the glorious title which was generally followed by a triumph. The increasing troubles of Rome withdrew him from these honours. He returned to the city with the rods of his lictors bound with laurel,—the symbol of a fortunate expedition. When he arrived, Rome, triumphant in her extremities, was decayed at the heart.

The rivalry between Cæsar and Pompey, no longer counterbalanced by Crassus, had been increased and embittered during Cicero's absence. Cæsar asked the senate for a prolongation of his term of power, an extension of his provinces, more legions for his army, and honours which would have made him sovereign of the Republic. Pompey, the supporter of the Republic, the senate, and the citizens, refused these requests. Open war was on the point of breaking out between these two rivals; too great for the country, and almost for the world, to hold them both. A third party, formed both of incorruptible republicans, such as Cato, Brutus, and their friends, and of agitators of the people, the remnants of the popular factions of Clodius, threatened the Republic with confusion, under pretence of defending it; while Cæsar and Pompey threatened it with tyranny under the pretext of saving it. Of these three alternatives, into which the quick and penetrating glance of Cicero enabled him to see farther than common, he no longer cared to inquire which was the best, but which was the least evil for the Republic. The democratic tyranny of the people, stirred by its factions, he held in aversion. The shade of Clodius—the dangers he had himself incurred—his friends who had been killed—the honours he had lost—the banishment he had undergone—his houses burnt—the recollection of the tumults of the Gracchi—the atrocities of Marius,

and the executions of Sylla, made him dread a return to civil commotion. On the other hand, the meeting of Roman armies in the very heart of Italy, under Pompey and Cæsar, afforded only a prospect of a war of Romans against each other, and of an absolute, and unbalanced supremacy to the conqueror. On one side was anarchy, on the other the destruction of the Republic. In this perplexity it was impossible, yet necessary, for him to choose. He preferred adjourning his decision, and allowing time for the fortune of Rome and the chapter of accidents, which might perchance arrest his country's descent into the depth of calamity. All parties, with the exception of the demagogues, his eternal enemies, were eager to win over Cicero, as though he had been the arbiter of destiny. He hesitated to decide. Cæsar wrote to him flattering letters, in which he exculpated himself from all leaning towards tyranny, and asked Cicero to judge between him and Pompey, giving him in his letters the title of *Imperator*, which he himself adopted, as if to raise the orator to his own level in military glory, while he placed himself far below him in civil rank. Pompey begged of him to restore his friendship, and to grant him an interview in one of his country houses, before returning to Rome. Cicero assented. These two men, the greatest in Rome, and, with the exception of Cato, the most patriotic, passed a whole day in Pompey's garden in secret conference on the interests of the Republic. Cicero employed all the power of his eloquence, all the fervour of his patriotism, all the warmth of his friendship, to convince Pompey of the necessity of a reconciliation with Cæsar, for the glory of the gods and the safety of Rome. Pompey declared it to be impossible. Irritated at the insatiable demands of a rival no longer contented with

half the empire; knowing, from Cæsar's ambition, from his overtures to the popular party, from his thirst for honours, and from his ambiguous negotiations, that no peace with such a man could be final; feeling himself, moreover, surrounded and supported in Italy by the almost unanimous feeling of indignation at Cæsar's menaces, and which promised him, that if he "merely stamped his foot on the ground, armed legions would spring up from it" against his rival; Pompey finally resolved to refer the issue to the fortune of war. His valour, as well as his ambition, urged him to this extreme step; for his ambition was great, though honourable. He loved the Republic; and, in making himself the champion of the laws, the senate, the people, and the liberty of Italy, it was not only his own glory, but his country, his ancestors, and the posterity of Rome, that he defended, while defending himself!

Cicero, having obtained nothing by his interview, returned to Rome, where he was received as the last hope of the well-disposed citizens. But his welcome seemed mournful to him, and on passing into the city by the triumphal gate, he felt, as he himself writes, "that he was entering on a civil war."

A few days afterwards it actually burst out, and threw Cicero into a perplexity, owing to which he has frequently been accused of weakness, but which, in reality, was rather anguish for the expiring Republic than the agony of personal irresolution.

Cæsar, tired of waiting to receive from Pompey and the senate, gratifications corresponding to his ambition, at length decided on making war on his country. Descending from the Alps upon Lower Italy, at the head of several legions, he had crossed the Rubicon, a little rivulet which formed the legal boundary of his govern-

ment of Gaul, and the forcible passage of which declared him a public enemy. "The die is cast," was Cæsar's exclamation, on spurring, after long hesitation, his horse into the waters of the Rubicon. That exclamation was the end of the Republic. From the moment that treason seemed to a citizen to be only a game at hazard, with the world as a stake, and when the soldiers were no longer Romans, but mercenaries, liberty, which only consists with public virtue, could no longer exist, and Italy was thenceforth only worthy of becoming the prey and the sport of ambition.

All Italy nevertheless shuddered at Cæsar's attempt. One universal cry of horror and indignation was raised from the Rubicon to Rome, and from Rome to the remotest provinces under her dominion. Although there was no longer any pretence of doubt concerning the irresistible ascendency which the armies and their chiefs, the holders of the great governments, the dictators, in fact, possessed in the Republic since the corruption of public morality, yet, if people no longer believed in virtue, they believed in shame. But the shameless crime of the Rubicon made the very soil of Italy tremble. It was for a moment expected that the ground would open to swallow up the wretch who had dared to turn the arms of Rome against Rome herself. Cæsar was astonished at the general excitement produced by his audacity, and endeavoured to allay it, by representing to the populations of the districts through which he passed, that he was a victim to the ingratitude of Pompey and of the senate, and that he came, not to enslave his country, but to demand justice for his soldiers and himself. He pretended to negotiate, to offer, and to discuss temperate conditions of concord and peace, while his lieutenants and emissaries, by presents and intimida-

tion, were bargaining, decoying, and buying Rome itself within its own walls. Cicero, more courted by him than any of the influential men of the Republic, had a near view of the progress of Cæsar, the delusion of the good citizens, the depravity of the bad, the sloth and majestic inertness of Pompey. He tried more than ever to prevent the encounter by a pacific arrangement between the two rivals. Cæsar wrote to him frequently, and, pretending to choose him as an arbitrator between Pompey and himself, threw upon Cicero the apparent responsibility of the universe. But while waiting the result of Cicero's intervention, he continued his march, increasing his party in every province through which he passed, by every town, and by every legion which one after another the inconceivable inertness of Pompey allowed him to approach, and to get possession of by terror or persuasion. He mastered Italy stage by stage, and, surrounded by an army of Gauls, whom he had trained to war and enrolled in his cohorts, he was the first to lead barbarians against his country. Coriolanus, who had formerly brought the Volscians to Rome, had done nothing more monstrous, and he had at least the excuse of vengeance upon those who had banished him from his own land. Cæsar's only cause of vengeance was the honour and power he had received from Rome; yet history has stigmatised Coriolanus, and deified Cæsar. Such is the justice of men without reflection, who judge of the morality of events by their success.

Meanwhile everything was turmoil and confusion in Rome. Pompey, giving up the defence of Italy, retired with the senate, the loyal citizens, the consuls, the pontiffs, the tribunes, the laws, and the gods of the capitol, and, mustering the few legions that were attached to him personally, formed, too late, an army by the sea-

shore. He collected at Brundusium all the naval forces of the Republic, and appeared uncertain whether to await Cæsar's army and give him battle, or whether to embark his troops, resigning the soil of Italy to Cæsar, and carrying with him across the sea, the public authorities, and the defenders of liberty, as if to allow vacancy and horror to protest against the sacrilege of the invader.

Cicero groaned at this policy of resignation and despair, more worthy of a discouraged philosopher than of a great captain like Pompey. Although indignant against Cæsar, and not hesitating to take the side of the law, the gods, justice, liberty, and the Republic, by joining Pompey's party, which now represented, it might be said, the very conscience of the Roman people, he could not consent thus to abandon Italy and himself. It seemed to him to be deserting the holiest of causes. He feared committing a fault in attending Pompey out of Italy, or being guilty of an act of cowardice in not following the Republic wherever Pompey carried it. In this perplexity he remained quiet and irresolute in his house at Formiæ, out of Rome, and equi-distant from Cæsar who was advancing, and Pompey who was retreating, praying the one to return and fight, and the other to pause in his career of treason; and expressing, in his letters to his friends in Rome, the agony of his uncertainty, and the mortal anguish of his irresolution.

"You tell me to bear in mind my deeds, my sayings, and even my writings: you do well, and speak as a friend, which pleases me; but you seem to me to think that it would be honourable and worthy of myself to act in this cause, otherwise than as I think proper. To me it seems that never in any nation did any ruler of a Republic, or leader of an army, behave more disgracefully than our friend has done: I regret the part he has acted

in leaving the city, that is, our country, for which and in which it would have been noble to die. You appear to me not to consider the extent of this misfortune. We are now in our own homes; but we cannot long remain there, if these villains oppose it. Can anything be more abject, more vile, than this? that we are to wander suffering from want, with our wives and children? We have centred all our hopes on the life of one man, who is annually liable to dangerous illness, and who has not been forcibly expelled, but called away from our country;—our country which we leave not to be saved for our return, but to be plundered and ruined. Thus, few of our friends are now in the suburbs, in the gardens, or in the town itself, and if any still remain, it is not for long. In the meantime, we are no longer at Capua, but at Luceria, and we shall soon leave even the sea-shore . . . What is the result of all this? I would willingly give up my life for Pompey. I esteem no man more. But I do not think the hopes of the Republic are bound up with him alone. . . . What matters it if I see and hear the tyrant? or what better example need I seek than Socrates, who, in the time of the Thirty Tyrants, did not set foot outside the gate of Athens? . . . You praise me for saying, and bid me remember it, that I would rather be conquered with Pompey than victorious with Cæsar. So would I now, but with that Pompey which he then was or seemed to me to be;—but with this Pompey who flies before he knows from what or from whom, with this Pompey who has betrayed our cause, left his country, and quitted Italy, if I uttered such a wish, I have obtained it: I AM beaten. . . . . **I believe you will remember what my opinion has always been; first, to retain*

* The passage in Italics occurs in a letter addressed to Pompey himself.—TR.

peace, even under unfavourable conditions; secondly, to retain the city, (for you never even gave me a hint about leaving Italy) . . . . I mourn for the loss of the Republic . . . . But see what a man is now its master! how acute, how vigilant, how ready! If he kills no one, and robs no one of anything, he will certainly be most beloved by those who most feared him. I converse with many from the small towns, and from the country. They do not care about any single thing but their fields, their houses, and their beggarly money. See, too, how matters are changed. They fear him, whom formerly they loved, and they love him, whom they used to fear." . . .

Then bursting into virtuous indignation against this same Cæsar, whose genius he has just been admiring, he writes:—

"O the wretch! the breaker of laws! the robber! the devastator of his country! . . . . Every one seems going to join Pompey, one to-day, another to-morrow. I hear also that my own delay is not approved, by those who both now are, and have often been, of great support to the Republic. . . . Well then, let me go, and, to prove that I am a good citizen, let me make war by sea and land on Italy." . . .

Still he lingered, held back by the fatal hesitation between shame at not following his natural party, and the crime of levying war against his country.

"To divert my mind from these thoughts," he writes to his friend and confidant Atticus, "I have taken up some *themes* which both relate to general politics, and bear upon these times; equally to withdraw my mind from vexation, and to exercise it on what is before me. They are as follows:—Should we remain in our country, when it is ruled by a tyrant? When it is so ruled, should the destruction of the tyranny be effected at all hazards,

even although it should involve the utter ruin of the commonwealth? Must precautions be taken lest the destroyer of the tyranny be himself raised to power? Should we try to assist the enslaved country rather by watching opportunities for negotiation, than by war? Is it patriotic to be silent, and to retire, when the country is enslaved? Should all danger be risked for the sake of freedom? Should war be levied against the country, and its cities be besieged, when it is subject to tyranny? And if we do not think fit to levy war to crush the tyrant, ought we to join the strongest party? In civil dissension, must we side with our friends and benefactors, even when they do not well for the commonwealth? Must he who has greatly benefited his native land, and in return has suffered shameful persecution and abuse, again voluntarily encounter danger for his country? May such a man, leaving politics to those in power, make provision for himself and his family?"

While Cicero was debating within himself these questions, of which his secret solution may easily be seen by the artful tendency of their arrangement to induce his friend to resolve them in the sense of neutrality, Cæsar and his friends in Rome begged him to remain neutral, and he excused himself to Pompey for not having yet joined him, on account of the impossibility of crossing a port of Italy already swarming with Cæsar's troops. At length Pompey, having collected at Brundusium all his legions, and all the austere republicans, such as Cassius, Brutus, Labienus, and Cato, at Cæsar's approach, set sail for the coast of Epirus, taking with him every one in Rome that deserved the name of Roman. By this flight, which he had so strongly blamed, and which he felt such repugnance to follow, Cicero found himself relieved from the oppressive weight of his previous uncertainty.

Immediately after Pompey's departure, all Italy was at Cæsar's feet. Rome had lost her self-respect, and was only fit to serve a master. This degradation of his country raised the tone of Cicero's mind by the indignation and shame with which it inspired him. Victory, instead of drawing him to Cæsar, kept him away. Success, the loadstone of the vulgar, is an offence to great minds. He retired to Arpinum, the abode of his fathers, as if to seek there the recollections and counsels of ancient virtue, and to carry with him into solitude his grief for his country's fall.

"Formerly I was perplexed and anxious, as might have been expected from the state of things, when I could settle nothing by reflection. Now, however, that Pompey and the consuls have left Italy, I am no longer anxious, but grievously afflicted. 'My heart is not quiet—I am frantic.' I tell you I am out of my senses, I seem to have been guilty of such a disgraceful fault. That I should not from the first have remained with Pompey, whatever decision he took, and afterwards have sided with the good, although in a rashly undertaken struggle! especially when those very persons, for whose sake I hesitated to commit myself to fortune,—my wife, my daughter, and my boys—wished me to choose the one part, and accounted the other base and unworthy of me! . . . . Two things deceived me; first, the hopes of a pacific settlement, after which I hoped to live as one of the people, that my old age might be free from care; secondly, I saw that Pompey was beginning a cruel and murderous war. . . . . I am of opinion that it would be better to die than to live with these men."

Cæsar nevertheless requested an interview with him, and wrote to him to meet him at Rome, where he

requested his presence in the name of the public safety.

* "I will gladly follow your advice, the more willingly that I had already of my own accord decided to act with the greatest possible leniency, and will make endeavours to effect a reconciliation with Pompey. Let us try in this way whether we cannot meet the desires of all, and enjoy a lasting victory; since others have not been able to escape hatred in consequence of their cruelty, or to retain the fruits of their success for any length of time, with the exception of Lucius Sylla, whom I do not desire to imitate. Let this be our new mode of triumph, to defend ourselves by mercy and liberality."

Not content with these overtures, Cæsar, seeing that Cicero would not meet him at Rome, went to see him at his house at Formiæ, on his return from Brundusium. The interview was formidable for Cicero, who had to guard his virtue—for Cæsar, who had to justify his measures.

"I wish I could now have by my side the Homeric Minerva under the figure of Mentor, that I might say—'Mentor, how then shall I approach, how shall I salute him?'† I never studied anything more difficult. I am studying it nevertheless, and shall not be taken by surprise, as I was by my misfortunes."

Cæsar at length arrived, surrounded by that crowd of unscrupulous warriors and turbulent men, belonging to no country, whose only refuge is in tyranny or anarchy.

"Ye Gods! what a company!" Cicero writes the day after this scene. "What a charnel house! as you used to say, with such a crew of ruffians! Alas! for the Republic! Alas! for the desperate condition of our forces! What! are the sons of Servius, and of Titinius

* Cæsar's Letter to Oppius Cornelius, A.U.C. 705.

† Homer's Odyssey, book iii. v. 22.

there? How many were there in the camp (at Brundusium) by which Pompey was besieged? Six legions."

Cæsar, in this interview, was what he well knew how to be, when, instead of giving himself up to ambition, he gave way to his natural disposition—the most amiable and fascinating of the Romans. His long residence in Gaul had given him something of the ease, recklessness and levity of the Gauls, treating serious things in a light way, playing with his fortunes as he would with one of his courtesans, and losing or winning the universe as carelessly as he would gamble away a handful of coins in his tent; and, while liking virtue and talent as two intellectual pleasures which his naturally upright and elegant mind made him appreciate, he had an equal relish for the vices and debauchery of his age, through which he triumphed over his country, while they in return triumphed over him. In Cicero's presence he doubtless blushed at his escort; but he neglected none of his persuasive powers to win him over to his party, or at least to retain him in Italy. It was in vain that Cicero endeavoured, as he writes in the letter in which he describes his interview, to prove to Cæsar that honour, duty, and friendship required him to join his friends beyond the sea.

"I could obtain nothing. He persisted that my resolution would appear to condemn his cause; that if I did not join, the others would hold back. I said, their situation was not like mine. He repeated, Come, then, and negotiate a peace. But, am I to speak as I like? said I. Do you think, he replied, that I shall prescribe what you are to say? Well, (said I,) I shall move that the senate does not think it right that you should go to Spain, or that the army should cross over to Greece, and I shall lament what has happened to Pompey. He said, It will not suit me for you to speak

thus. So I thought, I replied; and my reason for not wishing to go is, that I must either say these, and many other things respecting which I cannot be silent, or I must remain here. At length Cæsar, as if about to go, asked me to reflect on it. This I could not refuse, and so we parted."

"I think," says Cicero, after describing this long conference, a medley of familiarity, jests, and sinister hints, "I think the man does not love me. But I have pleased myself, and that has not often happened of late. His conclusion, however, which I had almost forgotten, was disagreeable;—that if he could not obtain my advice and assistance, he would take help from any one he could get, and would hesitate at nothing."

The dictatorship, the civil war, the slaughter of citizens by their fellow citizens, the death of Pompey, the suicide of Cato, the murder of Cicero, Cæsar's own assassination, were involved in this threat. Cicero understood it, and remained inflexible, preferring to face the vengeance of tyranny, to leaguing with the tyrant.

"You saw THE MAN then? you wrote me the other day, and of course you lamented the country's ruin?—Certainly—What next? Why! he went to Pedanum and I to Arpinum. There I shall wait for the swallows,"—that is, for the season that would allow of his crossing the sea to join Pompey and his party, whom he regretted not having followed sooner.

Cæsar returned to Rome without Cicero, and accordingly followed the path of violence and tyranny instead of that of wisdom and peace. He broke open the gates of the temples, where religion and law guarded the public treasures, accumulated for centuries, and placed in trust with the Gods for the Republic's hour of need. The

bold tribune who opposed his entrance, was stabbed by his gladiators, and the money intended for the necessities of the state was distributed amongst his accomplices and soldiers. He outraged all laws, absorbed all powers, took command of all the armies, and marched without delay into Spain, to attack or seduce the legions of the Republic. He for a short time entrusted Rome and Italy, to Antony and Curio, his most depraved lieutenants and most unscrupulous followers. These men, at Cæsar's instigation, continued to tempt Cicero's virtue, first by caresses, and then by menaces.

"You may be sure," he writes to his friend after seeing them, "that there is not a bad subject in Italy who is not with Cæsar. . . . . Let me go, therefore, where you wish, and leave all. . . . . Then, I was full of hope; now, I have none; and except myself, no one has left Italy whom Cæsar did not consider an enemy. I do not indeed do this for the sake of the Republic, which I believe to be utterly lost; but in order that I may not be thought ungrateful to him, who has rescued me from those very misfortunes, of which he himself was the cause, and at the same time, because I cannot bear to see the things, which, if not now taking place, must certainly soon occur. . . . . Cæsar is hot with crime and anger, nothing escapes him, and he gets worse from day to day . . . . . he no longer reposes, but rather seems to expect that he should be called, what he is, a tyrant. The other, who said he could do nothing against Cæsar's wishes, levies, by land and sea, a war, certainly not unjust, but, although proper and necessary, yet ruinous to the citizens if he is beaten, and destructive to them if he is victorious. I not only do not place the achievements of these two surpassing generals above my own, but not even their fortune, while

theirs is flourishing, and I am in adversity. For who can be happy, that has either deserted or oppressed his country? And if, as you write, the books say truly, that nothing is good, but what is honourable; nothing evil, but what is base, certainly each of them is most wretched . . . . . I fully satisfy my conscience, when I reflect that I have served as well as I possibly could the Republic, or at least that all I have done to her has been in the sight of the Gods: the Republic has been overthrown by the very danger which I foresaw fourteen years before. I shall set out with the consciousness of this.

"I yesterday asked Curio, Cæsar's lieutenant, who came from Arpinum to intimidate or persuade me, what of the Republic? He plainly confessed that there was no hope left. There is an end of it. Cæsar will either be ruined by his enemies, or ruin himself, for he is his own worst foe. I hope to live long enough to see this! As for me, I must think of the life to come, and no more of this short and fleeting existence."

Cæsar, receiving news in Spain of Cicero's more and more decided resolution to fly, did not disdain to write to him:

"Everything seems to happen most fortunately for me, and most adversely to them. Give way to fortune. Your leaving me now would appear to accuse me of excesses which I have never committed. What is more befitting a good and virtuous citizen than to isolate himself from civil dissensions?"

It was in vain that Tullia, his daughter, threw herself at his feet to beg him this time not to join a ruined cause. It was in vain that Antony, who watched him and prowled about his retreat with his bands of lictors, gladiators, comedians, and courtesans, shut out the sea.

He succeeded in reaching unperceived, a country house which he possessed at the gates of Pompeii in the bay of Naples.

"There!" he writes to his daughter, speaking of the snares and debauchery of Marc Antony,—"There is the hand by which I am to perish!"—as if he had a presentiment of the man who was one day to order his death.—"No! if I should be unfortunate enough not to find a ship, which will take me on board, I would push off in the first boat to escape these ruffians!"

The following night he escaped Antony's cohorts, who were already watching the house, and embarked in a small vessel bound to Epirus, hoping for the future, but unable to bear the present, and as he himself remarked on quitting the shore, deliberately, and with his eyes open, rushing headlong to his ruin.

He took with him his son and brother, both of them worthy of him by their fidelity to him in his misfortune, by their patriotism, and their courage. Although poor, he brought Pompey a considerable sum of money, saved from his property, as a voluntary offering to the cause of justice, liberty, and patriotism. The army and the citizens received him as a pledge of the justice of their cause, and a sign of good fortune; they boasted that they would have the glory of Rome with them for the future. Cato alone, who believed himself to be too rigidly virtuous to think of bending to circumstances, but who did not exact such strictness from others, blamed him in a friendly manner, for the irreconcilable breach he had made between himself and Cæsar;—"Perhaps," he remarked to him in private, "Perhaps you would have been more useful if you had remained in Rome, observing the neutrality which Cæsar required of you, and reserving yourself for an opportunity of

advancing the cause of the Republic, in place of coming here to face useless dangers." Pompey received him graciously, and neglected him, as one who had not declared himself at first, had blamed his retreat to Epirus, had conferred with Cæsar, brought peaceful counsels to an army, and was too great in the Republic to be his inferior in the camp. Cicero withdrew to Dyrrachium with Cato, sick with grief at Pompey's coldness and inactivity.

Shortly after Cicero's arrival in Epirus, Cæsar, having been victorious in Spain, and having crossed Italy quickly, taking with him all the legions he found ready to his hand, crossed the sea, and came to attack Pompey's army with inferior forces, but with that promptitude, which, in revolutions, is the parent of success. The two armies met in the plain of the Pharsalus, in Thessaly. The troops were nearly matched in numbers and in valour, and the chiefs, in fame and genius; but Pompey commanded citizens whom he had already shaken, by the fault he had committed in leading them out of their country, as if defeated before the battle: Cæsar commanded veteran soldiers who already enjoyed the prestige of victory, through his boldness in leading them as conquerors, less to engage, than to pursue, the enemy. The law, the consuls, the senate, the magistrates, the pontiffs, the Roman knights, the patricians, the better portion even of the plebeians, in fact, the Republic itself, were in Pompey's camp: the ambitious, the factious, the seditious, the corruptors, and the corrupted, the youth of Rome, the populace and the soldiery, and even the barbarians enrolled in Gaul, were with Cæsar. But Cæsar commanded soldiers who had everything to gain in giving empire to Cæsar; Pompey, on the other hand, headed citizens who had little to lose by

allowing his defeat. Between a cause served by all the evil passions and heroic vices, and the cause of an abstract idea, defended by effeminate virtues, the victory could scarcely be doubtful. Cæsar was the conqueror: Pharsalia was the grave of liberty and of the Republic.

Pompey, in his old age, recovered, in Epirus, all the ardour and military genius of his youth, and resumed, with the command of the last forces of his country, the hardy exercises of the infantry soldier and of the cavalier, the activity, the sobriety, the watches, the long marches, the use of the sword and buckler, to set an example to the degenerate youth of Rome; yet, with all this, he was discouraged before the action, and joined in it rather as if it were his own funeral, than a contest of which he himself was the life and soul. He had given battle against his own judgment, yielding to the clamour of the senators and the inexperienced young nobles who surrounded and overruled him in the emigration from Rome. He wished to wear out Cæsar's impetuosity, by declining to fight. They desired to meet him in the heat of his attack, and before they had shown themselves worthy of contending with him. They became the victims of their own impatience and want of discipline.

When Pompey, standing still on an eminence in the middle of his army, saw the cloud of dust made by his cavalry repulsed by Cæsar's veterans, and that the rout moved towards his side, as his young horsemen fled, he understood his fate, and did not seek to overcome it by an obstinacy which he probably considered hopeless. He remained for a moment, say those who saw him, motionless, as if thunderstruck; then with his head down, and without saying a word to his officers, he walked his horse to the camp, went into his tent, took off his arms and his commander's uniform, and

putting on mourning garments of a common quality, he escaped from the camp, and, almost alone, and on foot, took one of the paths leading from the heart of Thessaly to the sea. Overcome with fatigue and thirst, he lay down on the ground to drink from the stream which flows through the vale of Tempe. On reaching the sea-shore, a lone fisherman's hut gave shelter for the night to him, who, in the course of forty years, had conquered so many cities of Greece, Asia, Africa, and Spain, and who, but a few hours previously, represented not only Rome and the Republic, but the world. He did not weep, as a man unequal to the greatness of his misfortune, nor did he accuse the Gods. He accepted the decision of fortune, doubtless thinking it an honourable fate to fall with the laws and liberty of Rome. He sent over to Cæsar all those of a servile condition, not sufficiently engaged in his quarrel to make them hopeless of an easy pardon from the conqueror: he kept with him only the free citizens, and, embarking in the fisher's little boat, stood out to sea in search of some vessels in which he could be sheltered from the waves.

Just at that moment, the pilot of a ship trading on the coast, sitting leisurely at mid-day on his deck, was relating to his seamen a strange dream he had had the night before. Although he had never seen the great Pompey, the pilot had dreamed he saw him, not in the splendid and majestic dress in which he pictured so august a citizen to his own imagination, but in common clothes, soiled with dust, and torn by travel. Pompey's boat, just then clearing the point which kept it out of sight of the vessel, the sailors discovered the frail craft: they pointed it out to the pilot, telling him that it seemed crowded with men making signals of distress, by raising their hands and clothes above their heads.

The pilot, who was called Pepicius, arose on hearing this, looked at the boat, recognised in Pompey the figure he had seen in his dream, and striking his forehead with both hands for grief, he ordered his companions to launch the ship's boat, went away with it to Pompey himself, heard of his disaster, handed him respectfully from his little skiff, and took him and his suite on board his vessel.

The pilot, affected at the sight of so great a reverse, and as if made aware of his duty by the dream the Gods had sent him, prepared with his own hands the frugal repast of his guests. Favonius, one of the most illustrious citizens of Rome, seeing Pompey without slaves, undressed him himself for the bath, and anointed him with oil before the meal, esteeming it an honour to render menial service to the greatest and the most unfortunate of the Romans, and not thinking it a humiliation to wash his feet and prepare his food daily. The noble heart ennobles all actions, observed the sailors who witnessed this voluntary service; everything is befitting to a great mind, even to the menial service of a friend.

Pompey desired him to steer for Mitylene, otherwise Lesbos, which lay in the course for Egypt. The greatest of his misfortunes, and of his consolations, Cornelia, awaited him in that island.

After the death of Julia, Cæsar's daughter, and Pompey's first wife, he had married, in his old age, the beautiful Cornelia, Scipio's daughter, and the widow of Crassus, a lady as celebrated for her beauty, genius, and virtue, as on account of her love for Pompey. Cornelia was a poetess, a musician, a woman of letters, a philosopher, and, above all, a Roman. Her virtues equalled her charms, and the maturity of her judgment made people forget her youth. Pompey, who looked upon her with

a fatherly as well as with a conjugal affection, had left her, on his passage to Epirus, in the island of Mitylene, to be out of reach of any annoyance from Cæsar, and to be near the scene of war without being exposed to any of its fatigues or dangers. What he most dreaded at this moment, was, not making his misfortune known to the world, but communicating it to Cornelia.

On casting anchor by night in the roads of Lesbos, he did not venture to go ashore himself and appear in his disgrace before his wife and son. One of the companions of his flight landed alone, and asked his way to the house of Cornelia, who, from a false report that had crossed the sea, believed that her husband had won a great victory. The messenger, whose office it was to change this hope into sorrow, bowed before her at first without speaking, and, bursting into tears, gave her to understand that he who but a few days previously was master of an army and of a fleet of 1,500 sail, now only waited for his wife and son to join his flight, from the harbour of Mitylene, on board a vessel, in which the pity of a poor pilot had afforded him a passage and hospitality.

Cornelia fainted on hearing the news. On recovering from her swoon, she ran with outstretched hands to the shore, and threw herself into the arms of her husband, who had landed to receive her. "Alas!" she cried in the midst of her sobs, and taking upon herself, by an admirable artifice of love, all the misfortune and fault of her husband's adversity, "Alas! the state in which I now see you is the work of my evil fate, and not of yours. You are now reduced to a single borrowed vessel, you, who, before you married Cornelia, swept the sea with 1,000 sail. Why did you come back to see me? Why did you not abandon me to my wretched fate? for since your marriage, I have brought you

nothing but reverses and disasters? How much better it would have been if I had died before hearing of the death of my first husband, Crassus, whom the Parthians slew! Or how much wiser I should have been, if, after his decease, I had followed him to the grave, as I once intended! I have thus only lived on and loved the great Pompey to bring him to ruin!"

But Pompey comforted her with caresses, and raised her to all the firmness of her Roman pride. "Cornelia," he said, "you weep because with me you have only known prosperity,—and it is this very prosperity which deceives and astonishes you in our present reverse, since fortune has been longer faithful to me than to any other of her favourites. But, as we are mortals, we must bear her vicissitudes, and try her again boldly; for as from my late greatness I have fallen into my present humiliation, so it is not impossible that from my present humiliation I may rise to more than my former greatness." A friend of Cornelia, a Greek philosopher of Lesbos, who happened to be present, conversed with Pompey for a few moments on Providence, whom the defeated general was disposed to accuse of injustice in allowing right to be overcome by might. "This Providence," says Plutarch, "was the vices of the Roman people, who had become incapable of any longer keeping up the Republic, and were hastening to punish themselves by crowning tyranny."

They sailed for Egypt, which Pompey considered the only faithful and safe refuge, because it was there that he had himself formerly crowned the father of the young King then upon the throne. This monarch was Ptolemy, the brother of Cleopatra, the most celebrated of queens and women,—by her beauty, her genius, and her amours,—which made the greatest men of her time

Cæsar and Antony, whose plaything was the world, the sport of her caprice.

Some vessels, filled with his partisans, and with Roman soldiers picked up at sea or on the coast of Ionia and Cyprus, followed Pompey's galley as it approached the shores of Egypt. No one on board this squadron doubted that their great leader would be received as the most illustrious of the Romans, and the benefactor of the Ptolemæan dynasty. They hoped that with the help of the treasures and troops of Egypt, he would rally round him all the Roman legions of Africa, and win back fortune, shaming her for having for a time abandoned the cause of men, laws, and gods. Cornelia herself joined in inspiring him with these expectations.

The ministers, however, of the young King of Egypt, whose extreme youth subjected him to the authority of his cabinet, having received, by a fast-sailing vessel, the news of Pharsalia, and, by another, the approach of Pompey with his fleet, deliberated upon the policy they should adopt with a guest so embarrassing now that he was conquered. A rhetorician named Theodorus, of Chios,—one of that mercenary race which creeps into the councils of princes and nations to suggest vile craft under the name of policy, and to represent useful crimes as acts of genius and virtue,—settled the question. "If you receive the great Pompey," he said to the Egyptian ministry, "you will have two evils at once—Cæsar for an enemy, and Pompey for a master. If you refuse him hospitality, and he should ever again become powerful, you will have to fear not only his vengeance for the affront you will have offered him, but also the anger of Cæsar for the danger you will have made him incur by not giving his enemy up to him. There is, therefore, but one thing to do," he continued, with

perverse malignity, "that is, to receive him, and to put him to death on the shore; you will thus secretly gratify Cæsar, by ridding him of a rival, and, on the other hand, you will have nothing more to dread from the vengeance of Pompey, because," he added, smiling, and inventing an apophthegm which has since become the murderer's proverb, "dead dogs do not bite."

Photinus and Achillas, two favourite slaves, who with Theodorus ruled the council which governed Egypt, applauded this advice. Achillas himself was charged with its execution. He went in a boat with two Roman officers, formerly centurions in Pompey's army,—one named Septimius, and the other Salvius,—and some Egyptian cut-throats, and pulled out to meet Pompey's galley. Cornelia and the friends of this great man, seeing, in place of the honourable reception and escort that they expected, a miserable boat, with only seven armed men in it, pulling for their galley, augured ill from such an ignoble reception to one who had been the master of Egypt and of the world. They suspected some sinister design, and begged Pompey not to trust himself to such an ungrateful or doubtful shore. But it was already too late for deliberation. Crowds of armed men were seen gathering on the shore, and galleys full of troops were getting under weigh to surround Pompey's squadron.

The boat having at length reached the vessel, Septimius, one of the Romans, rose and saluted his old commander by the accustomed title of Imperator, as if to convince him that his defeat had not lowered him in the estimation of his soldiers in Egypt. Achillas saluted him in Greek, and invited him down into the boat, under pretence of the difficulty of crossing the basin in

a large vessel. Cornelia, half dead with the forebodings of love, which reveal to a woman's heart the dangers which threaten the object of her affection, in vain clasped her husband's knees, to retain him. He embraced her affectionately while loosing himself from her hold; and leaving her almost fainting on the deck, went down into the boat, resting on the hand of Achillas. Then, turning back for the last time to look upon his wife and son, and no longer doubting his destiny, he addressed them a sad farewell in the words of Sophocles, "Every one that enters the court of a tyrant, becomes a slave, even though he enters it a freeman."

While the boat was crossing the broad lagoon which separated the galley from the shore, a sinister and embarrassing silence closed the lips of the Greeks and Egyptians. Pompey, as if to discover its meaning, and to ascertain the feelings of his hosts by their words, addressed himself to Septimius, and asked him if he was mistaken in supposing that he recognised him as having formerly served under his command. Septimius, without altering a feature, or answering otherwise than by a gesture, bowed his head, as a disdainful intimation that it was so. The silence continuing, Pompey, to preserve the appearance of self-possession, opened his tablets, and began looking over an harangue in Greek, which he had prepared during his voyage, as an address to Ptolemy on landing.

Cornelia, recalled to life by anxiety for the fate which awaited her husband on the shore, was looking from the galley's deck at the boat, now just landing. She began to be reassured and to rejoice, on seeing a crowd of courtiers, richly dressed, come down to the water's edge, as if to do honour and form an escort to the guest of Egypt; and she was already returning thanks to the gods

for his safety. At this moment the boat touched ground, and while Pompey was taking the hand of Philip, his freedman, to rise from his seat and step on shore, Septimius, as if he did not dare to strike so great a victim in front, thrust his sword into his body from behind. Salvius and Achillas joined, and also ran him through with their weapons. Pompey, without endeavouring to defend himself, and not even appearing astonished, wrapped his face in the folds of his toga, as if to hide any unbecoming expression of pain from the lookers-on, and falling thus enveloped at the feet of his assassins, died without any complaint to the gods, or any farewell to life beyond a gentle moan.

On seeing the sunlight flash on the swords, and Pompey fall from the boat, Cornelia fell fainting, with her arms stretched towards her husband, as if endeavouring at such a distance to avert the blow. The crew of the galley, frightened, pulled away hard, and carried her out, half-dead, to the open sea.

Septimius, Salvius, Achillas, and their slaves, having cut off Pompey's head, to carry it to Ptolemy, to be presented as a tribute to Cæsar, threw his body out of the boat, and left it on the sand, a prey to the vultures and the wild sea's foam. The fishermen and the populace amused themselves all day by gazing on the corpse. When night came, and the shore was deserted, Pompey's freedman, Philip, who had never abandoned the remains, washed them piously in the sea, and wrapped them in his own shirt, which he took off to serve as a shroud for his master. Then, looking all along the coast for fragments of wreck cast up by the waves, and gathering them one by one, to raise a pile on which to burn the body, according to the usage of the ancients, he with difficulty succeeded in collecting a small heap of drift-

wood, barely sufficient to consume a naked, emaciated, and bloodless corpse, not even entire.

While this faithful servant was occupied in wandering along the beach to collect the planks of vessels wrecked like his master, a Roman veteran, an old soldier of Pompey's who had retired to Egypt, and was passing accidentally along this desert shore, addressed Philip, and asked him what he was doing at that hour of night on the sea-shore. "I am the freedman of Pompey, and I am preparing his funeral pile," was Philip's answer. The old soldier lifted his hands to heaven, and lamenting over this sight of the master of the world, buried by stealth, and in darkness, by a solitary slave, on a foreign shore, "Ah!" he said to the freedman, "it shall not be said that you had this task alone! Allow me to join you in this last duty, as a sacred and holy task offered to my old age by Providence, which has confined me for so many years to this fatal and ungrateful land, reserving for me at length, after so many misfortunes, the sad consolation of touching with my own hands the mortal remains, and performing the obsequies, of the greatest of the Romans!"

The flame of the pyre lighted by these two pious men burnt until day. The next morning, Lentulus, one of the friends and lieutenants of Pompey, arriving from Cyprus, and sailing along the shore, without knowing anything of the murder of the previous day, perceived from his galley the last flicker of the funeral pile contending with the first gleams of dawn by the edge of the waves. "Alas!" said he to his companions, "who is this that has come here to his last rest from his long journey, yielding up his dust to its ultimate elements in such a desert spot?" Then, as if with a prophetic boding, he added, thinking of the vicissitudes and cruel scorn

of fortune, "Alas! alas! perhaps it is thou, great Pompey!"

It *was* Pompey.

During these events, Cicero, living in retirement with Cato in a small Grecian port near Pharsalia, was watching in silence and consternation the ruin of the Republic.

A great poet, who was at the same time a great statesman, but, unfortunately for his fame, carried his love of liberty to fanaticism, and his republicanism to regicide, —MILTON,—has written as follows:—

"If God has ever implanted a strong love of moral beauty in the breast of any human being, he has implanted it in mine. Wherever I meet a man despising the false esteem of the vulgar, and venturing to aspire in thought, in language, and in conduct to all that the wisdom of ages has taught us of most excellent, to him by a sort of necessary attraction I am drawn. No power in earth or in heaven can prevent me from regarding with respect and affection those who have attained the highest dignity of mind, intellect, and virtue."

This *gratified love of moral beauty* in a historical personage,—this *respect and affection for those who have reached the highest dignity of character and virtue*—have sustained us up to this point in Cicero's life; they will be overshadowed and darkened a little while we are recalling, not his crimes, (there are none in his life,) but a few inequalities and weaknesses. After the fall of the Republic, he is less constantly admirable; but to those who love to contemplate in man the struggle of human weakness with virtue, and the alternating triumphs of duty and passion in the mind, he becomes, perhaps, more interesting. Consistent characters, like that of Cato, have something superhuman and inflexible about

them, more instructive, but less interesting, than characters less under their own control, bending to circumstances and then rising again, like that of Cicero. It is with man as it is with landscapes: a straight horizon is no doubt the purest, geometrically and logically; but a waving horizon, with alternate elevations and depressions, lifting our eyes to heaven, after bringing them down to the earth, interest and charm both the painter and the spectator. Nature, the philosophers say, has made man a fluctuating and varying being. Considered in this light, he is undoubtedly less imposing; but he interests us the more in proportion as he is more human.

Cicero was purely so after the death of Pompey. The Republic expired with this greatest and last of its citizens, and its remains became the almost undisputed prey of Cæsar. The right having fallen at Pharsalia, might had become everything. Cæsar held the might, obtaining it, as the great corruptor of his country, not from the virtues of a few, but from the vices of a multitude, which, feeling itself worthy of slavery, demanded a master.

With the promptness that surprises and fixes destiny, Cæsar, after his victory, flew to Spain, Africa, and Egypt, to strike sudden and unexpected blows at the sons and lieutenants of Pompey, to seize their legions, and to master in all the scattered members of the Roman power, the liberty that he wished to destroy, and the empire that he intended to found.

Cicero, in place of following Cato's example of protesting against the victory and dying with the liberty of his country, appeared to repent, not so much the defeat of the great Pompey and of the Republic, as his having, imprudently and too late, espoused the cause overthrown by the gods. He began by reconciling himself with the tyrant, and almost asking the conqueror's pardon for his

virtue. Nothing was easier than to obtain this. Cæsar's crimes were great and gentle as his genius. He was too high to be vindictive; and he was at the same time too politic not to seize the opportunity of appearing to the Roman people, to be accepted and even forgiven by a man like Cicero, who was then almost the sole representative of literature, eloquence, moral influence in the senate, general esteem, and, in a word, of all that would now be called *popular opinion*, in Rome. Moreover, Cæsar liked Cicero, from that mutual and involuntary attraction which attaches all great intellects to what resembles themselves. He had too much genius to be insensible to genius, too much glory of his own to envy another's. Cicero appeared to him one of the most brilliant ornaments of humanity in his century: he was more proud of reigning over one such man as Cicero, than over all the common herd of people and soldiery who worshipped his fortune. He was even disposed to allow Cicero to come over to him with dignity, and to retain the independence of his opinions. He did not ask him to abase himself, but simply to submit.

Negotiations were opened on this footing, by mutual friends, between Cicero and Cæsar. They experienced no further delay than what was caused by the distance between these two great Romans. Cicero crossed the sea which separates Epirus from Italy, and landed with some hesitation at Brundusium, the port which he had quitted so short a time before to join Pompey. He there embraced his daughter Tullia, the most affectionate, the most illustrious, and most learned of the Roman ladies of her time. The mutual fondness of father and daughter was increased by mutual adversity. Separated from her husband, who was unworthy of her, Tullia had now only her father: dissatisfied with his cold and

ambitious wife, Cicero had only his daughter. They wept together over their own woes, and the misfortunes of their country. Cicero's brother, Caius Quintus, whom he had loved as himself, had not had the discretion to save appearances in his transition from one side to the other. Pressed by meanness or fear, he hastened to Africa with his son, Cicero's nephew, to implore Cæsar's favour, and to cast on his brother the blame of his having taken part with Pompey. Cæsar was indignant at this baseness, and wrote to Cicero, to acquaint him with it. He, with fraternal generosity, answered Cæsar by taking all the blame on himself, and begging the dictator to pardon his brother's error.

On the other hand, his fortune, already embarrassed by his departure from Italy, had at last become involved even to indigence, by his wife's malversation, his own absence, and the destruction of farming produce caused by the civil wars and continual spoliation of Italy. He only lived upon loans and gifts from his friends, principally from Atticus. Antony, Cæsar's lieutenant in Rome, had just published an edict banishing from Italy all the followers of Pompey, except Cicero. This exception by name, which allowed him to return to Rome, gave him joy in one sense, and humiliation in another; for Pompey's partisans, who had been beaten at Pharsalia, had gone over to Africa to renew their resistance to the tyrant. Report magnified their strength, and they threatened to anticipate Cæsar's return to Italy, and to restore the Republic. The success of his own cause, after he thought it crushed, troubled Cicero, for the victorious republicans might now consider him a deserter, while Cæsar's courtiers looked upon him as a republican; so that, from the vacillation of his character, and from the rapid alternations of his submission to each party,

both disavowed and threatened him with the same vengeance, contempt being the least he could expect from either,—a sad situation for a great mind, which, instead of depending upon conscience, waited upon fortune, and fell without honour, as it had chosen without virtue.

He had even at Brundusium felt remorse at his doubtful position as regarded public opinion, which was turning against him. He either dared not or could not excuse himself, and he begged his old friend Atticus to write his justification in order to bring back a few friends.

He at length proceeded to the neighbourhood of Rome with his daughter, but without venturing into the city. He then repaired to meet Cæsar, who had just landed victorious at Tarentum, and was coming back to triumph at Rome. The orator who had not trembled before the bravoes of Catiline, now shook before the frown on the brow or the curled lip of a master. His letters, at this date, express the cowardice of a base mind. "How will he receive me? How will he look upon me? What will he say to me? and will he listen to me?" A nation, of which the most virtuous citizens feel and give utterance to such fears, is ripe for tyranny. He was, however, mistaken in his idea of Cæsar's reception. Tyrants are as happy to meet with submissive spirits, as these spirits are anxious to bow down to tyrants. As soon as Cæsar saw Cicero, on his return from Tarentum to Rome, he dismounted from his horse, ran to him with open arms, embraced him as a long lost friend, uttered no reproaches, but taking him forward and at a distance from his escort, to spare his shame and as a token of confidence, he chatted long and familiarly with him in sight of his whole army. It is not known what these adversaries said to each other on their reconciliation: one probably excused his tyranny on the ground

of human baseness; the other attributed to the fickleness of fortune the obedience which he came to offer. However, if we can trust an expression of Cicero, in writing to Atticus, after this interview, resignation was not without grandeur and dignity in his mouth; "for," says he, "I hardly knew if it was worth while to beg of Cæsar a life which ceases to belong to Rome, from the day it is acknowledged as the gift of a master."

Cæsar pursued his journey towards Rome, where he received all the authority under all the titles that he deigned to demand. He again departed for Africa, leaving behind him proconsuls to govern Rome, especially Antony, the most soldierlike, the most servile, and most shameless of his adherents; as if Cæsar had taken care to appoint the man who would make his absence the most felt, or as if he had desired to show his contempt for the people, by permitting them to be ruled while he was elsewhere, by the coarsest and most contemptible of his soldiers. Cicero shut himself up with his books in his country house at Tusculum, by the woods, at the foot and on the slopes of the Alban mount, a poetical and philosophic retreat, from which his eyes could rest, on one side on the wilderness, and, on the other, on the smoke of the city and distant roofs of Rome. We have ourselves often visited the ruins still standing of his villa, his library, his fountains, and his gardens, where we may inhale the greatness, the sadness, and in some measure the historic spirit, which he himself once breathed. He enjoyed his return to his country in peace and safety: but he had paid too dearly for it, having left liberty and dignity on the shore from whence he departed.

While Cicero was seeking relief and consolation in study, and was receiving the visits of the most learned and erudite of the Romans, who came to admire and

enjoy in him, if not greatness of character, at least the immensity and variety of genius, Cæsar had conquered Pompey's sons, and the old republicans, in Spain. Cato had killed himself, from that other species of weakness, which cannot bear the life to which we are condemned by Providence, or by the scorn of mankind. Cæsar now reigned under the title of Perpetual Dictator, and was preparing to undertake the conquest of the Parthians in Asia. He thus endeavoured to give brilliancy to his usurpation by the splendour and gentleness of his government; he managed the senate, bought the plebeians, satisfied the legions, and by his fascination and clemency corrupted all that remained of liberty in the minds of the people. Cicero, while loudly complaining of this prostration of his country, shared the general submissiveness more than befitted a surviving leader of the Republic, and the friend of Pompey and Cato. He sometimes harangued the senate: he proposed measures agreeable to his master; he pleaded before him on behalf of political prisoners, and suggested opportunities of generosity. He praised him with that independence of language which places the flattery in the idea, not in the words: he affected to defend Cato's memory and Pompey's glory; he said of Cæsar, with a view to its being repeated to him, that "by restoring Pompey's statues, he had established his own the more firmly." He pleaded before him, in order to give him the enjoyment of eloquence, as an artistic display of his oratory, and won from him the acquittal of a criminal whom he had already decided to condemn. He even received Cæsar's visits, as a pledge of personal security and a guarantee of exceptional protection from the oppressor of his country; and it was with a secret pleasure that he related the particulars of these visits in his letters to his friends.

"What a guest I received! and yet I need not have feared him, for he was charming. For when he came to Philip on the evening of the second day of the Saturnalia, the villa was so full of soldiers that even the room where Cæsar supped could scarcely be kept clear. He had at least two thousand men with him. I certainly was doubtful how I should get through next day, but Barba Cassius came to the rescue and gave me a guard. They encamped outside; the villa was prohibited. On the third morning of the Saturnalia, he remained with Philip until the middle of the day, without admitting any one, settling, as I imagine, accounts with Balbus. He then took a walk on the beach. At two o'clock he bathed, and heard the satire on Mamurra read to him, never changing his countenance. He then was perfumed and sat down to dinner. He ate and drank sufficiently and with satisfaction, and talked agreeably. The friends who were with him were served splendidly at three tables. The inferior freedmen and the slaves were well treated; the better class being capitally served. In fact, I came out of the affair well. But, to tell the truth, he is not one to whom I could say, 'Come again whenever you like.' Once is enough. We talked no politics, but much upon literary subjects. He was pleased, and remained willingly. He said he should stay one day at Puteoli; and go on to Baiæ the next. Such was the visit, or call, somewhat troublesome, but not seriously inconvenient."

Thus Cæsar made his condescension an excuse for his tyranny, and Cicero his complaisance an apology for his longings for the liberty he had lost. About this time, although he had already completed the sixtieth year of his age, he divorced his first wife Terentia, who had neglected him in his adversity, and married one of his wards, a very young, beautiful, and rich orphan, con-

fided to his care by her dying father. Enchanted with the genius and renown of this her second parent, the young Roman heiress loved him and was beloved in return with an affection that effaced the difference of their ages. These were not the most glorious, but the most serious years of his life, and the most fruitful in events. They were, however, short. Death having soon afterwards robbed him of the pride and delight of his heart, his daughter Tullia, he was so afflicted thereby, that he took offence at his young wife, (doubtless jealous of not being the sole object of his affection,) for not sufficiently sharing his grief; he left her, and shut himself up in solitude with his sorrow and his genius.

It was then that he wrote, without relaxation or weariness of spirit, those admirable books of which every fragment is a finished monument of wisdom, mature judgment, science, universality, and style. If history were lost, the ancient civilization might be entirely restored from these fragments of the last writings of this great man. He has concentrated in them, whatever of most perfect, the human race had felt, imagined, or thought, in Asia, Greece, and Rome, up to his own period, in the most splendid expression and most harmonious tongue that human intelligence ever fashioned to embody ideas. It is thought, become life and music beneath his master hand. The only fault that can be found in these products of Cicero's hours of thought, is the excess of their perfection. By working out every idea, and polishing every phrase, to the complete levelling of each minutest asperity on the surface of his style, he deprives it of some of that happy abruptness and easy negligence of expression, which gives originality and raciness to the language of genius. Nothing is sufficiently prominent, because everything is duly subor-

dinate to the rest. This smooth perfection is not, with him, the result of labour, but of natural bias. His imagination produced nothing which was not conformable to that internal type which he above all other men possessed, and which is called ideal beauty. This inborn love of beauty did not diminish the copiousness of his imagination. He conversed with his friends, he harangued the tribunals and the people, and he wrote, as we breathe, without relaxation, without effort, and without exertion. To his detractors at Rome, who reproached him for the idleness of his Tusculan retreat, he answered, "Of what do they complain? In this so-called indolence, I write more in a day, with my own hand, and by my secretaries, than they can read!"

"There," he says, speaking of his house at Astura, a still more solitary retreat, near Antium, which he filled with the studies of his leisure, "There I live without intercourse with men. With the first dawn of day, I dive into the depth of the surrounding forests, and do not leave them until evening. My only converse is with my books, and it is only interrupted by my tears." He still mourned in soul for Tullia, his daughter, whom he was accused of loving so much as to worship her memory. He ruined his estate, yet scarcely cleared from its encumbrances, to build her a temple at the gates of Rome, and to immortalize his sorrow. "Yes!" he cries, in the madness of his paternal affliction, addressing the shade of his child, "Yes! I will make thee sacred, O thou most loving and accomplished of daughters! I will instal thee in the assembly of the celestial gods, and offer thee to the adoration of mortals!" He endeavoured to calm his despair by writing a treatise on consolation, pages wet with tears, in which he collects all that reason, philosophy, religion, honour, literature,

heaven, and earth can suggest, to console a man for the loss of what he loves, without being able to produce oblivion.

His secret remorse at having, if not abandoned, at least neglected the Republic, and the desire of placing on record his esteem for the virtue he could not imitate, dictated a splendid eulogy on Cato. There was truth and courage in paying this homage to patriotism under the eye of tyranny: Cæsar might have taken offence at this praise of an enemy,—an enemy who could not have been so great, had Cæsar been less guilty. The dictator was not, however, displeased. He was content to leave Cicero the vain consolation of lauding those who had died for liberty, and even found time, amidst the cares of empire, to answer him with his own hand in a book entitled the "Anti-Cato." But while refuting Cicero, Cæsar gave him the highest honour. He even went so far as to say that "he who, like Cicero, enlarged by his genius the limits of the human mind, was superior to one who, like Cæsar, only enlarged the natural limits of the empire."

He then wrote philosophical meditations and dialogues, by which he naturalized in Roman literature all the ancient lore of Asia, Greece, and Egypt, setting forth as an impartial expositor, the wisest or most profound remarks of the learned men of all ages and of all countries on the eternally controverted question of the divine origin of the soul and of the world; pronouncing finally for what seemed to him to be the most probable, the most proper, and the most beautiful.

The openings and interludes of these philosophical meditations, under various titles, are full of familiarity, and written in an easy, confidential tone, like the enjoyments

of the country and the freedom of conversation. We perceive them to be the work of a man who has quitted public life,—who mourns the degradation of his country, while still preserving some vague hope of the restoration of laws, liberty, and morals, but turning away his face from Rome to bury himself completely in the shade of his forests, the contemplation of nature, and the study of things eternal. His favourite personages in his dialogues are at the same time his most intimate and illustrious friends,—Varro, the poet and historian; Brutus, an austere but elegant philosopher, a disciple of Plato and Cato, and a follower of Cæsar, whose son he was supposed to be, through the weakness of his mother Servilia, whom the Dictator had once loved; Hortensius, his own associate and rival, after himself, Rome's greatest orator; and others of the select men of their day.

The scene is generally on the sand of Baiæ's echoing shore; or amongst the fig-trees spangled with the purple branches of the twisted vine on the coast of Cumæ; or in the umbrageous orange-grove of Cicero's villa near Gaëta, where we may still trace the footsteps of himself and friends on the mosaic pavement of his baths; or, lastly, amongst the green oaks of his country-house at Tusculum, by the fresh and roaring stream that dashes down from the rocks of the Apennines. He begins with the vague and careless hesitation of one who is seeking for a plan of conversation, then warms with the subject, and bursts into the fire and enthusiasm of poetry. We regret that the limits of our pages do not allow of our translating some fragments for our readers. They remind us of the solemn calm of Plato, who compels the silence of the soul, before speaking to it of the gods. Cicero, in passages which even now might appear somewhat over-bold, fears not to deplore the ruin of the

Republic, and to mourn over the departed freedom and dignity of Rome. "Compelled as I am to give up affairs of state, I have no better means of being useful, than by writing to enlighten and console the Romans; I trust to earn praise, in that, after seeing the government of my country fall into the hands of an individual, I have neither shrunk as a coward from publicity, nor given myself over unreservedly to those who are in power. My writings replace my harangues to the senate and the people, and I have substituted philosophical meditation for political discussion and public administration."

The two most remarkable of these works are his "Researches into the Existence and Nature of the Gods," and the treatise intituled, "De Republicâ." In the former, he rises by all the gradations of thought of all countries, of all ages, and through all the darkness and phantasms of human superstition, to the idea of One God, perfect, just, good; an eternal Creator, by his providence pervading all, from the glorious worlds to the minutest atoms; the first and last Principle of all that has been, is, and is to be; invisible, impalpable; calling himself God, Destiny, Providence, Maker, Avenger; and giving to all that he has created, existence, locality, time, moral being, reward, and end, in himself, even as in Him is the beginning of all things.

With Cicero these doctrines are not, as they might be supposed, purely speculative; they breathe the spirit of practical religion in all its most emphatic and imperative activity. "There both are and have been philosophers, who lay down that the gods take no care whatever, in any way, relating to the affairs of man. If their opinion be true, what becomes of piety? of holiness? of religion? For all these duties must be purely and honourably

discharged towards the gods, if they are concerned with them, or if any care is vouchsafed by the deities to the human race. . . . Even as virtues cannot co-exist with a simulated affectation of morality, so it is with piety, on which hang holiness and worship. If these be taken away, our life becomes a perplexity, and confusion without end. And I am not certain, whether the loss of piety towards the gods would not be followed by the disappearance of good faith, the bond of human society, and that most excellent of all virtues, the instinct of justice!"

In his book on the Republic, that is to say, on the principles, laws, forms, faults, and advantages of the governments by which societies are founded, sustained, dissolved, or perfected, Cicero rises higher than in any other of his writings. We shall only quote one fragment, the Dream of Scipio, which closes the book. The philosophy, piety, virtue, poetry, and genius of Cicero, stamp themselves in a few pages, in which the spirit of the man and of the age exhibit themselves in a language worthy of all times.

The second Scipio, one of the noblest and most virtuous names in Rome, is brought upon the scene by Cicero. This younger Scipio relates to his friends in the dialogue, a dream which he had in Africa, and in which the shade of his grandfather, Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Carthage, appears to him and predicts his fatal death, encourages him to persevere in the unremunerated services which every citizen owes to his country, to despise death, and, what is still more sublime, to despise even glory.—

"'But in order,' Africanus continued, 'that you may be the more ready to defend the Commonwealth, learn this: that to all those who have rescued, aided, or extended

their country, a certain part of heaven is reserved, in which they may happily enjoy eternal life: for nothing on earth is more acceptable to the Almighty God, who rules this world, than those legally constituted assemblies and societies of men, which are called states: their rulers and preservers both descend from heaven, and return there after death.'

"I then, although I was frightened, not so much by the fear of death as by the danger of treachery from my own followers, asked whether he himself, and my father Paulus, and others whom we think dead, were alive. 'Yes,' he said, 'they live, they have fled from the confinement of their bodies, as if from a prison. But your life, as you call it, is death. Do not you see your father Paulus coming towards you?' I beheld him, and burst into tears; but he, embracing and kissing me, told me not to weep.

"As soon as I could restrain my sobs sufficiently to speak, I said, 'But pray, my best and most excellent father, since this is life, as Africanus tells me, why do I remain on earth? Why do I not hasten to come to you?' 'Not so, my son,' he replied; 'for unless that God, of whom all that you see is the temple, liberates you from the bonds of the body, you can have no entrance here. Men are born subject to the condition that they should keep that globe which you see in the middle of this temple of the universe, and which is called the earth, and a soul is given to them from the eternal fire. . . . . Wherefore you, Publius, and all religious men, will retain your souls in the keeping of your bodies, nor, without the command of Him by whom life was given, will you quit the life of men, lest you should appear to have escaped from the human duty assigned you by God. But, Scipio, like this your grandfather, and as I did,

who begot you, cultivate justice and piety, which, while much is due to your parents and neighbours, is due above all things to your country. Such a life is the road to heaven, and to this assembly of those, who have once existed, and whose souls, freed from their bodies, inhabit the place you behold. . . . .'

"The place he pointed out was that brilliant girdle of fire shining out from amongst the stars with dazzling whiteness, and which you, after the Greeks, have called the Milky Way. It was from this glorious standing that I beheld the other wonders of the universe. Stars then appeared, which we have never seen from hence, and their magnitude was far beyond what we are accustomed to conceive. Amongst them all, that little one, the last from heaven, the nearest to the earth, was shining with a borrowed light. The stellar spheres far exceeded the dimensions of the earth, which appeared so small that I was almost ashamed of our empire, which is but a spot on its surface.

"I was gazing intently on it when Africanus cried, 'How long will your mind be fixed upon the earth? See you not the wonderful abode which you have reached?' . . . .

"'I perceive,' continued Africanus, 'that you still gaze upon the dwelling and habitation of men, small as it now appears. Keep rather your attention always fixed upon celestial objects, and despise the concerns of earth. What fame can you acquire by the voice of men? or what glory can you win amongst them? You see that they dwell upon earth in a few small and scattered places, and that there are even vast solitudes occupying part of the little patches they inhabit; and they are not only so interrupted, that no communication can take place between them, but some are distant, others

unfriendly, and some even at enmity with you; from whom you can certainly expect no fame.

" ' Even if the future race of men desired to hand down to posterity the praises of each of us whom our forefathers have given them, yet, on account of the deluges and conflagrations which at stated periods must devastate the earth, not only can our glory not be eternal, but it cannot even be of long duration. What matters it that those who shall hereafter be born should talk about you, when there is no mention of you amongst those that are past, not fewer in number, but certainly better and more glorious?

" ' Wherefore, although you should despair of returning to this place, in which everything is for the great and good, yet what value can you set on the glory of men, which can scarcely last the small fraction of a year? But if you will look on high, and contemplate this dwelling and eternal resting-place, you will neither care for the discourse of the vulgar, nor place the hope of your life in human reward: virtue itself, by its own charms, must draw you to true honour. What others may say of you is their concern. They will talk. But their voice is both confined to the narrow dimensions of the little spot you see, and was never of any duration as regards any one, being buried by the perishing of men, and lost in the oblivion of posterity.'

" When he had thus spoken, I answered, ' If the gate of heaven is opened by good service to our country, then, O Africanus! I, who have followed the footsteps of my father and yourself, have not fallen off from your fair fame. Now, however, with the hope of such reward, I shall work with far greater energy.' ' Work on!' he replied, ' and remember, that it is not you that are mortal, but your body. For you are not what that form

exhibits, but the mind of each is the man himself, not that figure which is pointed at by the finger. Know, therefore, that you are divine: for truly that is divine which has power and feeling, memory and forethought, and which governs, regulates, and moves the body which it is given to command, even as the Almighty rules the universe; and even as the eternal God rules a perishable world, so our frail body is moved by an immortal soul. Exert your intellect, therefore, on what is best; and the best is to labour for your country; for the soul, quickened and invigorated by these pursuits, flies off more rapidly to this its dwelling and its home. This it will do the easier, if while still enclosed in its prison, it looks abroad and contemplates things beyond its narrow sphere, abstracting itself as much as possible from the body. As for those who have given themselves up to the pleasures of the body, and have made themselves its slaves, obeying the impulses of lust and sensual gratification, they have violated the laws of God and man; their souls on quitting their bodies shall wander to and fro on the face of the earth, and not until they shall have been driven about for many centuries shall they revisit this abode.'

"He departed, and I awoke from my dream."

What can be said more beautiful or more moral, even at the present day? The mind of Cicero was twenty centuries in advance of his time.

While this illustrious man was thus deriving consolation by reflecting his mind back on itself, and upon the contemplation of God; and conversing with the great minds of all ages, on the slavery and degradation of his country, Cæsar in four short years had run through the rapid career of tyrants. The crime of his assassins avenged on him the crime of the passage of the Rubicon. His murderers were Brutus, Cassius, Casca, and all the

flower of the patrician youth of Rome, its scholars and its republicans. Early imbued with the lessons of ancient inflexibility, and impressed with the example of Harmodius and Aristogiton, these young men blushed at living under a master who deprived them of all that gave dignity to existence. They thought that a tyrant's blood sanctified the dagger. A false and cruel virtue! which perverted even their natural feeling, changing citizens into murderers, driving the friends of Brutus to assassination, and himself, possibly a son of Cæsar, even to parricide! Antiquity admired these sacrifices for the sake of liberty. In our day we are no longer deceived by them. Our liberty, our country, even immortal honour, are not to be ransomed by the drop of blood that flows from the assassin's steel. The ransom of the whole human race would be dear at such a purchase.

The conspirators, whether they suspected Cicero, the friend of all, of too much weakness, or of too pure a virtue, did not confide their plot to him. They concealed their plan from him, for fear of being shaken by his scruples.

Rome was tired of idolising Cæsar. The plebeians, whom he had courted in order to balance them against the senate, were beginning to feel the weight of military despotism. The patricians, whom he again favoured and gratified with offices and presents, blushed at owing anything to their own baseness; the senate voted supplies, but murmured; the soldiers were already thinking of selling themselves at a higher price to another purchaser. Brutus and his friends were inflaming their own minds by reading the historians, poets, and philosophers, who deified the liberators of nations. Public opinion was too much with them, to render numerous

accomplices necessary in a project which would secure the applause of the multitude immediately upon its execution.

They concealed their weapons beneath their gowns, waited for Cæsar in the Senate House, threw themselves in his way as he came in, as if to surround him with a more servile and cringing humility, kissed the hem of his robe, held out petitions to him to engage his benevolent attention, and only showed him friendly faces, and features that he knew, grouped around him; thus delaying his getting to his seat in the senate; then giving him, as each could strike, twenty-seven poniard wounds, stretched him lifeless at the foot of Pompey's statue. The senate, struck at first with fear, then with horror, and at last with joy, escaped in every direction, without knowing whether to evince satisfaction or abhorrence at the deed.

Brutus, Cassius, and the other conspirators went out, calling the people to liberty. The people, half glad at vengeance, half pitying their dictator, applauded them, and allowed them to go alone to the Capitol. Antony, Cæsar's lieutenant, who had himself at one time conspired against his master's life, now commanded the troops, and was charged by the senate with protecting Rome from anarchy. He followed with consummate skill all the successive symptoms of popular emotion: on the first day a doubtful ally of the conspirators; on the second, the armed protector of the senate; on the third, a mourner for Cæsar; on the fourth, the avenger of his death, exhibiting from the rostrum to the eager eyes of the multitude the bloody toga of the dictator, pierced with the stabs he had received; soon afterwards, master and lord of all, keeping Rome undecided between the love of liberty and the need of slavery, and compelling

Brutus and his friends to quit the city they had liberated, for fear of being themselves sacrificed to the vengeance of Cæsar's party, of which the strength had been renewed by his sanguinary death. Such was the issue of the crime. Tyranny was recalled by the revulsion of pity. A right reward to those who think to gain justice, and who only succeed in creating horror, by assassination.

In order to remain master of Rome, Antony had cleverly connected himself with another lieutenant of Cæsar, named Lepidus, his rival in the army, and who commanded the detachment about to leave for Spain. They swelled their forces by enrolling all the veterans scattered through the provinces, and left the senate a semblance of authority. During this species of interregnum between the Republic and the Dictatorship, after Cæsar's death, Brutus and Cassius retired to Lanuvium, a small town in the Campagna of Rome. Cicero gave full scope to his joy at the restoration of the republic. He pressed the conspirators to seize the moment, which would soon slip away if they hesitated, in order to re-establish their ancient liberties. Brutus, more of a philosopher and orator than of a statesman, seemed to have expended all his energy in the blow that felled the tyrant. He was still writing, reviewing, polishing, submitting to Cicero's revision, altering, reciting, and perfecting a long discourse inveighing against Cæsar and justifying his murder, which he designed to read to the senate and people in the month of June, when the senate was to resume its sittings. A vain orator, who did not know that rhetoricians demand words, but that revolutions require deeds.

Cæsar's friends, and even Antony, were also courting Cicero. They endeavoured to draw him over to their side by the repeated offer of the chief magistracy. He

had, without crime of his own, recovered his former liberty by the blow which relieved him from the humiliating friendship of Cæsar, and his embarrassing gratitude to the dictator. He remained inflexible at the head of the good citizens, and of the moderate, firm, and patrician party in the Republic. He stayed at his country house writing, while Rome awaited her destiny, without having the energy to mould it for herself.

"Is this what we were to see?" he writes to Atticus. "What! is the energy of Brutus reduced to living idly in his house at Lanuvium, and to perpetuate, in Antony and Lepidus, the reign of Cæsar, more irresistible after his death than during his life?"

These vain reproaches restored neither popularity nor boldness to Brutus and Cassius. Their only effect was to irritate Antony against him. The anger of the veterans, stimulated by Antony, threatened him even in his Tusculan retreat. They talked at Rome of going to burn him out. He was thinking of again taking refuge in Greece. He embarked at Naples, and coasted the shores of Italy as far as Reggio in Calabria, where he had an interview with Brutus and Cassius. They informed him that the tide of public opinion in Rome was setting towards liberty, and that Cicero's name was mentioned as that of the only man whose counsels could at the same time impart courage to the senate and wisdom to the people. He disembarked, and hastened back to the neighbourhood of Rome. The citizens flocked round him everywhere, as they had done on his first return from exile. Rome seemed to feel the want of his genius whenever he was far away. He retired to Tusculum, not venturing to enter Rome, while Antony was master of the city.

But Antony's popularity was already waning amongst

the people, the senators, and the troops. Another popularity, more firm, and more endeared to the Romans, was rising on its ruins: it was that of the young Cæsar Octavius, the son of a niece of the great dictator, who had declared him by will his heir. This youth, absent from Rome with his mother at the time of Cæsar's death, had first returned timidly to ask Antony for his uncle's inheritance. Antony had despised and threatened him. His youth, his name, his title as Cæsar's heir and adopted son, his mother's tears, and Antony's harshness, interested the Romans. Contempt for Antony, confidence in the promise of youth, and the liberality to the soldiers in Cæsar's will, which his heir pledged himself to execute, effected the rest. Octavius, accompanied by his mother, showing himself at Rome, going through the provinces, imploring the people, appealing to the veterans, promising the republicans to restore their ancient liberties and rescue them from the vile soldiery of Antony, he had in a short time become, with some, the future avenger of Cæsar, with others, the unexpected deliverer of the Republic. He pretended to see the whole state represented by Cicero. Cicero was his oracle; he kept up a correspondence with him, he came to visit him in his retirement, behaved to him as a son learning wisdom from a father; he promised that the power he would derive from his inheritance, his name, his party, and the favour of Rome, should be solely devoted to restoring, under Cicero's auspices, the authority of the senate, the supremacy of the law, and the ancient liberty.

Cicero, even if he did not believe all this, was obliged to take it for truth. His desire for the restoration of a free government, his friendship for Brutus, his just hatred and well-founded dread of Antony, gave him no other instrument than this youth to rouse Rome against

the wretched tyrant who had succeeded to Cæsar's despotism, without inheriting his gentleness, his grace, or his genius. For the safety, therefore, of the Republic, he leagued with Octavius, and declared himself openly his protector. As soon as it was known that Cicero took part with the young Cæsar, the cause of Antony was lost in the opinion of Italy. The moral influence of the orator was greater than the power of an army.

Antony, abandoned by the legions near Rome, departed with rage in his heart, for the Alps, to seek others. Octavius and the consuls marched against him, supported by the authority of the senate, and defeated him near Modena. Antony, conquered, but recovering in his defeat the energy of despair, crossed the Alps with a single legion, gained over his rival Lepidus, who commanded another Roman army in Gaul, and again descended from the mountains with a hundred thousand men to dispute the dominion of Italy with Octavius. The fate of the world for some months trembled in the balance.

Cicero returned to Rome, and stirred up the sacred fire of liberty in twelve immortal harangues, to the senate and the people, against Antony. These harangues were called Philippics, in allusion to the orations of the Greek orator, Demosthenes, against Philip of Macedon, who threatened the liberty of Athens as Antony threatened that of Rome.

These twelve orations of Cicero were the fruit of his genius matured by age, of his patriotism humiliated by slavery, of his anger roused by fear and by a species of presentiment of the crimes of Antony and his wife Fulvia, more wicked even than her husband, as well as of that virtuous despair which, no longer caring to save a hopeless life, desires at least to gain immortal fame.

They are the death-cry of Cicero, sounding far beyond the grave. Reasoning, passion, prayer, imprecation, invective, that holy anger which justifies insult, apostrophes to Rome, invocation of the gods, defiance of assassination, heroism in heart, mind, tone, and gesture, are alternately or altogether called in to give intensity to the thunder of his eloquence, to raise the Romans from their abasement, and to restore to them, through excessive contempt for their tyrant, if not the courage of free men, yet shame at least for their slavery. They form the longest and most sublime declamation of anger that has ever resounded amongst men.

Rome and the senate were actually aroused for some months by these efforts, but it was only to fall again.

While Cicero, at the age of sixty-four, was endeavouring to infuse into his country the fire of his inextinguishable youth, Octavius, for whom he was contending at Rome, was treating with his rivals Antony and Lepidus, at Modena, finding it safer to divide the empire than to risk it on the event of a doubtful battle, and well knowing beforehand that his name and his political skill would eventually secure him the whole.

Cicero, informed of this treachery and ingratitude of his young pupil, wrote in vain to Brutus and Cassius to hasten to Italy with the African legions to save the Republic once more. Their crime weighed upon them. They dared not again show themselves in the land from which the cry of Cæsar's blood was hourly rising against them, with a louder and a louder voice.

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, arranged an interview in a little island of the river Reno, which flows past Bologna. They remained in deliberation for three days and nights, and agreed to form a triumvirate, or tripartite government, dividing the Roman world into three

portions, each of them an empire. But it was a small thing to parcel out the Republic in this manner; it was also necessary to secure its peaceful possession by slaughtering all the good and great citizens capable of opposing or giving trouble to their tyranny. Their treaty was sealed with the blood of 3,300 Romans, whom they sacrificed to each other. They drew out their lists in concert, discussed them, added to them, struck out names, and bartered the lives and deaths of friends and enemies, until each had given up to the others the blood of his dearest relative, to obtain in return the sacrifice of his mortal foe.

Cicero headed the catalogue. Octavius, with some remains of shame, defended him for a time, representing the disgrace which would attach to a government whose first act was the murder of the greatest citizen and the greatest genius of Rome. But the Philippics cried aloud for vengeance in the heart of Antony. The two colleagues of Octavius, doubtless reminded him that a balance of power was necessary to secure a lasting agreement,—that Cicero, owing to his genius and celebrity, possessed too great a moral influence in the Republic, and that whichever of the triumvirs he declared for, would soon be an overmatch for the others; and that the destruction of the equilibrium by the influence of this great man would plunge themselves into obscurity and throw Italy back into anarchy. Octavius gave way to the force of this assassin's logic, and to his desire to possess the world. He thought Rome worth the crime, and he gave Antony his revenge.

The triumvirs concealed their proscriptions until their arrival, fearing lest the victims might escape their assassins by flight, and advanced slowly together towards Rome. They gave out the names of only seventeen

chiefs of the proscribed, whose heads were to grace their triumph over the Republic. Cicero was still first on the list: he learnt his fate without believing it. Could Octavius begin by parricide? Had he not been a second father to him? He hoped against all hope in Octavius; but he feared everything from Antony, and especially from Fulvia, his new wife. Men forgive: women are revengeful, because they have less strength to control their passions.

In this perplexity, Cicero had time to escape. Could this have been owing to Octavius? Hesitation, the weakness of great minds, who have more ideas to balance one against the other than other men, was the cause of his death, as it had been the curse of his life. He lost precious days and hours in debating with himself and his friends, which was best at his age, to stretch his neck patiently to the assassin, and die calmly and stoically, leaving his blood to cry aloud against tyranny on the free soil of his country,—or to go to Asia, to beg the life and bread of exile amongst the enemies of Rome. His mind seemed to vacillate between these two plans. His steps wandered to and fro, like his thoughts, from the sea-shore to his house, and from his house to the sea.

He at length resolved to delay the moment for his final decision, by quitting Tusculum, as being too near Rome. He left that place with his brother Quintus Cicero, and with a nephew who loved him like a son. He retired to his more distant retreat of Astura, a house of mourning, where, as we have already seen, he had brooded over his grief after Tullia's death. The wildness of the spot and the depth of its forests seemed to afford him a shelter from the villainy of men.

This villa was situated on the shore of the bay of

Naples. He spent some days in watching the distant steps of the triumvirs' armies, slowly approaching Rome. He seemed resolved to await his death, without taking the trouble to fly further from it, or caring to move a step to meet it. His brother and nephew, with his freedmen and slaves, a species of second family, whom gratitude, and the customs and manners of the time, attached to their master unto death, reminded him that a man like Cicero was never old, as long as his genius could counsel, arouse, or honour his country; that Cato, by suicide, had himself prematurely destroyed one of the last hopes of the Republic by his impatience or weariness of virtue; that, if he were resolved upon death, he ought at least to make his fate useful to the cause of the good citizens, which was the cause of the gods; that as Brutus and Cassius still lived, and were collecting in Africa legions faithful to the memory of Pompey and of the Republic, and ready to fight the mercenary troops of the triumvirs, he ought to join this last remnant of the Romans, and, by his voice and presence, reanimate a cause which was not desperate, so long as Cicero and Brutus were with it; or that, if he must perish, he ought at least to expire with the fall of justice, liberty, and virtue.

This advice at one time prevailed with him. He quitted his retreat at Astura, with his brother and an escort of slaves and friends, to reach the sea-shore, and embark in a galley which was prepared for him. But the haste, with which he had left Rome and Tusculum, on the first rumour of his proscription, prevented his taking with him the gold and silver necessary during a long exile. He had scarcely set out on his journey, when he reflected on the indigence to which he was

about to expose himself, with his family and friends, in his banishment; he stopped his litter, (a strong frame enclosed by curtains and carried on the shoulders of slaves, used instead of a carriage by the rich men of Rome,) and had the litter of his brother Quintus, which was following him, brought up to the side of his own.

The two litters were deposited by each other in the road, and the carriers moved to a distance, while the brothers conversed for a moment without witnesses, through the doors. It was agreed that Quintus, as the less known and more easily forgotten of the two, should return alone to Antium, their native town, should bring away the money necessary for their flight, and in all haste rejoin Cicero at his house on the shore of Gaëta, where he was to await his embarkation. Then the exiles, as if with a presentiment of their eternal separation, lamented the extremity of their misfortune, which would not even allow of their bearing it together, wept with grief in the road in the presence of their slaves, and then embraced each other several times, as if for a last farewell.

Quintus turned back towards Astura, with his son, in order to reach Antium by the mountain road. Cicero pursued his route to the shore, and embarked in a galley. In one of the bays of Gaëta, where still may be seen his tomb rising like a peak amidst the rocks of ocean, he possessed a country-house, adorned with all the luxury and furnished with all the requirements of a summer residence for the great citizens of Rome. It was built on a promontory whence the view embraced a vast expanse of sea, sometimes calm and silent, at others foaming and raging against the rocks,—enclosed by a semicircular shore, studded with seaports, temples,

Roman villas, vessels, barks, and sails, which gave variety to its coasts and waves. The Etesian breezes, blowing from the north in the hottest season, cooled the air; terraced gardens descended stage by stage from the airy summit to the humid shore. Caverns, scooped by nature and completed by art, paved with mosaics, and divided by basins, in which the sea-water, penetrated by unseen channels, afforded cool and refreshing baths. A domestic temple, probably the one he had consecrated to his daughter Tullia, showed overhead its dazzling columns and capitals of Parian marble, half hidden by the orange-trees, laurels, pines, myrtles, and bunches of high-growing grape-vines, which cover this shore with a veil ever green.

It was here that Cicero disembarked from his galley to await the hour for his departure, and the return of his brother Quintus. The triumvirs were still several stages from Rome. Campania was clear of troops, and everything announced that Antony's assassins would not keep pace with his vengeance.

But his vengeance went before him. As soon as Quintus and his son arrived secretly in their ancestral home at Antium, to sell their goods and take the produce to Cicero, domestic treason revealed their presence to the emissaries of the triumvirs; and father and son were murdered on their own hearth, because they bore the name of Cicero.

On this news arriving, the freedmen and slaves of Marcus Tullius pressed him to fly. He embarked in his galley, and sailed as far as the Circean Cape, one of the points forming the Gulf of Gaëta, to go to Africa. He insisted on landing there, despite the entreaties of the pilots and the favourable winds. He could neither

drag himself away for ever from the shores of Italy, nor utterly despair of the mercy and gratitude of Octavius.

Alone and silently he walked along the beach, by the path that leads to Rome. His galley followed him at some distance, behind the breakers. After thus proceeding several miles, in great perplexity of mind, when night began to close, he signalled his rowers to bring the boat in-shore, and again trusted himself to the waves.

He confessed to his freedmen, that, weary of uncertainty and flight, he had for a moment resolved to return to Rome, and open his veins in the presence of Octavius, in order at least to avenge himself in death for his ingratitude, tracing the name of the parricide in letters of blood, and letting loose upon him, with the memory of his crime, a *fury* which should never suffer him to rest. Fear of the tortures he might be made to undergo, in case of his arrest before he effected his suicide, held him back and induced him to return on board. He sailed on for some time, undecided, in sight of the coast; then, at last, recalled by some unknown thoughts, he ordered his rowers to pull back to his country house at Gaëta, which he had quitted in the morning. His servants obeyed him, with tears and wailing for his approaching death. The galley brought up by the shore on which the temple was built.

Auguries, a language of divination which we no longer possess, and which announced, interpreted, and gave solemnity to all the fatal actions of citizens and empires, warned and struck terror to Cicero's servants on his landing. While the galley was waiting to dash through the line of breakers, in order to cast anchor under the promontory, a flight of crows, ominous birds, perching on

the cornices of the temple, rose from the roof with loud cries, and wheeling about in front of the galley, seemed to endeavour to heave back her sails and yards towards the open sea, as if to give notice of a danger on the land. Cicero, however, whether his philosophy raised him above popular superstitions, or whether he accepted the omen without caring to avoid his fate, did not hesitate to ascend the steps leading to his house. He entered it, and, throwing himself, completely dressed, on a bed, in order to rest from his toil, or to collect his thoughts, threw the corner of his toga over his face, to shade it from the last glimmer of the expiring day. But the crows who had endeavoured to drive him back from the shore had followed him to the house. Whether these familiar birds were rejoiced to see their master return, or whether, flying high into the air, they had perceived, before the servants, the unusual glitter of the arms of the numerous soldiers of Antony, spreading over the country and creeping like assassins towards Cicero's gardens, they were agitated as if by a secret instinct. One of them, flying through the window, which was opened to catch the sea breeze, perched upon Cicero's bed, and drawing back with its bill the corner of his cloak, uncovered his face, and seemed to press him to quit the ill-omened resting-place.

At this mark of instinct in a bird, the servants were moved and affected, weeping, and reproaching themselves with having less prudence and zeal for their master's safety than mere animals. "What!" said they, "shall we wait here with our arms folded, to be calm spectators of the death of this illustrious man, while the very birds watch over him and show their indignation at the impending crime?" Animated by these reflections,

Cicero's slaves threw themselves at his feet, and, with affectionate force, compelled him to get back into his litter, and carried him by circuitous and concealed paths through his gardens, towards the shore, off which his galley lay at anchor.

They had hardly gone a few paces, when a band of soldiers, commanded by Herennius and Popilius, two of those partisan leaders who sell their swords for every crime, and whose only principle is their pay, arrived noiselessly at the garden wall on the land side, and finding the gates shut, burst them open, and rushed to the house. One of these chiefs, Popilius, had once been defended and saved by the great orator, on a charge of parricide. He was anxious to wash out his debt of gratitude in the blood of his benefactor. He summoned the servants and freedmen who remained in the house to show him their master's retreat. They all answered that they had not seen him, thus gaining time for his escape; when a base coward named Philologus, a beloved pupil of Cicero, a son of his brother's freedman, whom he had himself trained to the pursuit of science and literature, pointed out to the soldiers the garden path by which his patron and second father had gone down towards the sea. At this fatal signal, Herennius and Popilius, with their troop, spurred on upon the track of the litter, and made the hollow path to the sea echo with their shouts, with the clash of their armour and the tramp of their horses.

Hearing the approach of the tumult, which put an end to his irresolution, and quieted his mind with the certainty of death, Cicero resolved at least to face it, not to fly. He ordered his slaves to place the litter on the sand. He was obeyed. He awaited his assassins without

trembling, resting his elbow on his knee, and supporting his chin with his hand, as he was accustomed to do when in quiet reflection in the senate-house or in his own library; and looking with a steadfast countenance on Herennius and Popilius, saved them the trouble of dragging him out of his litter, and stretched out his neck to them, as if, by hastening to meet the blow, he was anticipating his immortality.

Herennius struck off his head, and carried it himself to Antony, in order that no one might be beforehand with him in meeting the first burst of the tyrant's joy, the reward of the crime to which he had devoted his sword.

Antony had just arrived in Rome, and was presiding over the assembly of the people for the election of fresh magistrates, at the moment that Herennius pressed through the crowd to offer him the head of the saviour of Rome. "It is enough!" said Antony, on seeing the livid face of the man before whom he had so often himself turned pale, "there is an end of the proscriptions!" Showing by this expression, that the death of Cicero alone was worth a multitude of victims, and had freed his ambition from the last remnant of Roman virtue.

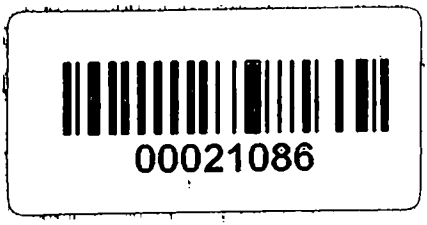
He ordered Cicero's bleeding head to be nailed between his hands upon the rostrum; thus crucifying by the two organs of human eloquence, voice and gesture, the highest oratory that ever existed. But Fulvia, Antony's wife, was not satisfied with this retaliation. She had the head of the orator brought to her, took it in her hands, placed it on her knees, boxed its ears, tore the tongue from between the lips, pierced it with the long gold pin that the Roman ladies used to fasten up their hair, and prolonged, like the Furies whom

she resembled, her vengeance beyond the grave, to the eternal shame of her sex and of the Roman name!

After Cicero's death, the triumvirs fought with each other for the Republic. Octavius won it. Tyranny, which until then had been a temporary eclipse of liberty, became a permanent institution. It dispensed with all virtue in the people. It gave the Romans, accordingly as their masters proved virtuous or vicious, sometimes periods of prosperous slavery, but more frequently reigns of moral abasement and sanguinary atrocity, a disgrace to their annals, and a curse to the human race.

Such is one of the great pages of the history of Rome. Others will be given hereafter.

END OF VOL. I.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